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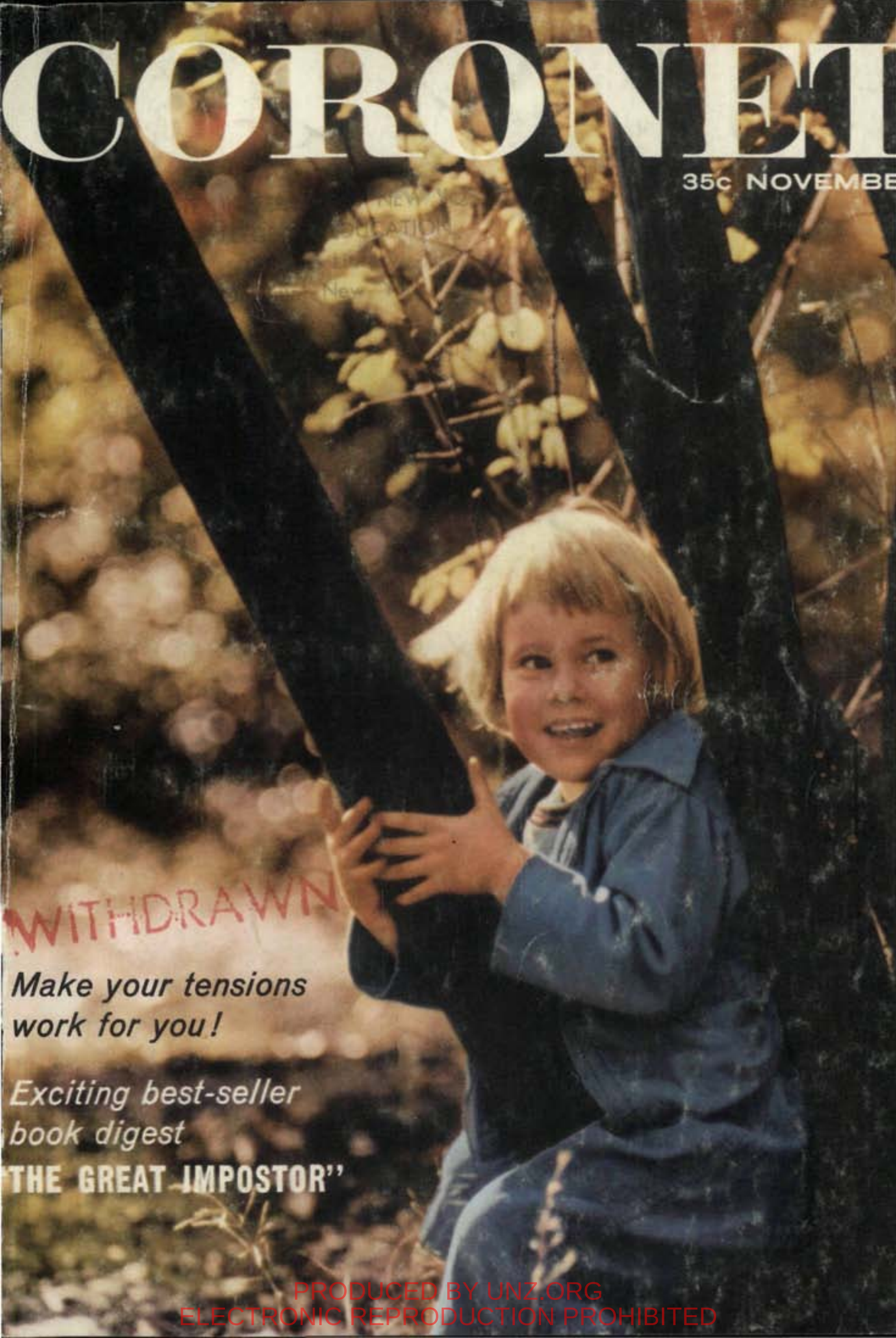

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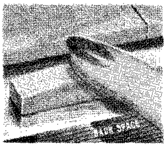

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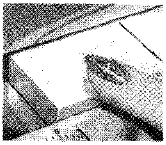

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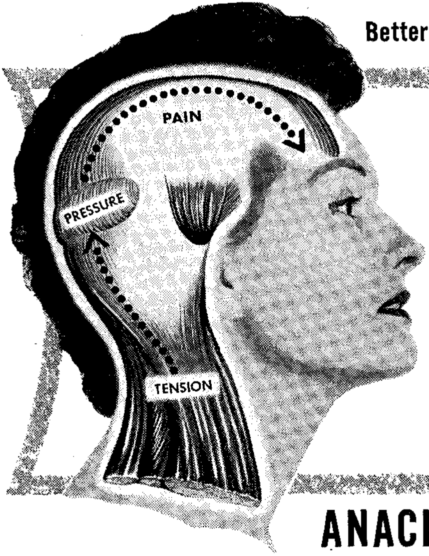
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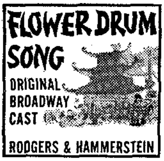
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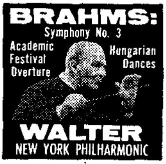
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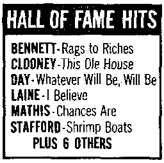
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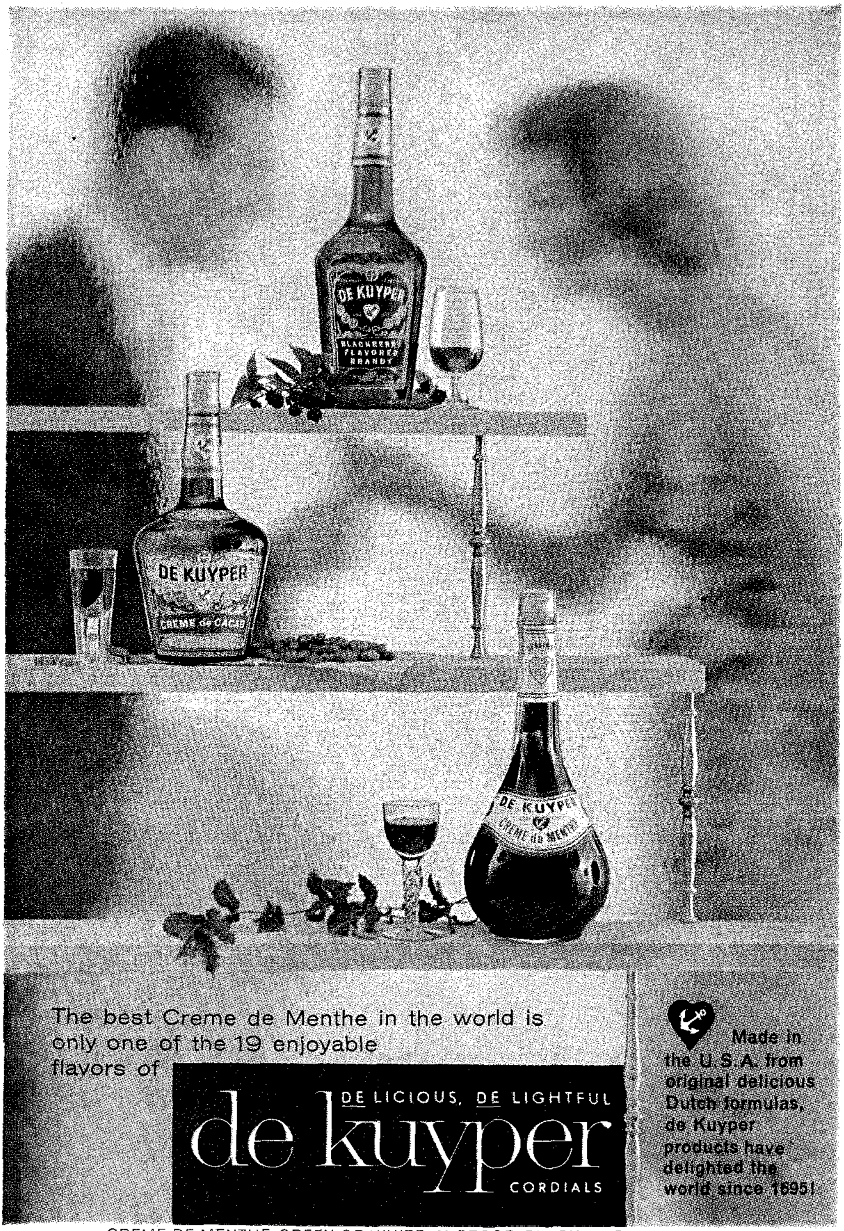
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Dear Reader:

BEAUTY, JOY, LOVE OF ADVENTURE: these qualities are mirrored in the recent CORONET covers above, and each reflects the personality of Kathryn Abbe, the comely woman at left who photographed them as well as this month's cover. This might be considered an Abbe issue inside as well as out: on page 46, you'll meet James Abbe, Sr., Kathryn's famous father-in-law, whose pioneering camera career is highlighted in 18 pages of pictures.

Kathryn's own career began in 1940 when she was studying art at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. She stepped into the photolab one morning, took her first look through a view-finder, and has been seeing the world through one ever since. For two years, she loaded cameras for fashion photographer Toni Frissell, then branched out on her own. One early assignment took her to Havana, where her new telephoto lens was mistaken for a gun and caused a small stampede. In 1946, she married well-known photographer James Abbe, Jr. They used his small airplane to cover assignments together until 1948 when their first child, Tom, was born, followed by two later additions: Cindy, now nine, and Eli, seven.

Though homemaking put an end to Kathryn's travels, she finds fresh camera subjects in the spontaneous world of childhood. Cindy and Eli are the two smallest children marching through the wonderland of puddles above, near the Abbe home in Jericho, Long Island. In the right-hand cover, Tom and Eli are outdistancing their short-legged companion on Montauk beach, Long Island, where the family has a summer house. For other parent photographers, Mrs. Abbe has this advice: never force the children to pose; just provide the props—a hay ride, dress-up clothes, or dandelions for blowing. And, of course, *never* say "smile."

The Editors

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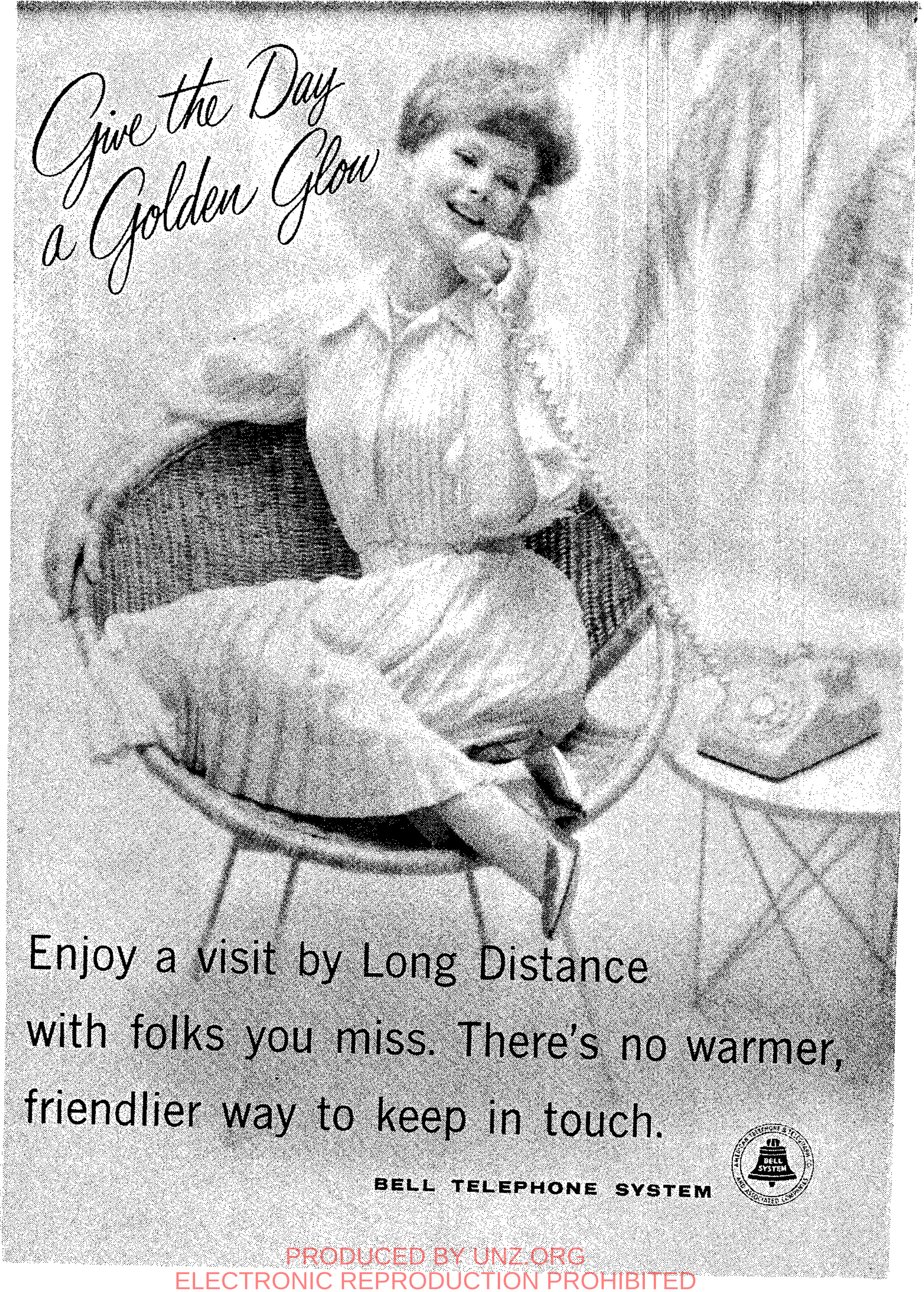
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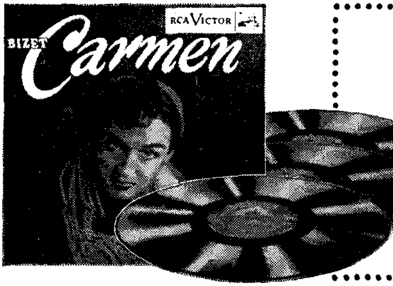

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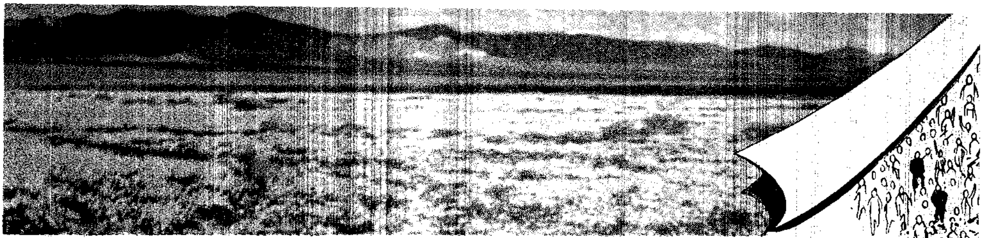

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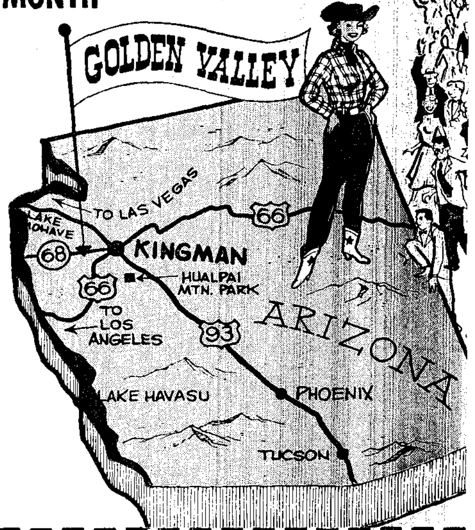

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Total deposit in
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all about you

Is chivalry only a mask; is the common cold an emotional defense?

SLY CHIVALRY

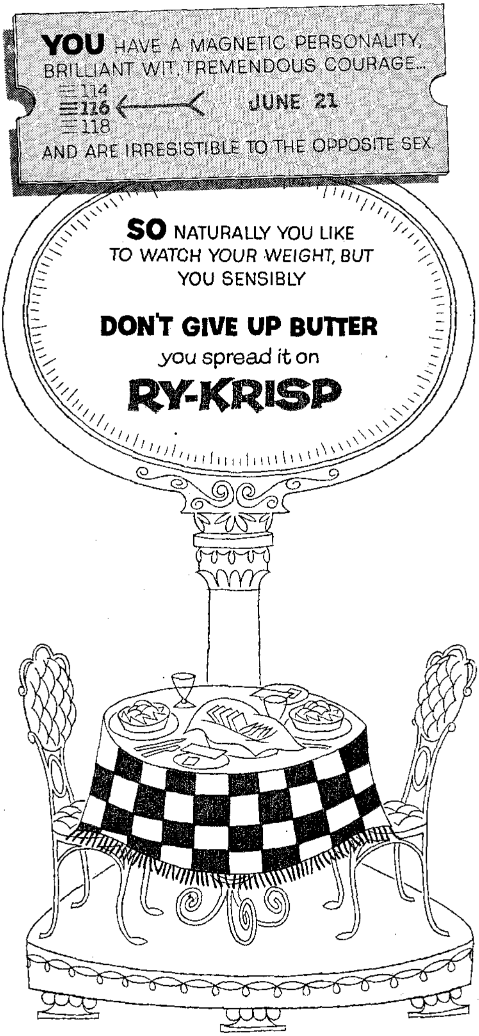
A chivalrous act, such as taking one's hat off when a woman enters an elevator, might well be just a subtle way of disguising a superior attitude toward females. This is the conclusion of Dr. Eugene B. Nadler of the Case Institute of Technology and Dr. William R. Morrow of the State Hospital at Fulton, Missouri. To prove their point, the psychologists subjected several groups of male college students to a two-part test. One part contained such true-false statements as "Women have far less control over their emotions than do men," and "The man should wear the pants in the family." The second part had such statements as "Except perhaps in very special circumstances, a gentleman should never allow the lady to pay the check." It was found that the men who gave a "chivalrous" answer to the second part also agreed with the (loaded) male-dominance statements in the first part.

COLD FACTS

The common cold may be a valuable emotional defense, according to a startling report by Dr. Daniel Cappon of Toronto. He found that many colds were substitutes for crying, especially among dejected patients. Others, in times of excitement, welcomed colds because the effects seemed to relax tensions. Colds may also arise to relieve conflicts; the "honeymoon cold," for example, may result from a sexual neurosis.

This conclusion is based on a study of 350 psychologically disturbed persons and 350 "normal" volunteers. The disturbed group had two-and-a-half times as many colds as the "normal" group; their colds also lasted longer. These differences disappeared when the emotionally upset persons were successfully treated. Psychological disturbance can cause a cold because the mucosa in the nose swells when we are upset, as evidenced when we cry. Such swelling leaves the upper-respiratory system more susceptible to infection.

Dr. Cappon suggests that if it were not for colds, many persons might suffer more severe psychic or psychosomatic ailments.


YOU HAVE A MAGNETIC PERSONALITY, BRILLIANT WIT, TREMENDOUS COURAGE...
114
116
118
JUNE 21
AND ARE IRRESISTIBLE TO THE OPPOSITE SEX.
SO NATURALLY YOU LIKE TO WATCH YOUR WEIGHT, BUT YOU SENSIBLY
DON'T GIVE UP BUTTER
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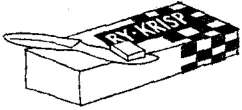


©RALSTON PURINA CO., 742 CHECKERBOARD SQ., ST. LOUIS 2, MO

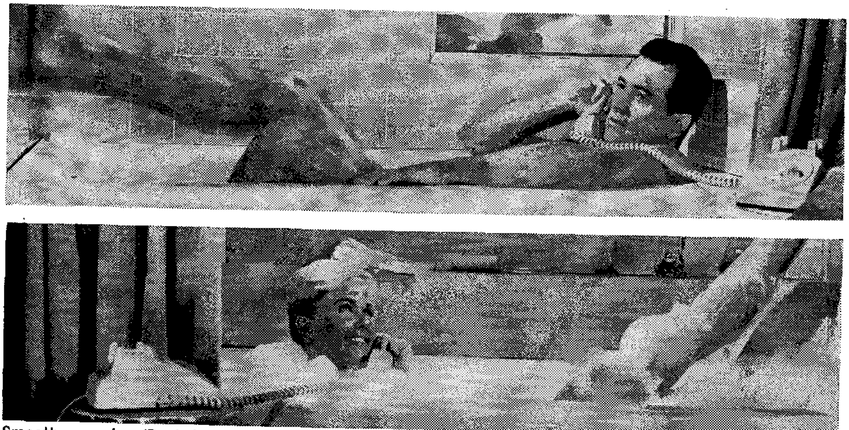
Pillow Talk is that rarity in movies today—a witty, romantic comedy reminiscent of the Cary Grant-Irene Dunne farces of the 1930s. Its frothy plot concerns the telephone party-line tensions of a song writer-playboy (Rock Hudson) and a busy interior decorator (Doris Day). His hours-long phone romancing with girl friends frustrates the decorator's efforts to make business calls. When Hudson meets Doris accidentally and reacts to her beauty, he masquerades as a Texan to woo her. Smartly acted, this comedy of errors capitalizes on glamorous backgrounds and tuneful, unobtrusive songs.

As Doris Day's suitor, Tony Randall uses his adroit timing winningly. And Thelma Ritter is hilarious as a hard-drinking maid who battles the dust daily with a hangover handicap. Doris Day proves again she is an expert comedienne, and Hudson is surprisingly relaxed in his best performance to date.

Sapphire starts with a thud—a college girl's body falls on a pile of leaves in a London park—and scatters surprises throughout the pursuit of her killer. Along the way, this intriguing English mystery presents a fascinating collection of faces and types culled from different strata of London life.

The murdered girl, Sapphire, it develops, has been leading a double life, passing as white when she is in reality a mulatto. Moreover, Sapphire was engaged to a white architectural student. Trailing her movements during her last days alive, the film makes some sharp comments on racial prejudice, a relatively new problem in Britain.

Never forgetting its entertainment values, *Sapphire* gets its points across subtly and with restraint. The performances are uniformly excellent, and each actor is perfect in his part. Nigel Patrick, Michael Craig and Yvonne Mitchell head the cast. —MARK NICHOLS



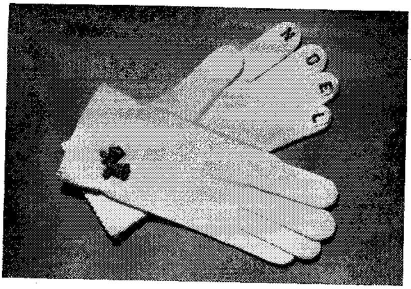
Smooth operator (Rock Hudson) manages to soft-soap his party-line connection (Doris Day) into a date.

You get your "welcome home" hug hours sooner—in today's jet age. And the jet age itself arrived here sooner, thanks in part to a special oil developed by Esso Research. Every jet engine throughout the free world grew up on it. And most pure jets flying today still use it and it alone. For happy homecomings or "happy motoring"... **ESSO RESEARCH** *works wonders with oil.*

ESSO

PRODUCTS ON PARADE

edited by Florence Semon

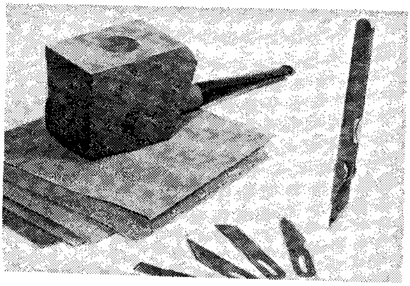


Gloves that will warm her heart as well as her hands. Left glove has hand-appliquéd NOEL on finger-tips. Right has Christmas bells on cuff. 100% white wool. Washable; one size fits all from 5½ to 7½. $3.95 pp. Unique Boutique, Dept. DE, P.O. Box 2289, New York 17, N.Y.

Sentimental gift. Genuine, deep-green jade heart mounted in 14 kt. gold. Comes with gold-filled chain to wear as pendant. Can also be worn as charm. Measures approximately 1″. $10.00. ½″ size, $7.50 pp. International Gem Corp., 15 A Maiden Lane, New York 38, N.Y.

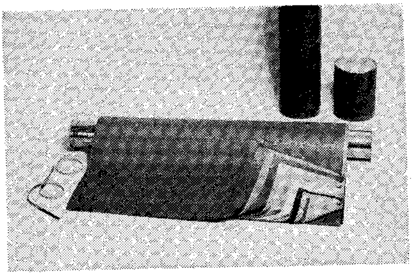
Merry Christmas from
Mr. & Mrs. Clarence Smith & Family

Tie your gifts with ribbon that carries a personalized greeting. White satin ribbon is ⅝″ wide and lettered in red and green. Specify name you wish imprinted. 40′ roll, $1.00; 100′ roll, $2.00 pp. Greenland Studios, CO, 5858 Forbes St., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

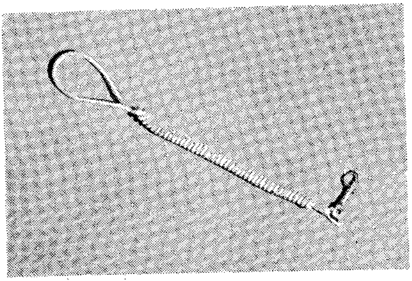


He can smoke this pipe as is, or try his hand at carving it into another shape. Algerian briar pipe comes with whittle knife, 4 interchangeable blades and sandpaper. Gift for handy pipe smoker. $3.95 pp. David P. Ehrlich Co., Dept. O, 207 Washington St., Boston 8, Mass.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

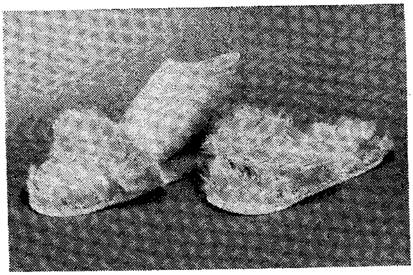


Bright red tube filled with a rainbow of wrapping tissue, in 15 brilliant colors, includes 4 spools of gold-foil ribbon. Six 20″ x 30″ sheets of each color. Can also be used for year-round gift wrapping. $5.00 pp. East House, Dept. COR, 1075 1st Ave., New York 22, N.Y.



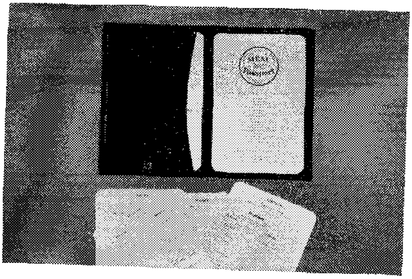
Phon-O-Leash is fine gift for Fido. Can stretch from 12″ coiled length to nearly 6′. Waterproof and weather resistant. Will not kink or tangle. In pink, blue, red, dark green, gray, yellow, white or black. $2.98 pp. Phon-O-Leash Co., C, P.O. Box 331, Flushing 52, N.Y.

Proud mothers or grandmothers can wear a record of their most blessed events on this sterling silver photo-locket bracelet. ¾″ locket engraved with first name and birth date of child. Lockets, $1.50 ea.; bracelet, $1.50 pp. Nancy Norman, 1808 P.O. Bldg., Brighton, Mass.

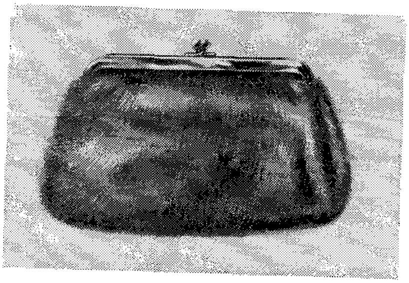


Soft, cuddly "Sluffys" are perfect for lounging. Of deeply-piled Acrilan fiber; washable and colorfast. In white, pink, blue, maize, beige, aqua or red. Small (4-5½), medium (6-7) and large (7½-9). $2.95 pp. Spencer Gifts, Dept. C, Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N.J.

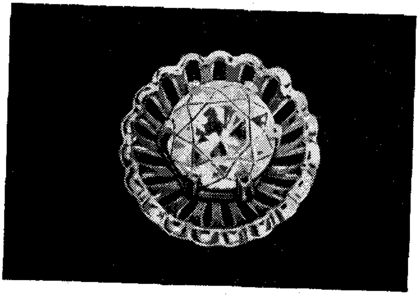
PRODUCTS ON PARADE



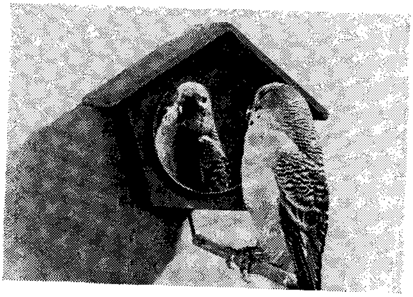
Menu passport is handy gift for someone planning European trip. Translates menus in 16 languages. In black morocco, leather case lined in red; red morocco lined with black or natural pigskin with black lining. $6.85 pp. Alfred Dunhill, Dept. C, 620 5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N. Y.



Genuine fur clutch bag is exceptional buy. Wonderful shades of honey beige, silver fox gray, raccoon, white, black, royal blue and fire-engine red. Gold-plated polished frame; fabric lined. $4.25 pp. Accessory House, Dept. 12-B, 11 E. 47th St., New York 17, N.Y.



Brilliant simulated gem tie tack is gift for well-groomed man. Set in 14 kt. yellow or white gold. Gem is more dazzling than a diamond. ½ kt. stone tie tack, $34.00; 1 kt., $44.00 pp. Free catalogue on request. Capra Gem, Dept. CT-ED, P.O. Box 5145, Philadelphia 41, Pa.



This one is for the bird. Mirrored wood Percha-Toon hangs inside bird cage and when bird stands on perch he is serenaded by music box inside. Music stops automatically when bird flies off perch. $3.95 pp. Medford Products Inc., Dept. COR-1, Box 39, Bethpage, N.Y.

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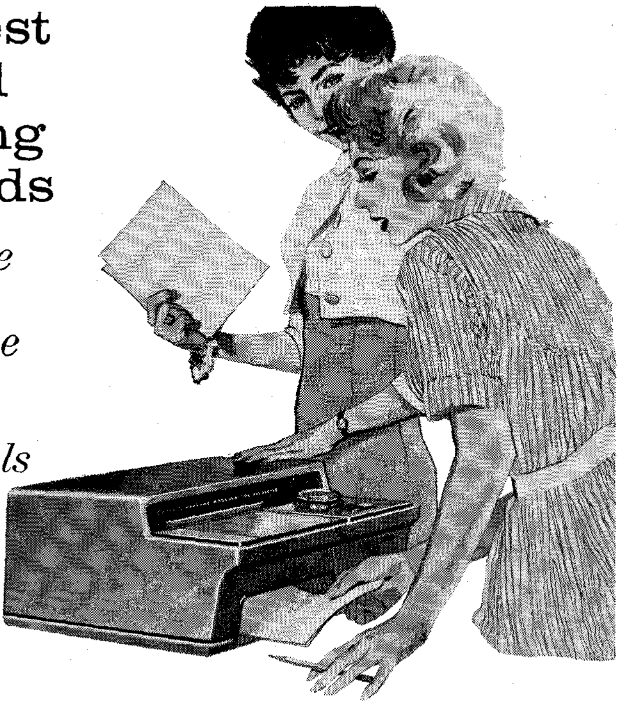

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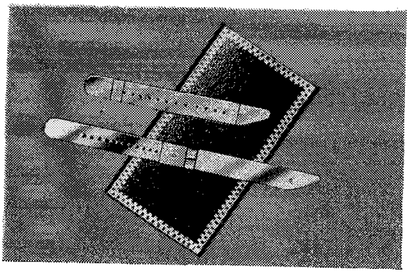
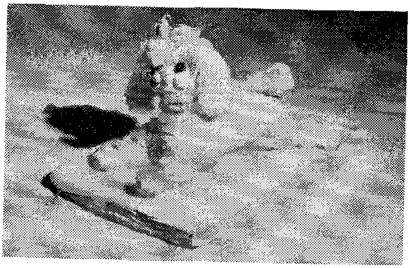
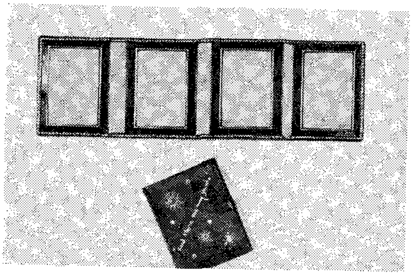


Gold-plated collar stays end the annoying search for right length collar stays. Spring-tempered, they adjust to fit any length; will not curl or rust. Come in leatherette case. Perfect stocking stuffer for him. $1.10 pr. pp. Nola Gifts, C-1, Box 225, Washington, New Jersey.



Poodle wears sequin-trim felt tiara and collar and rests on zippered pillow which can be used to store pajamas, hankies, etc. Toy Guidance Council approved, he is detachable and made of white plush. $6.50 pp. Bowen's Toyland, Bedford Shopping Center, Bedford, Mass.



Leather picture case has motto "And these are my jewels" on outside and 4 frames for family photos inside. Italian import; of red or black calf leather with gold tool trim. $7.25 pp. Charles of The Ritz Boutique, Dept. COR-1, 461 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

14 kt. gold college-crest tie tack or charm is ideal gift for student. Hand-enameled in true school colors. Over 500 colleges, universities and prep schools available. Charm, $15.00; tie tack, $16.00 pp. Merrin Jewels, Dept. CO, 530 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

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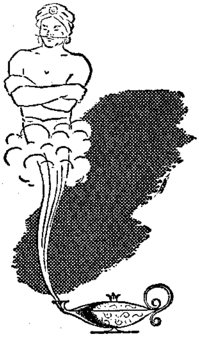
Would it be for wealth . . . youth . . . health . . . friends . . . influence . . . pleasure, or would it be for something more basic than any of these?

If you give this question serious consideration, you will probably ask for wisdom or peace of mind or assurance of God's favor. Man is created in the image of God, and his deepest longings are for things of the spirit—a right relationship with himself, his fellowman, and especially with God. As Augustine said, "Our souls are restless until they find rest in Thee."

The Bible is man's greatest source of inner strength and power. This marvelous book presents a vivid picture of One who lived above fear, who moved serenely through every experience of life—from the heights of popularity through the depths of agonizing loneliness. The God who created man did not leave him without instructions to guide him through the intricate maze of life. He did even more: He gave man a perfect example to follow in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son!

How long has it been since you read the world's greatest book? Here you will find your reason for being. You will discover how you can overcome sin and death and live forever with God.

May we suggest that you begin with the New Testament. The Old Testament is the New Testament concealed. The New Testament is the Old Testament revealed. The first four books of the New Testament will present the evidence "that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name" (John 20:31). The fifth book, Acts of the Apostles, tells those who believe in Jesus how to become Christians. In this book, the Holy Spirit speaking through inspired men, answers the question: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" (Read Acts 2:38.)



From Romans to Jude you will find letters addressed to Christians and to churches of Christ telling us how to live the Christian life. Revelation, the last book in the Bible, tells about the victory of good over evil and our future home in Heaven.

May we challenge you to read the Bible through in 1960! Then follow its instructions, and you will become a non-denominational Christian. You need no creed but Christ, no rule of faith but the Bible. If you would like to know more about the plea to restore New Testament Christianity in the present age, write for your copy of the interesting booklet "Understanding the Bible." It will be sent without cost or obligation.

This message is supported by Christians
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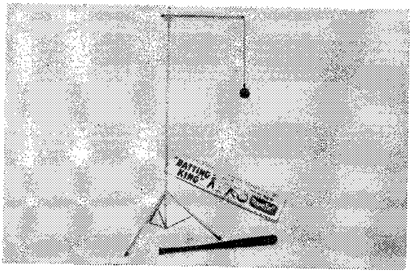
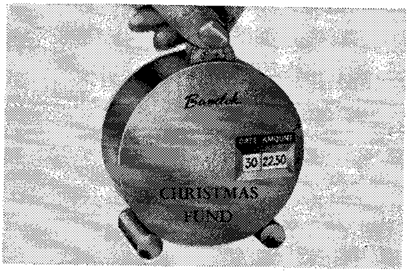
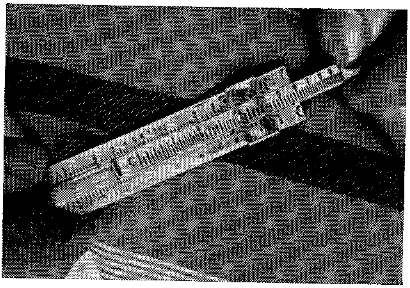


A little leaguer will become a home-run king with this batting practice set. Ball is attached to rope on tubular steel tripod by a magnet. Set includes 2 colored Polyethylene balls and bat. $7.75 pp. Magna-Ball Corp., Dept. L, 1501 Broadway, New York 36, N.Y.

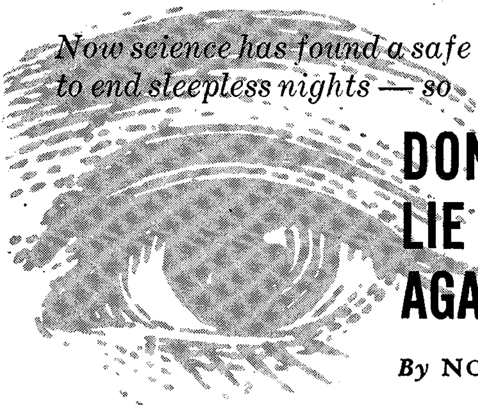


Put a quarter in the calendar bank every day and you'll have $100 next Christmas. Date changes when coin is inserted. Plain or engraved with "Christmas Fund" in gold letters. $2.10 ea.; 3 for $6.05 pp. Leecraft, Dept. CX, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N.Y.



Slide rule tie clip is conversation piece. Fully calibrated with scales A, C and D. Measures 2″ long. Gold-plated tie clip, $1.75; sterling silver, $4.40 pp. Matching cuff links (non-workable) at same prices. Mastercraft, 275-C Congress St., Boston 10, Mass.

Handsome Shoe Toter is ideal gift for gal who carries an extra pair of shoes. Cotton tapestry fabric in blue, gold, red or green on off-white with black plastic trim. Measures 12″ high. $3.95 pp. Edwin House, Dept. C9, 145 W. 4th St., New York 12, New York.



Now science has found a safe way to end sleepless nights — so

DON'T LIE AWAKE AGAIN TONIGHT

By NORMA JEAN CARSON

FOR YEARS, medical men have been seeking a safer answer to this age-old problem of sleeplessness.

The first hint of success came when a group of bio-chemists developed a new non-narcotic formula which was found to induce drowsiness. It had no unfavorable side effects and created no habit-forming dependency. But the question was—would it really help those who suffer from insomnia? It is one thing to induce sleep in persons who have no trouble sleeping. It is quite another to do as much for those with long histories of sleeplessness.

In a major New York hospital, clinical tests were arranged for a large group of chronic insomnia victims. During a three-month period, these new sleeping tablets proved just as effective as barbiturates. Nine out of ten patients showed immediate improvement. They fell asleep an average of one hour and twenty minutes sooner and slept for a considerably longer period each night. The successful results of these tests recently were reported to the medical profession in the Journal of Gerontology.

These new non-habit forming tablets can now be obtained in drug stores under the trade name of *Sleep-Eze*. Because they are so much safer than barbiturates, druggists in every state are allowed to dispense them without prescription. Regarding this safety factor, Coronet Magazine recently published an editorial article dealing with the danger of drug addiction and other ill effects of barbiturate sleeping pills. In this widely-read article, *Sleep-Eze Tablets* were mentioned by name and described as "*well within the safe medication zone*"—the only tablets so designated.

IT HASN'T taken long for word to get around that a safe and sane solution to the age-old problem of sleeplessness has been found at last. Already many thousands of men and women who once knew the misery of lying awake night after night—or who resorted to dangerous drugs to combat insomnia—have learned how quickly *Sleep-Eze* helps them fall asleep.

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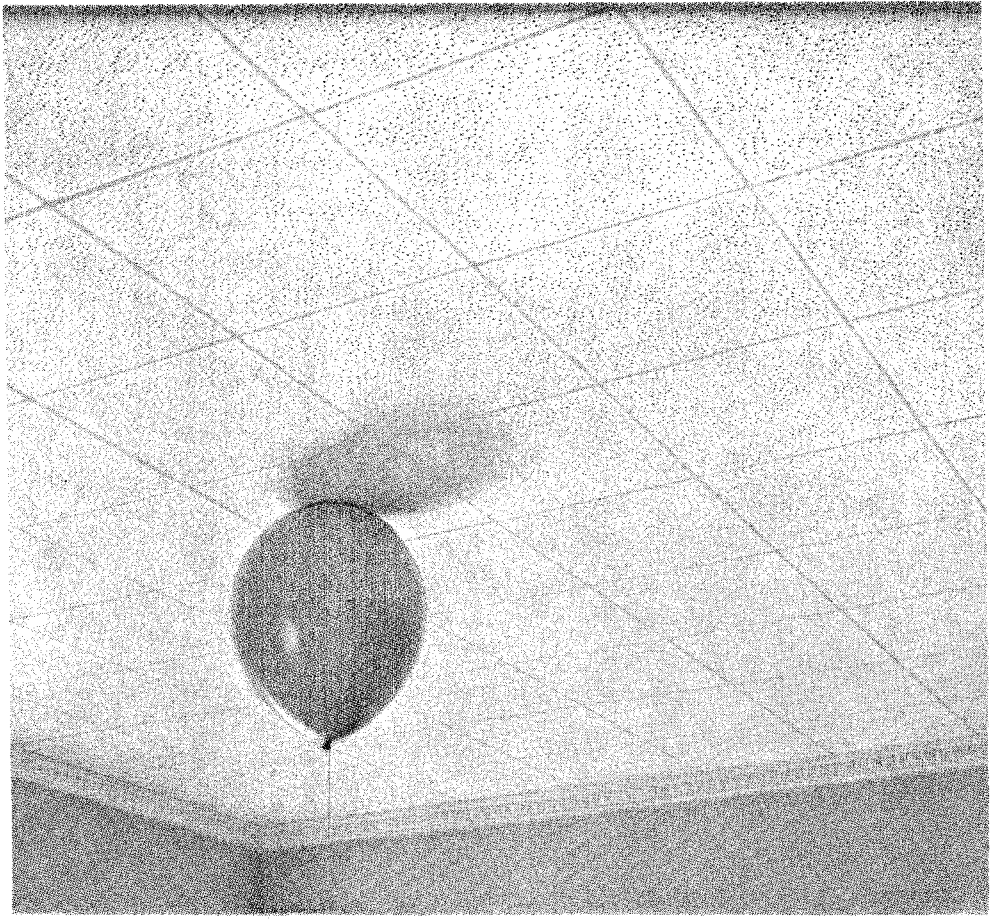


This amazing new Armstrong Ceiling soaks up noise and gives your home today's smart new look

THE runaway balloon above is bumping its head on an Armstrong ceiling, a handsome new design called Classic Cushiontone.

You will find these remarkable ceilings bring subtle beauty to any room in your home. And that's not all.

Armstrong ceilings soak up irritating sounds, keeping *noise* down to a comfortable level. And you can install an Armstrong ceiling yourself in a week end.

Your Lumber Dealer will tell you all about Armstrong ceilings. For a *free* booklet, write Armstrong Cork Co., 5911 Nevin St., Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong CEILINGS... to quiet and beautify your home

CORONET

by Leonard Wallace Robinson

Make your tensions work for you

"Normal" tension helps power the human machine for top efficiency. Here are eight secrets for "letting down" when the drive is over

A RECENT CARTOON shows an important-looking senior executive pointing out a sleepy-looking member of the city street-cleaning department to a bright-eyed junior executive.

"That's Bill Eames," the big executive is saying. "He was one of our top men until he learned that tension could ruin him."

Humor aside, this cartoon dramatizes the deep conviction of millions of Americans—that tension is bad for them. For these people the word "tension" alone is enough to conjure up nightmares of heart attack, ulcers or mental collapse. At the slightest sign of "tightening up" they call a physician or reach for the ever-ready bottle of tranquilizers. Last year, over $200,000,000 was spent on these drugs in a nationwide stampede to side-step tension.

But the irony is that the type of tension many of us worry about isn't physically or psychologically harmful. Indeed, experts call it *normal* tension and describe it as one of mankind's greatest blessings.

Physiologists define normal tension as "the healthy condition of mental and physical readiness in any living organism when it faces a crisis or when it must act in a productive or creative manner." Without this ability to tense, they declare, no animal, including man, could cope with the important problems of existence.

In business, in professional life and in the arts, studies show that there is a direct tie-up between personal success and normal tension.

A recent survey of 900 executives made by the John A. Patton Company, Inc., a management-engineering concern, found that the most successful American businessmen had little or no fear or avoidance of their normal tensions. The men who had failed or remained static were afraid of the tensions caused by challenges and new horizons.

Many successful people actually build up their tensions consciously when faced with a new task. Lynn Fontanne, the actress, before any major performance, forces herself into a tensed-up state by pacing the floor, wringing her hands and drinking coffee. Architect Frank Lloyd Wright used to work himself up into a semi-dither when beginning a new design, by imagining the scorn of his critics. And Bing Crosby's friends say that underneath the singer's famed relaxed manner is a volcano of powerful but controlled tension.

Bob Hope recently paid humorous tribute to the need for tension in success. He says he overheard a wife tell her husband who was about to beard the boss for a raise, "Now be sure that the boss takes *his* tranquilizer, but don't take yours."

"I remembered that remark," he said, "and left my Miltown at home when my new contract came up for discussion."

Personal happiness, as well as success, is often founded on the ability not only to accept normal tension but to enjoy it, according to many experts. Dr. Hans Selye, the world's leading authority on the effects of stress, calls normal tension "the spice of life." And a recent survey showed a high correlation between the fear of tension and ennui and despair.

You may well ask why, if normal tension is desirable, so many people shun it like the plague. The answer is simple: they have confused it with *pathological* tension, a dangerous physical and mental state which is, fortunately, quite rare.

Pathological tension has received widespread publicity in the past few years. It has been found to be a factor in much heart trouble, stomach ulcers and other diseases. The average person reading about this, sees only the word "tension" and proceeds to throw the baby out with the bath by trying to suppress every vestige of tension.

Doctors must be alert not to confuse these two kinds of tension so that they do not prescribe tranquilizers when none are indicated. To give these drugs to a person with normal tension is to penalize health; it is like giving a sleeping pill to a race horse at post time.

To understand the difference between normal and pathological tension, let's view each in action.

First let us watch Sam Thornton as he presents his plan for a major advertising campaign to a big client.

In preparation for this important pitch, Sam's whole being has tensed up, mentally and physically. His blood pressure and pulse have risen slightly. The involuntary muscles of his lungs, heart and intestines have tightened and this has made the large voluntary muscles of his legs, arms and torso tense, too.

Even Sam's vision and hearing have improved slightly in this condition of tensed readiness. And his faculties of memory, judgment and reason have become razor-keen. You'd hardly recognize this nimble, quick-witted executive as the easy-going fellow you met at the beach.

While he is keyed up Sam feels slightly anxious. This is the civilized counterpart of the "fight or flight" reaction of our primitive forebears when faced with a threatening situation. Adrenalin and sugar have been released into Sam's blood stream by his adrenal glands and his liver to give him extra energy. His body temperature has gone up, his digestion has slowed down and his blood will clot more quickly than usual.

As soon as Sam's "crisis" situation is over, he begins to relax. This is the hallmark of normal tension; it is self-limiting. Some people relax within two or three minutes after the tension-causing situation ends. Others may take several hours—although this process can be hastened if they follow the techniques outlined in this article.

Now let's compare normal tension with pathological tension. The person suffering from pathological tension is mobilized as if he were facing a life or death situation. Blood pressure shoots up enormously; digestive processes usually halt completely. The involuntary muscles clamp down hard and this causes the voluntary muscles to tighten unbearably.

The mild anxiety of normal tension is greatly multiplied in pathological tension—feelings of acute worry, verging on panic, are constant and characterized by the excess of adrenalin in the blood. Such anxiety impairs judgment, hampers reason and dams up creative thinking.

But, most important, pathological tension is *not* self-limiting. Even when the situation for which the person has tensed is over, the mobilized organs refuse to return to normal. The man cannot relax. The end is physical and mental exhaustion.

Pathological tension always has a deep-seated psychological cause—generally profound insecurity. And it almost always requires medical attention or psychotherapy.

MOST PEOPLE can see the dramatic differences between normal and pathological tension in others but find it difficult to be objective about themselves. If you have any doubts about the kind of tension you have, is there a way to make certain?

There is.

Here are descriptions of eight techniques for speeding up a return to a normally relaxed condition after you have been tensed up. *These will work only for a person with normal tension. They will not affect pathological tension in the slightest degree.*

You can use them whenever you wish to drop your tensions quickly. If none of them works for you, your tension is probably pathological and you may need professional help.

Here are the relaxing techniques:

Deep breathing

1. Stand up and exhale deeply. Wait until you can hold your breath no longer and then inhale as deeply as you can. Repeat this process three times. You should feel noticeably more relaxed.

Here's why this method works: when you prepare for energetic and creative work your involuntary breathing muscles tense. By forcing them to relax, the other involuntary muscles throughout your body let down too. This is followed by the relaxation of the voluntary muscles of your arms, legs and torso.

The positive power of thinking

2. When you tense to deal with a difficult problem or situation, you unconsciously exaggerate the importance of the task. This is called a "psychological set" and allows you to put maximum concentration and effort to work.

When your work is finished, spend a few minutes thinking of the things and people you love most. In a few moments you may take a deep breath—a sign your involuntary breathing muscles are letting down. Your psychological set is breaking up and normal relaxation is returning fast.

Relaxing opposites

3. Another possible way to attack a psychological set is to do the exact opposite of the thing that has caused you to tense.

If you have been working alone, seek company. Even a phone call to a friend can short-circuit the high tension, and get you back to normal in a short space of time.

If you are all strung up from tense social obligations or meetings, isolate yourself. A low-tension movie or TV show which you watch *by yourself* are specifics to relax the tension you develop in social relationships.

Control your "curve"

4. A way of handling normal tension is by not letting it get to its greatest physical and mental pitch. Just take a three-minute break every half hour. This periodic breather is called "controlling the tension curve." The curve back to relaxation is thus shortened.

Psycho-physical blues

5. Sit down in your favorite chair. Close your eyes. Relax your shoulders. Let your head droop forward so that your chin is resting on your chest. Now raise one arm and let it drop limply over the side of the chair. In a moment do the same with the other arm. Open your eyes and let them droop slowly closed again. Now stay in this position for at least five minutes.

While you are in this position, if your mind keeps compulsively reviewing the work you have finished, visualize a field on which soft rain is slanting down. In a few moments change this image, try to recall the deepest blue water or sky you have ever seen.

Slanting rain and the color blue are two of the most relaxing mental images for the human mind. Such images can also be helpful for people suffering from insomnia.

These five methods of relaxing are almost sure-fire for most cases of normal tension.

There are, however, extraordinary occasions when you may have to mobilize your abilities *for an abnormal length of time*. Long examinations, extended conferences or after-hours work, can set up tensions which, though still within normal limits, may leave you very slowly even after resorting to the techniques described previously.

In such cases, the following "crash" methods of relaxing will speedily reduce normal tension:

The cold treatment

6. Dip a bed sheet in cold water and swathe yourself in it from neck to toe. Sit on the edge of the tub, or in it, until the sheet has warmed up. Do it again. Twice is usually enough to deal with the most obdurate kind of normal tension.

The hot treatment

7. Fill the bathtub with lukewarm water and get in. Let the hot water run until it's as hot as you can stand it. Stay in for half an hour, renewing the heat to maximum every time it cools off. The heat will almost literally melt your tension away.

The abrasive treatment

8. Lie on your stomach and have your spouse or a masseur massage the back of your neck, the base of your spine and calf muscles of your legs. Follow the rubdown with a hot soak described in step seven.

If none of the eight methods for relaxing described here works for you, the chances are that your tension is pathological. Even so, it would be unwise to stand around getting even tenser about your tensions. Your doctor will know how to put you on the road to merely normal tension—if you will key yourself up sufficiently to go to him.

APT OBSERVATIONS

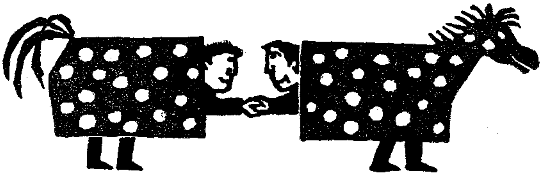
"BEGIN YOUR STORY WELL," author Ian MacLaren once counseled a group of budding writers. "It's half the battle."

"Always bear in mind," he continued, "the case of the young man who, desiring to marry, obtained a favorable hearing from his sweetheart's irascible father by opening the interview with the words: 'I know a way, sir, whereby you can save a lot of money.' " —*Woman's Life*

A QUESTION in a test given to a group of science class students, asked, "Which are the last teeth to appear in the mouth?"

One youngster's succinct answer was: "false."

—THOMAS E. MILANI



GRIN AND SHARE IT

A TEXAS RANCHER who was somewhat inebriated was wending his way homeward through a dense patch of brush when he suddenly heard a rattle at his feet. The rancher looked down and saw a rattlesnake coiled and ready to strike.

He drew himself up with dignified solemnity and eyed the coiled snake with lofty contempt.

"Go ahead and strike," he said scornfully. "You'll never find me better prepared." —ANNE JACOBS

WHILE EXPLORING the wilds of South America, an explorer was captured by savages. They were dancing around him in preparation for the kill when an idea struck the explorer—he would awe them with "magic." Taking a cigarette lighter from his pocket, he shouted, "I am a fire-maker!" And with a flick of his thumb, the lighter burst into flame. The savages fell back in astonishment. "Magic!" cried the explorer in triumph.

"It certainly is," replied the chief. "Only time we ever saw a lighter work on the first try." —ARTHUR PENROSE

PERSONNEL AT A local telephone office were taken aback recently with this portion of an essay entered by a ninth-grader in a school contest. The youngster wrote: "The telephone is very necessary in cases of emergency. For example, if your house is on fire, you can use the telephone to call the insurance company." —CHARLES SHAW

TELEPHONE-INFORMATION operators sometimes get curious requests from customers and have to think fast to fill the request. Take the case of the customer who wanted the "Welfare department."

Through a slip of the tongue he asked for the "farewell department."

The operator promptly gave him the name of a local undertaker.

—HENRY KAPLAN

MRS. JONES HAD SPENT some time exploring the dusky recesses of a famous antique shop in an eastern city.

"What is that quaint old figure in the corner worth?" she asked at last.

"About $50,000," whispered the horrified salesman. "That's the proprietor." —CHARLES SCHULMAN

DECIDING THERE WAS no point in continuing a heated discussion, two French authors challenged each other to a duel. All the arrangements were made and on the morning of the duel a frightened, anonymous voice phoned the police and revealed the time and place of the duel. "Yes, I know, I know," said the prefect of police. "Our men are on their way out there now. Your challenger phoned a bit earlier."

—LEONARD LYONS

MY DAUGHTER, a third-grade teacher, told her pupils to write a short composition about someone they admired for their homework.

The next day, reading aloud in class the papers handed in, she singled out one, written by an eight-year-old girl, that lauded her father to the very skies.

Nancy had written that her father was smarter than most people. He read a lot of books. You couldn't ask him *anything* about the stars that he didn't know. He beat everybody at chess and he had never, never broken a law.

"This is very good, Nancy," my daughter remarked. "Did you get any help on it?"

Nancy hesitated a moment then confessed, "My father helped me a little bit." —BERNICE ROHDE

CERTAIN AT LAST that he had written the great American novel, a struggling young author sent his agent the finished manuscript.

After a week of hoping and praying, the agent called to let him know that his masterpiece had been accepted by a TV producer.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the excited writer. "They're going to dramatize it!"

"Not exactly," said the agent. "It's going to be condensed into a TV commercial." —*Quote*

TWO MEMBERS of the current "beatnik" generation were sitting on a pier in the Virgin Islands with their legs dangling in the water when a barracuda went swimming by.

Suddenly one of the beatniks shouted, "Hey, a barracuda just bit off my leg!"

"Which one?" his friend asked.

"How should *I* know which one?" was the answer. "Once you've seen one barracuda, you've seen them all!" —WALTHER ROSS

RETURNING FROM EUROPE on a giant sea-going vessel, an American tourist asked her steward the name of a cheese she had particularly enjoyed during the voyage. He proudly presented her with a cheese, warning her, "Don't forget to declare it, madam, otherwise that cheese will declare itself!" —*Wall Street Journal*

THE BEST "top salesman" we ever heard of was the one who sold two milking machines to a farmer with only one cow and then took the cow as a down payment. —*Speed Queen News*

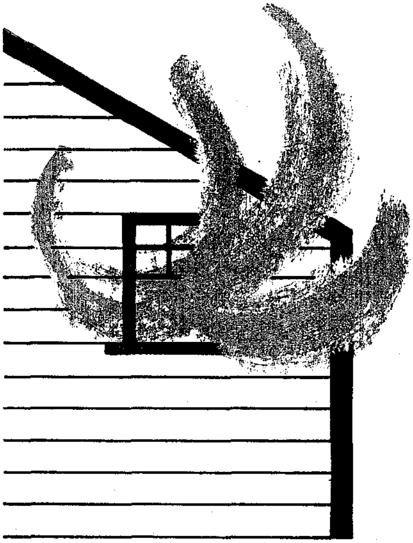
A DEPARTMENT STORE was having a sale on yard goods. A crowd of women pushed around the table where there was a ten-yard limit on some fancy material. Soon one of the women complained to the floorwalker that she had been shoved out of line by another lady. Pointing a finger at the offender, the floorwalker exclaimed to a salesgirl, "Penalize that woman five yards!" —ALICE DAWSON

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

The shocking shortage of firemen may cost us our lives and our homes if we don't do something about it...quickly

WHERE ARE OUR FIREMEN?

by Don Murray



WHEN THAT TERRIFYING, unexpected moment comes and you grab the phone to call the fire department you may learn, too late, a shocking fact: there is a critical shortage of fire fighters on duty in your town.

You may live in a big city or a fine suburb with modern firehouses containing rows of gleaming fire engines—and still have no effective fire protection. Men, not machines, put out fires; trained men, ready to roll immediately, save lives.

There will be more than 500,000 fires in private homes this year—about twice as many as ten years ago—and 11,000 men, women and children will perish in flames, estimates the National Fire Protection Association, an engineering and educational organization. Fires will also damage several hundred thousand stores, factories and other buildings. Total property damage will be almost double that of a decade ago: about $1,300,000,000.

Yet most of these lives and much of this property could be saved if there were enough trained fire fighters on the job.

"With the exception of a handful of our largest cities, not one city or town fire department in the U. S. is adequately manned—and it's steadily getting worse," says John A. Neale, retired chief engineer of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. The International Association of Fire Chiefs and the International City Managers Association agree. "The average city is starved for fire fighters. It's time the public knew the facts of life regarding its fire departments," says Warren Y. Kimball of the National Fire Protection Association.

N.F.P.A. studies have shown how many fire fighters must respond to an alarm to save lives and extinguish fires. "Look at the engines going by on the way to a fire," Kimball says. "If there are six men or more, including the driver, on each, your department is well-manned. If there are five, you're in fair shape. Four is the bare minimum. Three or less, you're in danger. . . . Yet some cities have only one man on a ladder truck; others do not even have enough men on duty to drive all the equipment to a fire."

The situation across the U.S. backs up Kimball's statement:

Warren, Ohio, averages two men on each piece of apparatus.

Weirton, West Virginia, has only two men on duty to handle seven pieces of apparatus.

Newport News, Virginia, has only two to three men on duty for each piece of equipment.

Whittier, California, responds to a first-alarm fire with only two men on a ladder truck, rarely more than three on a pumping engine.

Moline, Illinois, has from one to three men available for each piece of equipment.

Lansing Township, Michigan, has only one man on duty at each of its four fire stations; three of its seven pieces of fire apparatus cannot immediately be driven to a fire.

San Angelo, rated as one of the best departments in Texas, has only two men on duty at most of its suburban stations. Its ladder truck only responds on special occasions, for example, a school or hospital fire—and then it is manned by one man, the driver. Yet more than 12 separate operations are involved in raising an aerial ladder. Imagine how hopeless it would seem to see one man running around trying to do all these jobs if you were in a fourth-story window waiting to be saved.

In Mount Vernon, New York, nearly 76,000 people are jammed into 4.2 square miles, most living in apartment houses. Yet only two men roll on a ladder truck. Chief Alex W. Leggett says angrily, "With only two men trying to set up an aerial ladder, by the time the first man's up the ladder, it's too late."

The N.F.P.A. says that 12 men on three pieces of equipment are the absolute minimum for a first-alarm, single-family-dwelling fire; multi-family dwellings such as apartment houses and tenements need more. To assure this 12-man response around the clock, 48 fire fighters are needed—whether they be paid personnel or volunteers. But this means men who can get to the fire in *five minutes or less*, for these first few minutes are crucial. Volunteers can seldom make it that quickly.

Fire fighting is a complicated team effort. It demands professionals who have trained and worked together—and who are instantly available.

Towns that would not think of depending on volunteer teachers—or even volunteer garbage collectors—count on volunteer firemen to save lives and put out fires. The volunteers are often commuters. If a fire occurs at 10 A.M. on a weekday morning, perhaps less than ten volunteers can be found in town. At 10 P.M. there may be 50 milling around. Not enough towns are like North Park, Illinois, where volunteers are held to strict duty rosters. If the men go to a ball game or dinner out of town, they have to have a qualified substitute standing by.

Rarely can the best-run volunteer department be effective in towns that have become cities, or vast suburbs that sprawl over the countryside. Under those conditions, many volunteers don't have a chance to reach the firehouse, drive the equipment to the fire and attack the blaze in half an hour, to say nothing of those first crucial five minutes.

You can't rescue people until you ladder the building and hook up hose lines to attack the fire. When human beings are trapped by flames you have to fight the flames to rescue them. If you are shorthanded, you cannot save people.

I talked to fire chiefs in Maryland, Illinois, California, New Hampshire, Michigan, Massachusetts, Texas, Kansas, Virginia, Vermont, Connecticut, Missouri, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Iowa, and found them frustrated, helpless, angry, unable to do their jobs because of a desperate lack of manpower.

Taxpayers won't pay for manpower but are perfectly willing to buy expensive new engines, draped with all sorts of fancy gadgetry. Fire fighters have a derisive nickname for these: they call them "$25,000 taxis" because most departments have increased the number of fire engines while decreasing the number of men on duty. Thus, engines roll to fires with insufficient men aboard to operate them effectively. A multiple alarm goes out for more men to operate the equipment already at the fire. Then, unneeded engines roar up and clog the streets, carrying fire fighters to man the first-alarm equipment.

Fire Commissioner Edward F. Cavanagh, Jr. of New York City decided to concentrate manpower, not equipment, in the most dangerous areas. He packed special nine-man squads on single trucks which responded to all first alarms in their areas. In one year, the city's multiple alarms were cut from 514 to 362.

There are several reasons for the frightening shortage of firemen on duty. The first is the extraordinary expansion of the country since World War II. Typical is Arlington County, Virginia, outside Washington, D.C. This is a 24-square-mile area which includes the National Airport, the Pentagon and many homes. In 1926, it was a rural area of small towns with a population of 20,000—and eight fire stations. The population has increased 700 percent and today there are ten fire stations—an increase of barely 37 percent—and a fire-fighting force of 154. It is a well-trained department, but dangerously small.

Still, Arlington County is better off than neighboring Fairfax, which covers about 400 square miles with 223,000 people and only 34 full-time paid firemen to respond to alarms.

Rapid City, South Dakota, shot up from 24,000 people to nearly 50,000 in eight years because of Ellsworth Air Force Base. There are two to three men on duty in the city's one suburban station, and the ladder truck responds with just two men to alarms in a downtown area which includes a ten-story hotel.

Another reason for the firemen shortage is cost. In 1910, four men covered a typical station around the clock. The total annual salary for all four was about $5,000. Now it takes 21 men working a 48-hour week at an annual cost of more than $125,000 to man a company. The citizen has seen the justice of shorter hours for firemen, but he has not seen the need for new men to fill the vacancies created by this shorter work week.

East St. Louis firemen went from 84 to 56 hours-a-week three years ago under a new Illinois law. The department was shorthanded when the cut came, and the change meant, in effect, a loss of 25 men. Fifteen recruits were added. Today Chief Gerald M. Fallon is running three men on a ladder truck and three on a pumper.

Chief James Sweeney, Jr., of Oakland, California, runs a survey on every major fire in his area. He declares flatly, "Lack of manpower is involved in most fires where there is loss of life or extensive property damage."

When the Stamford, Connecticut, fire department cut its hours from 72 to 56, more than 24 men should have been added to the force. The taxpayers wouldn't vote money for a single recruit but did authorize funds for two shiny pieces of equipment. These were virtually useless without 11 new men to operate them. Not one was added. The department was also given the added responsibility of providing a city ambulance service, which meant taking two extra men from each already undermanned shift.

One Saturday night, a four-story apartment house caught fire right near fire headquarters. The department was on the scene immediately, but there were only four men on two ladder trucks. "It was just luck that nobody died," said Chief T. F. Richardson. "Most of the people got out themselves. We couldn't help them." Since then, Stamford's hours have been cut from 56 to 42. Chief Richardson fought for men; he got 40. The 40 new men have only kept manpower where it was with the 56-hour week—critically short.

IS THE SITUATION hopeless? Not at all. Here are a few things that can be done by the concerted vigilance of citizens:

Make sure each fire fighter on duty is well-trained so you have maximum efficiency from every individual. The Spokane, Washington, department is shorthanded, but it has tried to make up for it, in part, by a rugged training program. Dover, Delaware, has only a volunteer department, but most of its members are graduates of university extension courses in fire fighting.

Rewrite and enforce your fire code so that it eliminates every possible hazard and regulates industry so that fewer fires get started.

Equip your apparatus with two-way radios so that while the men inspect homes and businesses they are still available to answer alarms.

Make sure you have good equipment and an adequate water supply for fire fighting.

Reorganize your department. Rochester, New York, and Providence, Rhode Island, have closed down stations and built new ones that cover the city as it exists, not as it was 50 years ago.

Organize your fire fighters in hard-hitting platoons, massing the manpower you have so that it responds effectively on the first alarm.

Pay for more fire fighters. The N.F.P.A.'s *Firemen Magazine* suggests that in many communities it would cost only 50 cents a month per family to add a man around the clock to each firehouse.

The critical shortage of firemen is a shocking situation, but it is not a hidden civic scandal. It is right in front of your eyes. Count the number of men on the engines as they roar by, and if there aren't enough fire fighters aboard start doing something about it. It's your town—and, unless you act, it may be your home and your life.

PARTING SHOT

ON FISHING TRIPS we face no famine:
We take along a can of salmon.

—*Deseret News & Telegram*

IN DECEMBER CORONET

AN UNFORGETTABLE CHRISTMAS TALE

Ten years ago CORONET ran Charles Tazewell's delightfully heart-warming Christmas fable, "The Littlest Angel." It has since become a favorite on TV, radio and in the movies. Now CORONET reprints this modern classic for the whole family's reading pleasure.

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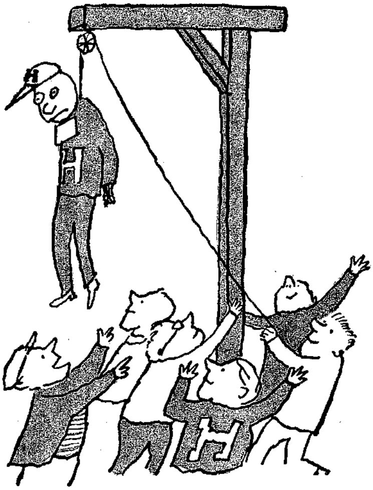


Stringing up
the football coach
in effigy
is prime pastime
of
prankish collegians

Hanging season on the campus

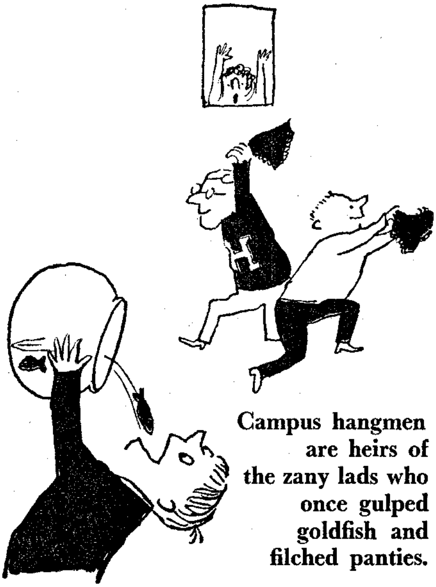
by JOHN LARDNER

It's a well-known sociological truth that college students need more relaxation than the rules of normal behavior allow. This fact explains the following statistics: in 1937, 18,082 goldfish were swallowed alive by pursuers of higher learning; in 1949, 12,345 articles of lingerie were looted from girls' dormitories by so-called panty raiders; in 1958, 510 football coaches were hanged in effigy on American campuses.

The hanging of coaches in effigy is the latest development in the age-old quest of college students for surplus self-expression (also known to science as auxiliary hell-raising or overtime fun). Meanwhile, here is a short list of coaches who were lynched—in facsimile, as it were—in the last two years. As you see, it's not a complete list—just a selected catalogue of the coaches who were hanged highest or most often:

Terry Brennan, Notre Dame
Woody Hayes, Ohio State
Duffy Daugherty, Michigan State
Bill Murray, Duke
Bennie Oosterbaan, Michigan
Hal Lahar, Houston
Murray Warmath, Minnesota
Paul Governali, San Diego State

Hanging in effigy—the hanging of a lifeless figure or dummy that resembles the nominal victim—is a sport with ancient origins. Probably it began with the custom of Biblical



Campus hangmen are heirs of the zany lads who once gulped goldfish and filched panties.

and Roman times of humiliating criminals by hanging their dead bodies after they'd been executed by other means. The early Germans and their British descendants were experts at genuine, live hangings; they also carried on the old tradition of indirect hanging by stringing up corpses, then effigies, dummies and other symbols. It became something like the voodoo practice of sticking needles into dolls.

Effigy hanging got its greatest boost after Guy Fawkes was executed in England in 1606 for plotting to blow up Parliament. Ever since then, on Fawkes Day, November 5, Englishmen have hanged, burned, tossed, kicked and otherwise manhandled dummies of the gunpowder plotter. It was done, too, in the 1770s, when Americans were hanging King George III in effigy. They were still doing it in the late 1950s, when Cincinnati baseball fans were hanging effigies of the unlucky Redleg manager, Birdie Tebbetts, and when college students were getting ready to go to work on football masterminds.

The national outburst of neck-stretching by proxy has attracted little comment from coaches, most of whom took to locking the doors of their houses from the inside between public appearances. I recall one semi-official reaction:

"Formerly," said Coach Daugherty of Michigan State, following his symbolic suspension from a tree late in the season, "all that was expected of a coach was knowledge of the game, desire to win and the ability to build character. Now he also needs a thick neck."

Historically, the trend toward fun with coaches dates back to the end of 1957, when college students were looking for new outlets for high spirits. Activity in the field of horseplay took two main directions, divided along geographical lines. By 1959 in the East, the accent was on telephone-booth-stuffing. Syracuse University researchers are said to have set a record when 26.5 human beings (I use the term loosely) squeezed into one booth at the same time. In the West and South, they were hanging coaches in effigy.

For generations, coach-baiting had been handled by the alumni, with the help of athletic directors. When an alumnus needed to tone up his liver or to soothe his ulcers, he collected a group of fellow alumni with the same needs. Among them, they would form a "What's-Wrong-

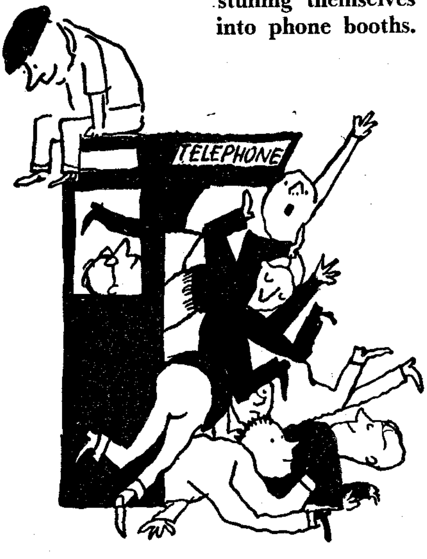
With-Football-At-State?" committee and swing into public action.

It's clear that college alumni have derived a great deal of spiritual and physical relief over the years from torturing coaches. It's also clear that the students have envied them their fun. In 1957, as I've said, the students began to move into alumni territory. By 1958, they had their own coach-baiting service rolling in high gear. Significantly, it was a bolder, freer, more impulsive operation than the old one. Youth that has been starved of goldfish and other key vitamins for some time does not pause to tear up contracts or to heckle athletic directors. It marches straight to the gallows.

Among the major colleges, coach-hanging has proceeded on a smooth, efficient basis. Notre Dame, traditionally the nation's football leader, took up effigy work in 1958. By the end of the season it had shot to the top of the national ratings. It was not a perfect season from the hangers' point of view—the team lost four games and Coach Brennan was hanged in effigy only three times. But it will do until Notre Dame—which does not recruit football players—recruits a bigger, faster type of hangman. High schools should begin producing this type in another two or three years.

(For the record, facsimiles of Coach Brennan were hanged from a bridge, from the Law Building and in the stadium. It is too soon yet to be certain whether hangers-in-effigy have any practical goals in mind. At any rate, the Notre Dame gallows squad got solid results. After the season, the coach was fired—not in effigy, but in person.)

Students in the Western Conference Big Ten gave a strong but limited display of effigy-hanging in the maiden season of 1958. Facilities were good, there was a rich tradition of coach-baiting; but still, only four coaches out of ten were hanged, and those only once or twice each. Coach Warmath of Minnesota, whose team lost eight games, was strung up just once. In short, he was treated almost like a human being—which, as any alumnus will tell you, is an unsound, soft-boiled, do-gooder's way of looking at a football coach. In other areas, there was the same tendency among last year's pioneer



Now the boys have a crush on the idea of stuffing themselves into phone booths.

hangers to make just one big effort. Duke hanged Coach Murray only after the Louisiana State game.

In time, the movement will gather momentum. The heirs of the boys who once ate goldfish till they glowed like neon lights will begin to put their hearts into coach-hanging. Unlucky masterminds will dangle from coast to coast, week after week. Friends and relatives of coaches will be hanged—by proxy, of course—like innocent acquaintances of John Wilkes Booth a century ago. Gallows score cards will be sold, and alumni will buy advertising in them.

It's reported that when Paul Governali, an old Columbia and professional star turned coach, was executed in effigy at San Diego State, the dean of students called him up after the hanging to apologize. By the end of the 1959 season, dissenters and sympathizers will be under control. By 1960, they'll be hanging deans, when necessary. ♛

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

SIGN IN A GUEST HOME near the Wildwood Crest, New Jersey, tennis courts: "Tenants, Anyone?"

—CHARLES V. MATHIS

SIGN ON THE PANEL TRUCK of a diaper service firm: "We cover the water front." —FREDERICK REED

A SIGN IN THE YARD of a Medina, Washington, home admonishes:

"BEWARE OF DOG"

In smaller type underneath is:

"Please Don't Step on Pekingese"

—JOYCE FIRESTONE

THIS SIGN IN A BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, store window declares: "We undersell the store that undersells the store that will not be undersold." —ROBERT NORRIS

THIS SIGN WAS NOTED in a New York subway: "Support Mental Health, Or I'll Kill You." —JOHN HUSTON

ON A BILLBOARD outside a carnival site near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: "Lion Tamer wants tamer lion."

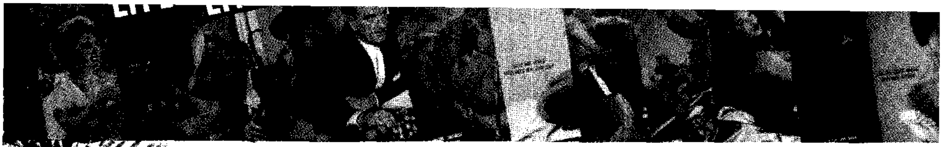
—*Catholic Digest*

A SIGN IN THE PENTAGON READS: "Why Are You Angry With Me? I've Never Done Anything For You."

—HAROLD HELFER

A PARKING LOT in downtown Los Angeles has a special section for small cars. They call it, "The Nursery."

—ART RYON, *Los Angeles Times*



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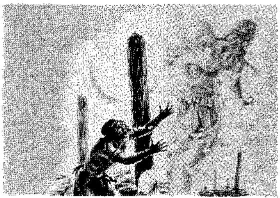

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LIFE

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

a word from the wise

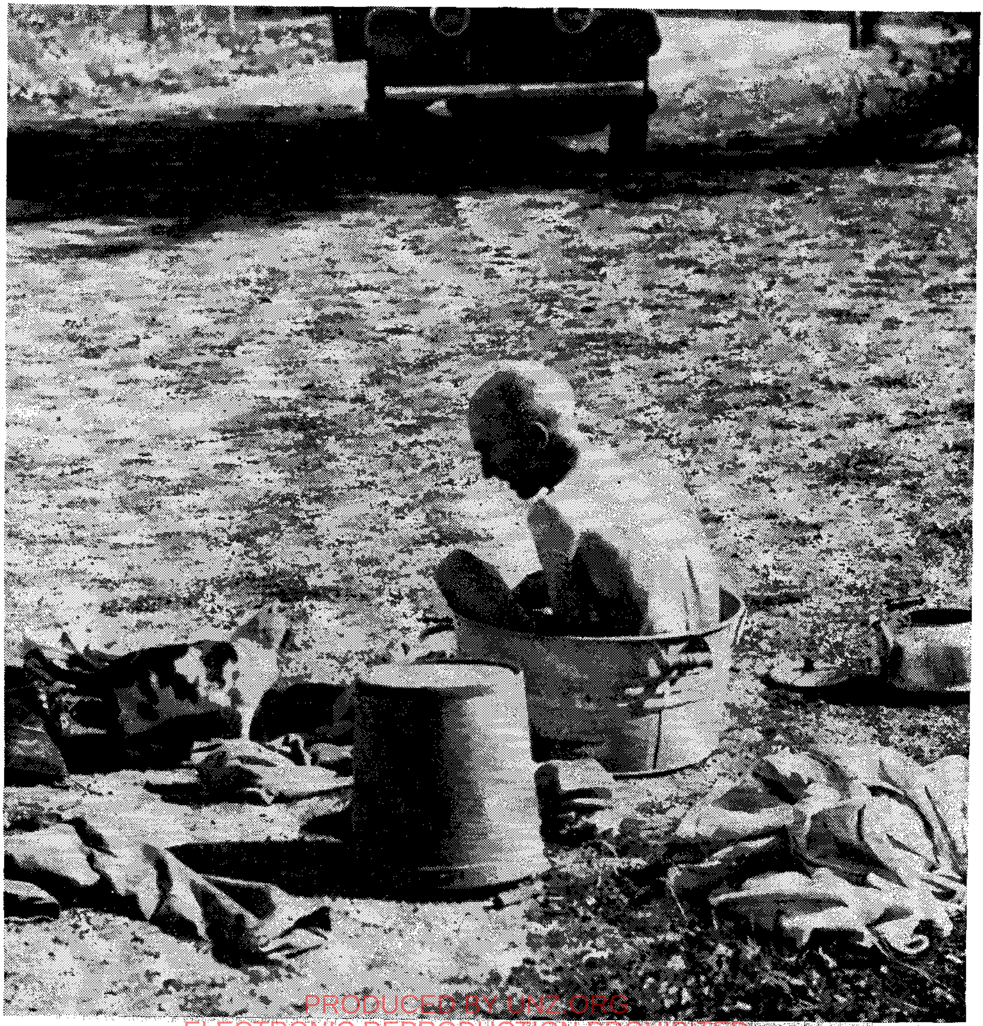
Out of their vast experiences, the philosophers and writers quoted below have distilled some of their thoughts on life into one sentence. Guest Quizmaster Richard Boone—star of CBS-TV's "Have Gun, Will Travel" series (Saturdays, 9:30 p.m. EST) has omitted a key word in presenting these stimulating thoughts. Can you supply it? Check answers on page 108.

1. There is more self-love than love in ________. (La Rochefoucauld)
   envy **jealousy** **tears**
2. Every hero becomes a ________ at last. (Emerson)
   leader **bore** **politician**
3. ________ is the eye of the soul. (Joubert)
   Imagination **Wisdom** **Sensitivity**
4. No man is a hypocrite in his ________. (Samuel Johnson)
   anger **pleasures** **household**
5. Existence would be intolerable if we were never to ________. (Anatole France)
   reason **remember** **dream**
6. City life: millions of people being ________ together. (Thoreau)
   mesmerized ***herded*** ***lonesome***
7. ________ is the coward's revenge for being intimidated. (G. Bernard Shaw)
   Sarcasm **Indifference** **Hatred**
8. The man who dies ________ dies disgraced. (Andrew Carnegie)
   bankrupt **rich** **friendless**
9. ________ is an ornament to youth, but a reproach to old age. (Aristotle)
   Bashfulness **Vanity** **Pride**
10. Three may keep a secret, if two of them are ________. (Benjamin Franklin)
    speechless **men** **dead**
11. After ________ we lose friends and make only acquaintances. (Mark Twain)
    40 **misfortune** **riches**
12. No man ever became great except through many and great ________. (Gladstone)
    deeds **mistakes** **labors**
13. We're all pretty much alike when we get out of ________. (Frank Hubbard)
    harness **town** **sight**
14. ________ is grace under pressure. (Ernest Hemingway)
    Laughter **Charity** **Courage**
15. There is no great genius without a tincture of ________. (Seneca)
    godliness **madness** **sorrow**

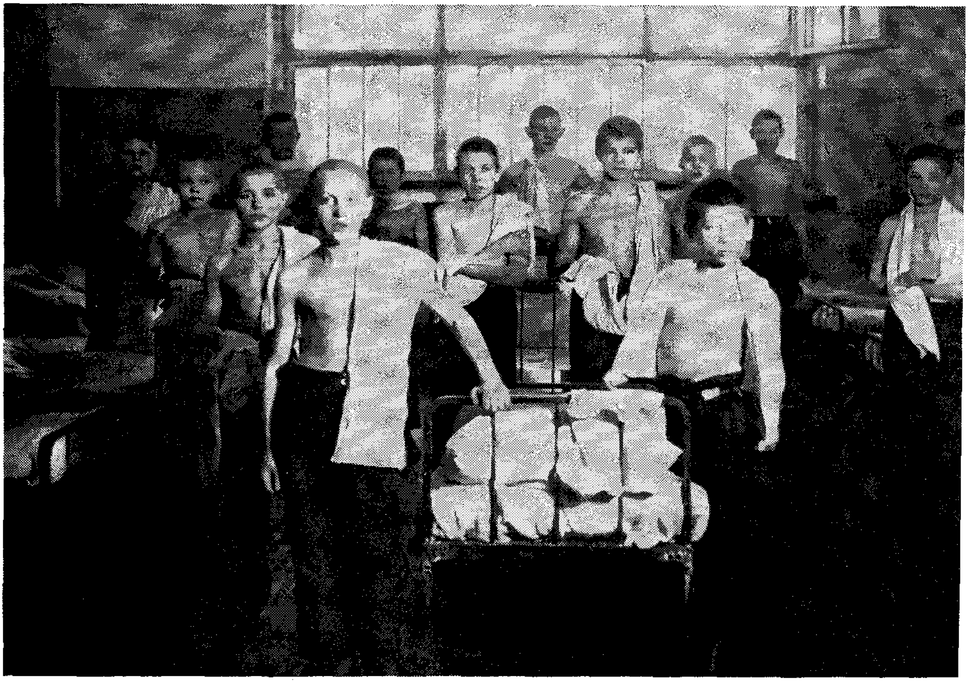
Memoirs Of A

In 1898, when few newspapers and magazines published photographs, James Abbe, 14, made some snapshots of the battleship *Maine* in the harbor at Newport News, Virginia. A few weeks later, the *Maine* blew up; the press "discovered" the value of news pictures—and young Abbe found himself one of America's pioneer photo-journalists. For almost 50 years, this vagabond photographer roamed the world, taking potluck and pictures. In the sophisticated capitals of Europe, Abbe sometimes wore the rakish beret and cloak of a Spanish don (left). But he was equally at home in a tub on the raw Colorado prairie (right). Now 76, Abbe no longer takes pictures. "That's for young fellows," he shrugs. Here, in his own words and pictures, are James Abbe's nostalgic, intimate recollections of the heroes and rogues who decorated the most flamboyant days of the 20th century.

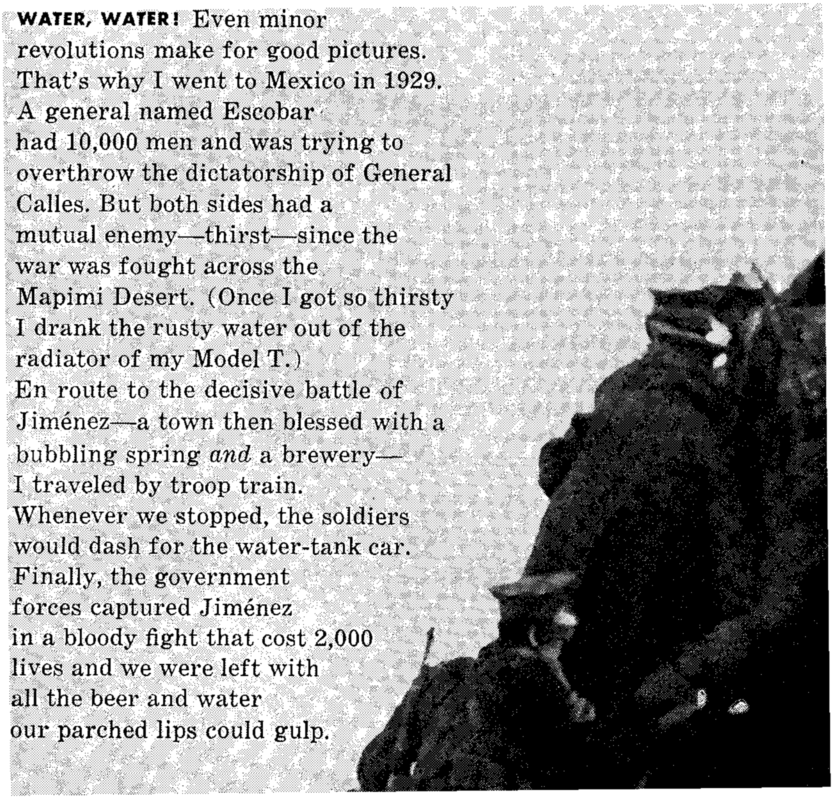
Vagabond Photographer



A DANCER'S DREAM: In 1927, Russian ballerina Anna Pavlova (left), self-exiled since the Red revolution, begged me to find out if she could dance again in her homeland. The commissars said yes. But when I described the new Russia to Pavlova, she wept—and never went back. Pavlova was always a patient friend. "When I am in Heaven," she laughed, "my manager will say, 'Abbe is outside telling St. Peter he wants to photograph you.'" "Now I know how to get into Heaven," I replied. "St. Peter could not resist if you recommended me."



THE "WOLF" CHILDREN: In Soviet Russia's early days, wild packs of parentless boys plagued the nation. Finally, many were herded into a Moscow youth haven. They had never seen a camera, and regarded me with curiosity and suspicion. I reciprocated. Now I often wonder what these waifs grew up to be.

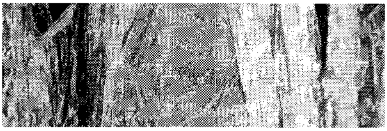


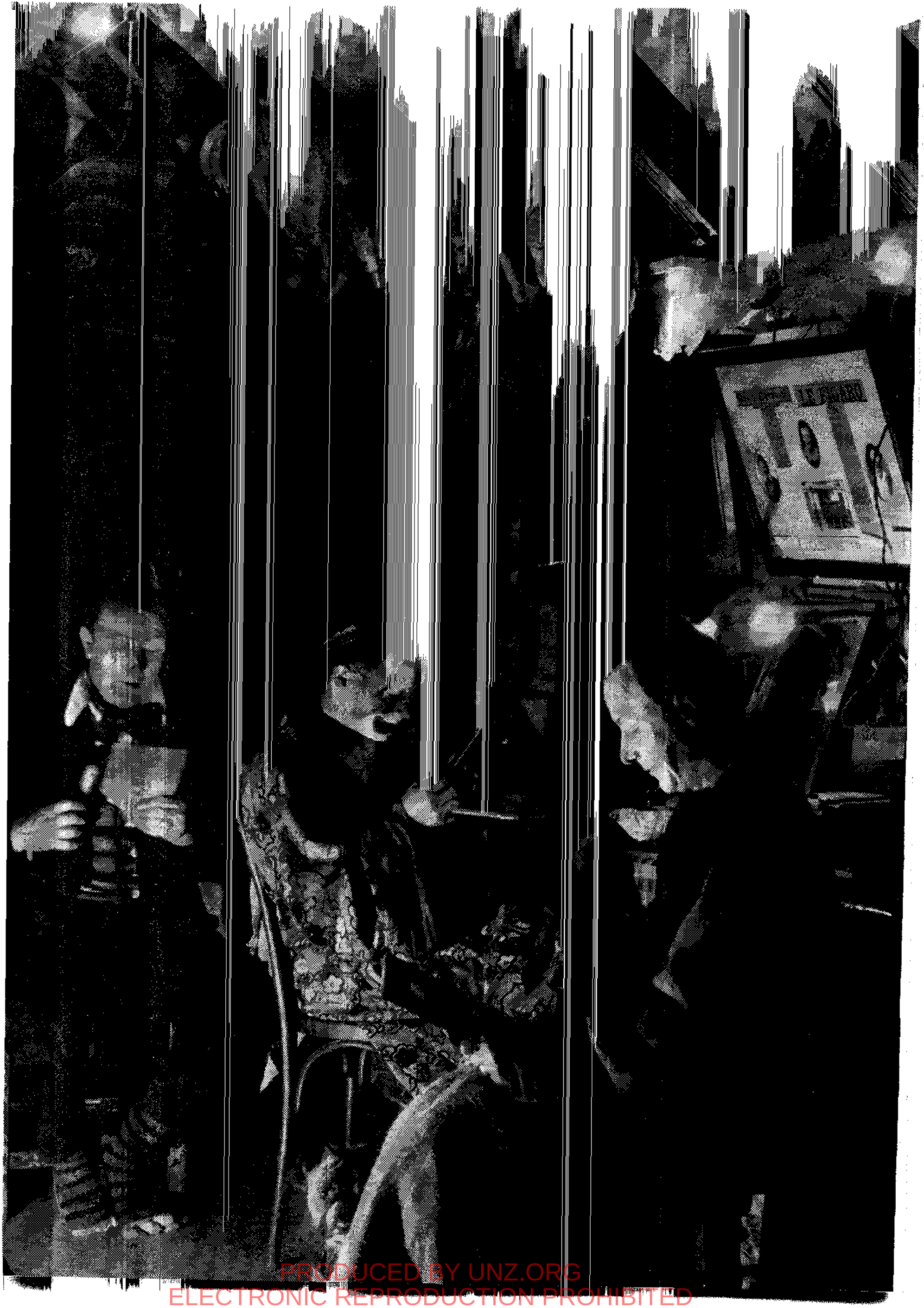
WATER, WATER! Even minor revolutions make for good pictures. That's why I went to Mexico in 1929. A general named Escobar had 10,000 men and was trying to overthrow the dictatorship of General Calles. But both sides had a mutual enemy—thirst—since the war was fought across the Mapimi Desert. (Once I got so thirsty I drank the rusty water out of the radiator of my Model T.) En route to the decisive battle of Jiménez—a town then blessed with a bubbling spring *and* a brewery—I traveled by troop train. Whenever we stopped, the soldiers would dash for the water-tank car. Finally, the government forces captured Jiménez in a bloody fight that cost 2,000 lives and we were left with all the beer and water our parched lips could gulp.

SERVICIO
DE AGUA
CONSTRUIDO

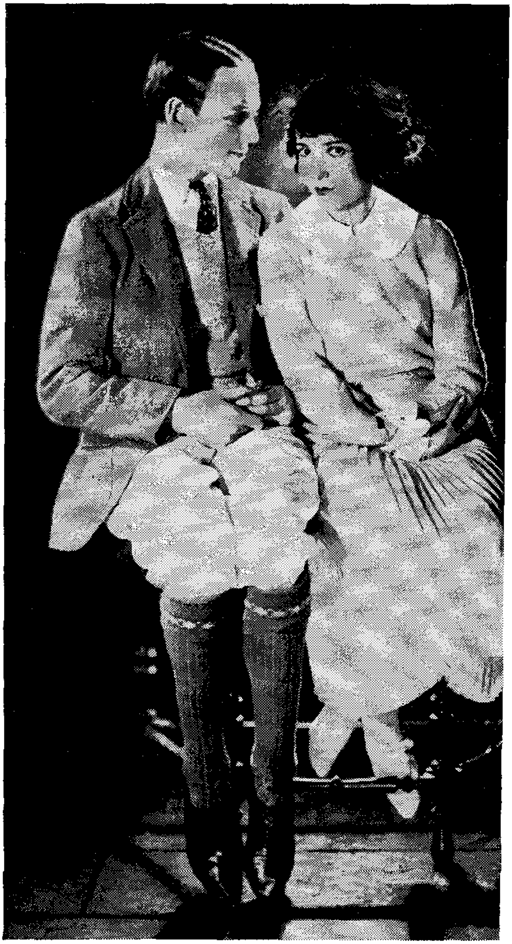
SHADY WAR: Before foreign armies intervened, the Spanish Civil War was a strangely *simpático* affair. The Spaniards believe there is a time for everything. So Loyalists and Falangists observed noon siestas during which soldiers left their trenches, sat under umbrellas and washed their lunches down with wine.

RICH DOLLYS: During the Roaring '20s, the Dolly Sisters were the rage of Paris; their song-and-dance extravaganza at the Moulin Rouge sold out the club for months. Both sisters—Roszika and Jenny—spoke French with an American accent, English with a Hungarian accent and Hungarian like natives of Brooklyn.

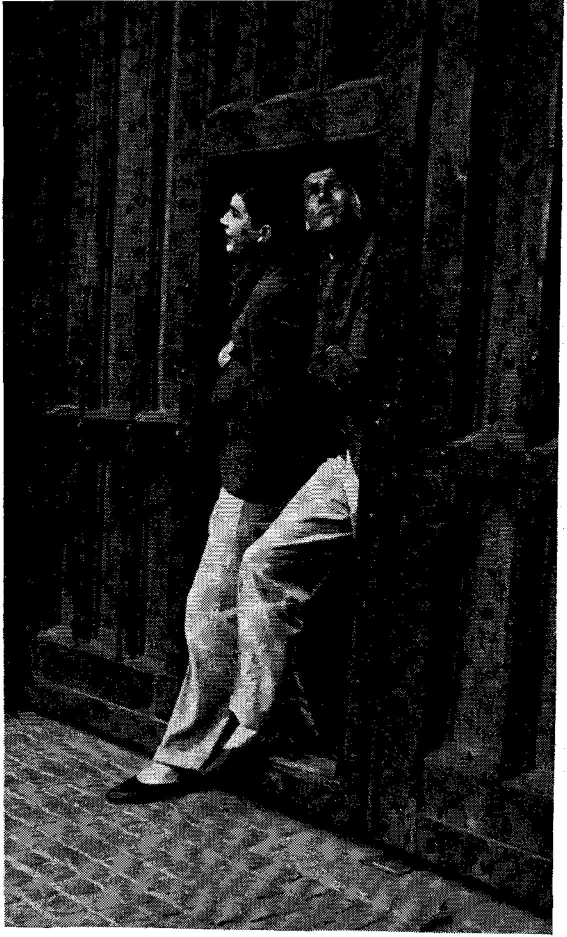




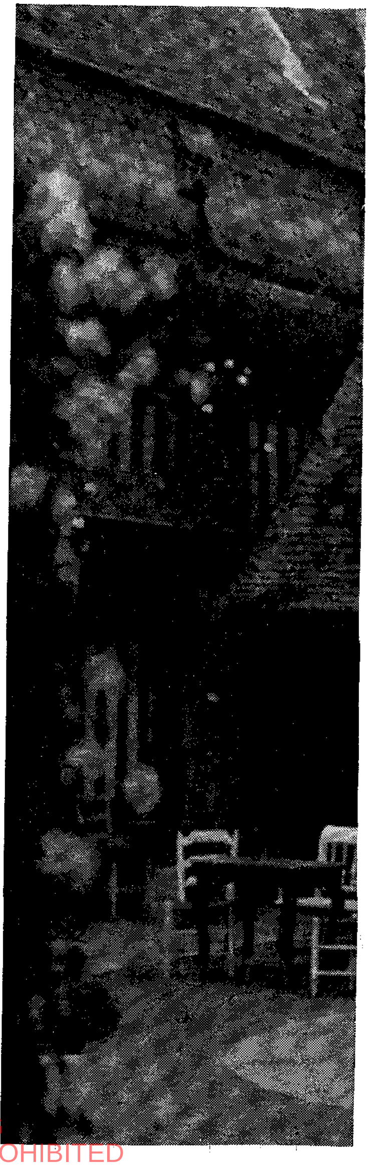
THE ART OF LAUGHTER: I never tired of photographing those most famous of all French clowns, Les Fratellinis (left), whose year-round show at the Cirque d'Hiver in Paris was a perennial hit. The three brothers had many children of their own, but their hearts were big enough to welcome more. Their households included orphans and youngsters with circus ambitions whose parents frowned on the big tent as a way of life. The Fratellinis taught me that there's more to being a clown than a funny face.



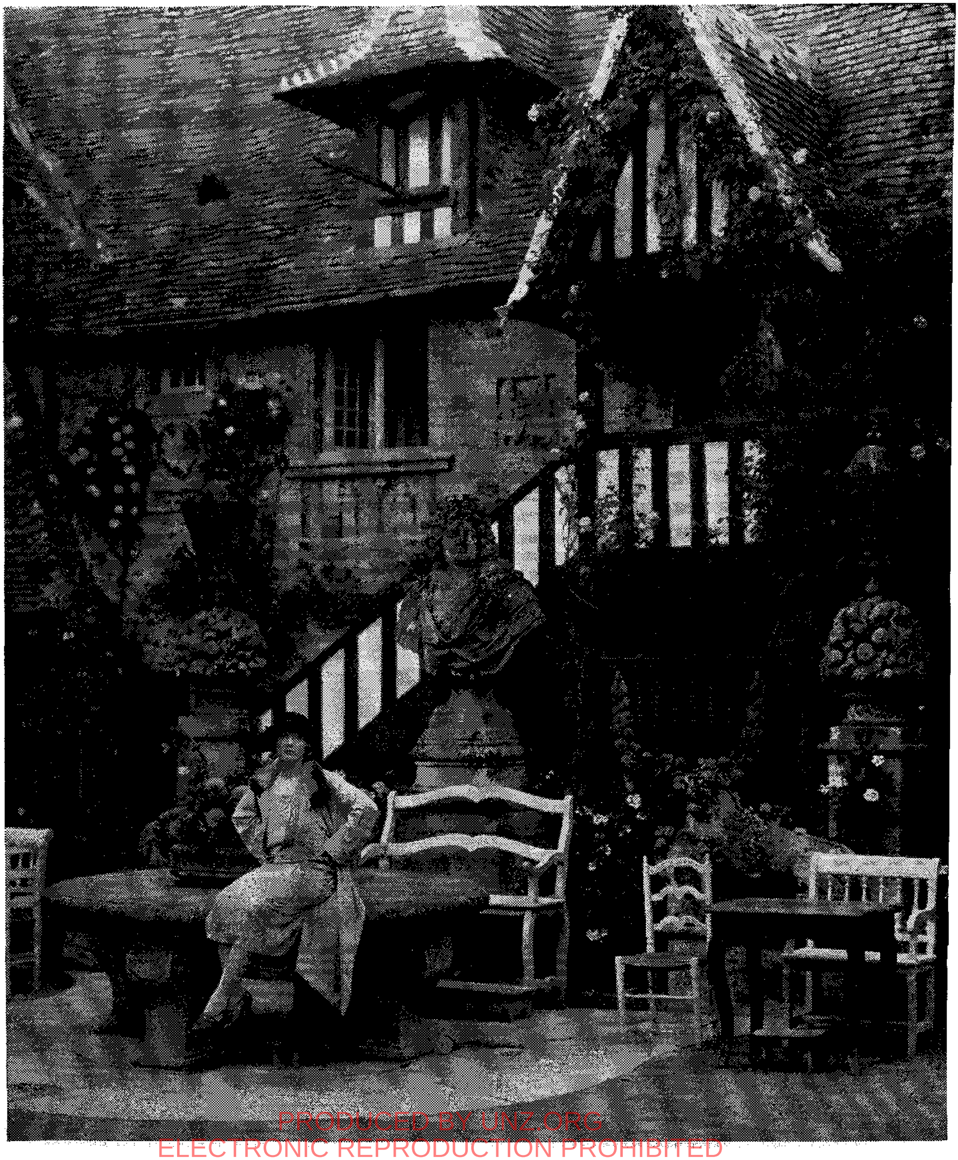
TERPSICHOREAN TROUPERS: Recognize them? They're Fred and Adele Astaire appearing at New York's Globe Theater in 1919. Whenever I think of the Astaires, I think of a 1924 night in London when a young British actor-playwright pumped them for information about the U.S.A., a country he was about to visit for the first time. He said he had enough money to stay at the Ritz in New York for a month, or perhaps three months in cheaper surroundings. Fred and Adele advised him to stay at the Ritz. The playwright was Noel Coward.

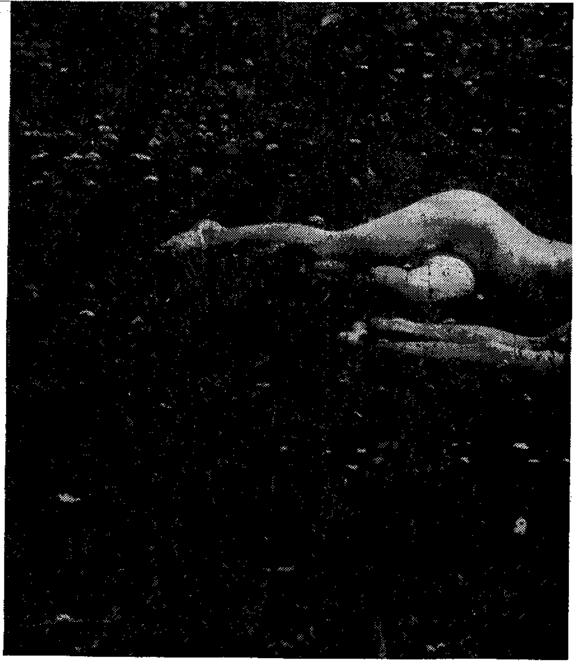


A FOOT IN TIME: When I was there in 1931, an Oxford University dormitory had a quaint rule. Students were obliged to wake up, leave their rooms and set foot in the quadrangle before 8:30 A.M. Then they could go back to their beds if they wished. These canny young clock-watchers followed the letter of the law—but little more.



GLITTERING GILDA: In 1930, movie star Gilda Gray and her ex-husband Gil Boag took me on a gay tour of France. One night we dined sumptuously near Caen, at the inn where William the Conqueror slept before invading England. But he couldn't have dominated that rustic Normandy courtyard the way Gilda did with her figure, which made the shimmy famous.

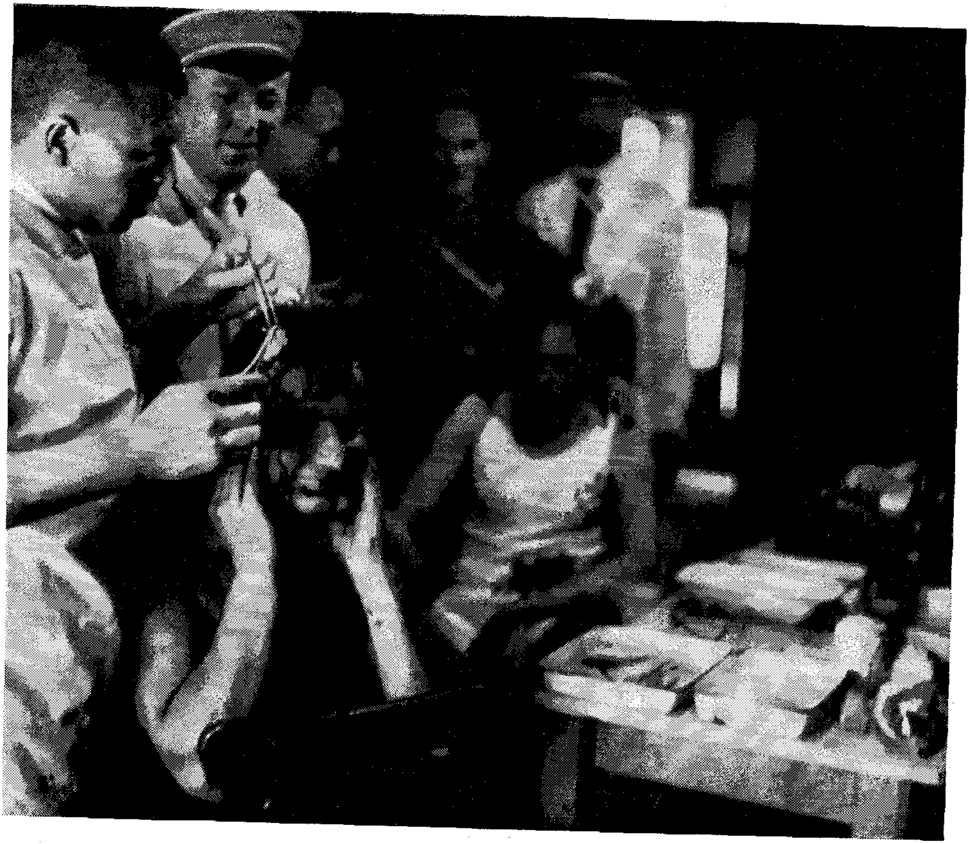




THIS HERE IS BERT KELLY'S
STABLES
431 RUSH
FREE DRINKS
DO COME OVER

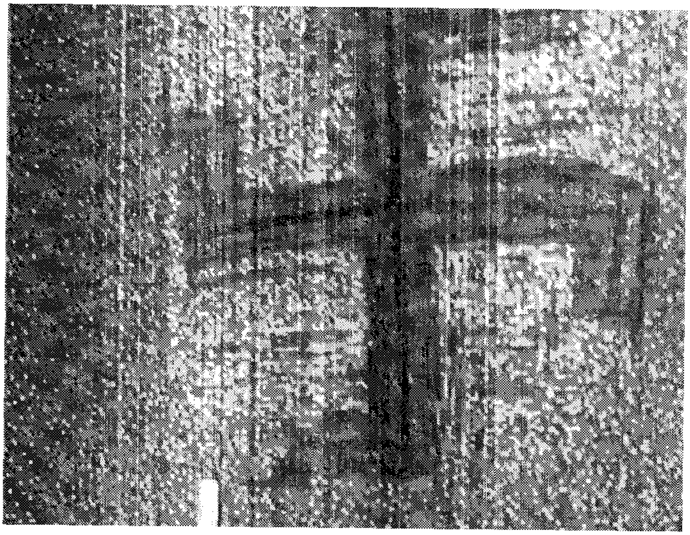
RUSSIA IN THE RAW: Inhibitions went down the drain right after the Russian Revolution. When I snapped these Russian boys and girls sun-bathing in the nude, an equally bare peasant woman snapped, "It is wrong to take these pictures because you will publish them abroad where they think nude bathing is evil." I was very embarrassed as I apologized. Why not! I was standing there in the nude myself.

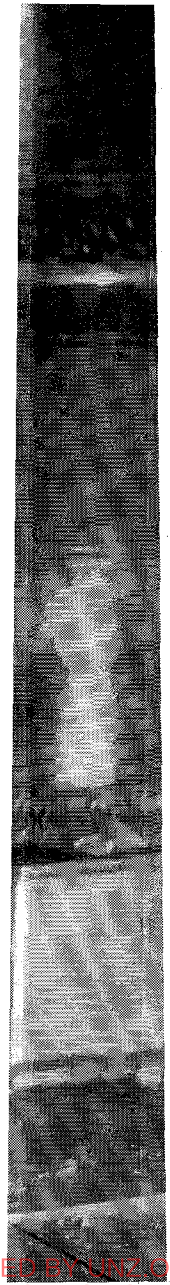
THAT TODDLIN' TOWN: A Chicago detective friend took this photograph of me reading the menu of an eat-and-drink place we frequented while I covered the city's murders and holdups. This was during the Capone era, when almost everyone in Chicago carried a police card in his wallet—probably even Scarface Al himself.



GORY GAME ON CAMPUS: In Nazi Germany the medieval sport of dueling was once again encouraged. Student duelists were so proud of their saber wounds that they had surgeons sew them up so that the scars would always remain livid.

A TYRANT'S JEST: In 1933, Hermann Goering sat for me before a swastika mosaic in his Berlin palace. "Smile, Herr Goering," I cajoled. "In America they think you eat children for breakfast." "Ach, how I am misunderstood," Goering said. "I do not eat breakfast."





LOVE AND STOVE: From 1923 to 1931, Paris was my home base. Those were wonderful years. The franc was low and the dollar and German mark were high—and I had plenty of all three. Practically every celebrity passed through town—Chaplin, Dempsey, Jolson—and none were too high-hat or busy to pose for me. My studio was in the Rue du Val de Grace, in a cluster of ancient houses dating back to Louis XIV. In fact, Madame La Vallière, one of the king's mistresses, lived in one after she fell from favor at Versailles. During the winter, many movie stars sat before my big coal stove—among them this lovely creature, Bessie Love (left), then one of Hollywood's top silent-screen stars. Bessie was very proper. But this was Paris, and Paris does things to proper young ladies. So I persuaded her to pose for me with very little on. I'm old now, but this picture reminds me that I was a mighty persuasive talker in those days.

HUMAN COMEDY

My sixth graders were busily working their arithmetic problems when the classroom lights suddenly went out. To pass the time, I remarked that we must have ghosts at our school. Whereupon one of my students sang out from the back of the room: "It must be the old school spirit!"

—BEULAH G. HASTINGS

The mother took one look at her son's report card and exclaimed, "My goodness, Johnny, this is certainly terrible. Can you explain what happened?"

Johnny hesitated only a moment before replying: "You know how it is, Mom. Things are always marked down after the holidays."

—WILLARD CROUCH

Our neighbor's children, Cathy, four years old, and Johnny, three, paid a surprise visit to our kitchen door recently. Such visits had, in the past, resulted in our giving the children more cookies and candies than we should have. Their parents had rightfully discouraged this, and placed our kitchen "Off Limits" to the youngsters.

"Remember," began Cathy, "how we used to ask you for cookies? Johnny used to ask you, and I used to ask you. Well . . . I am not going to ask you for cookies any more."

I said nothing.

Cathy continued: "I am not going to ask you, and Johnny's not going to ask you."

I smiled encouragingly, but still did not answer. Holding Johnny firmly by the hand, Cathy, eyes sparkling with anticipation, finished, "We are just going to wait until you *give* us some cookies."

They got their cookies.

—FRANCIS OLWELL ARCHER

A fellow troubled by anxiety was advised to eat something whenever nervousness assailed him. He tried following the plan and found it had merit.

Then one morning, as his wife was driving him to his job, he noticed wisps of smoke curling above the hood of the car.

"Jump out and run for home, honey," shouted the nervous fellow to his spouse. "I'll fight the fire—you hurry back with a sandwich!"

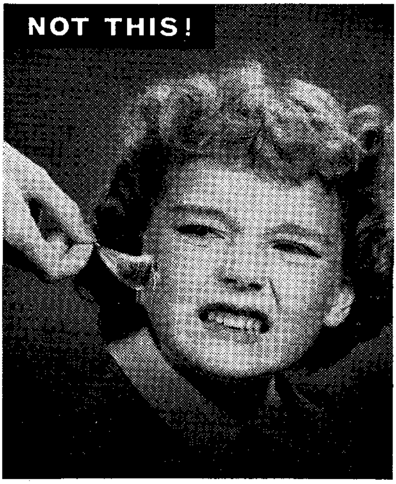
—*Wall Street Journal*

Two men were leisurely walking down the street amid sharp elbow digs from hurried women shoppers.

One of the strollers commented,

(*Continued on page* 67)

CURAD® New "mercy bandage" won't pull the scab off

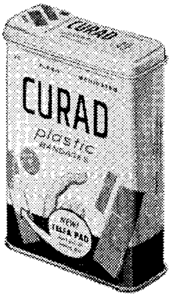

NOT THIS!

NOW THIS!

Unlike gauze bandages, new CURAD with non-sticking Telfa® pad won't hurt when you take it off . . . won't reopen healing wounds

No more crying when the bandage has to come off. New Curad "mercy bandage" has a pad of Telfa (like the Telfa Dressings used in hospitals). Gauze is covered with a plastic surface which never sticks to the wound, won't pull the scab off.

Flesh color or transparent for adults, Battle Ribbon colors and designs for the kids. Medicated. Waterproof.



Curad bandages for cuts, scratches; Telfa sterile pads for larger wounds.

Bauer & Black
DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY

Worried about varicose veins?

The truth about Elastic Stockings

Today they're sheer enough—but when it comes to support, here's why you need more than just stretch nylon

If your legs have been bothering you, and your doctor has suggested you wear elastic stockings for relief—*relax.*

Millions of women have faced this same situation—only to find it is not the dreaded thing they had imagined.

In fact, some of your friends probably are wearing elastic stockings right now without your even knowing it!

51 gauge sheer

The finest elastic stockings, made by Bauer & Black, are actually 51 gauge sheer—like your regular nylons.

The only difference is, they are knit with rubber in every supporting thread. And that's a *big* difference. (If you don't think so, try stretching a rubber band . . . and some stretch nylons. You'll see that nothing else is as elastic as rubber.)

No substitute for rubber

In much the same way, the rubber in real elastic stockings "bounces back" to give necessary support. Only rubber offers this positive return-action.

But now there are stockings being sold for *support* which contain no rubber. In fact, they are little more than ordinary stretch nylons. Lots of stretch, sure—but it's a limp kind of stretch that doesn't snap back.

So don't buy on price alone. You're not saving money when you don't get the complete support your doctor wants you to have.

And if he's at all concerned, then you need all-elastic support with *rubber* in every supporting thread.

All-elastic stockings
by
Bauer & Black
DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY

(*Continued from page* 64)

"I suppose women are all alike, always looking for bargains."

"You're right," replied the second. "If my wife misses two consecutive days in one store, it sends her a 'get well' card." —SCOBEY MARSHALL

THE TIME CAME WHEN John, a senior who had not studied very hard at high school, had to fill out college application forms. Dismayed by the query, "What is your approximate quartile standing in your graduating class?" he at last wrote down: "Top ¾!"

—SUSAN M. BLACK

A FIRST-GRADE GIRL burst into my office one noon and told me that several first-grade boys were catching the girls as they left the school and kissing them.

When I suggested that she might use another exit, she cried, "Oh no, they might miss me!"

JAMES C. CASTLE (*NEA Journal*)

IN A RADIO QUIZ PROGRAM conducted in Dublin, each competitor was given the first part of a proverb and was asked to complete it. One of the proverbs used was, "Man proposes, but God disposes." The gentlemen to whom it was addressed obviously had never heard it before. As the allotted time drew to a close, the quizmaster repeated the question. " 'Man proposes'—come now—what comes after that?"

The competitor decided to have a try at it. "Man proposes," he said hesitantly, then added triumphantly, "Woman accepts!" —FRANK O'HARA

WHILE I WAS HAVING dinner in the crowded dining room at Chicago's Midway Airport, a young couple with their small son came in and were seated at my table.

Saying something to his wife, the child's father got up and walked out of the room. The little fellow started to cry and his mother, to appease him, said, "Daddy will be gone for a little while and now *you* are the head of the family. When the waiter comes, you can give him our order."

In a few minutes the waiter approached with pad and pencil in hand, and the shrill voice of the youngster piped up: "My wife will have a Scotch and soda and I'll have a piece of lemon pie." —CORA HERSCHBERG

A HEFTY YOUNG woman in Kansas City went into a fit of rage over a lovers' quarrel. She broke three windows in her own house, ran out into the street, smashed a plate-glass store window, then retreated into a church and beat a minister over the head with her purse. Pleading innocent in court, she claimed her actions were due to an overdose of vitamin pills. —RON BUTLER

DURING MANEUVERS in Kansas, one soldier came floating down into camp during gusty high winds. Somewhat battered and bruised, he was brought before a high ranking officer, who said to him: "It took nerve to parachute down in this wind, but you ought to know better than to do anything so dangerous."

"But I didn't come down in a parachute," protested the soldier. "I went *up* in a tent!" —JOHN FARNUM

The unconquerable John Foster Dulles

by MARGUERITE HIGGINS

In July, 1958, CORONET told the story of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles' first brave battle against intestinal cancer. Now CORONET presents the closing chapter of an indomitable man's fight against a disease that ultimately killed him, but never conquered his spirit—written by a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist.

JOHN FOSTER DULLES did not fear death; rather, he deeply, even angrily, resented it. His cancer was not just a dread disease but an enemy to be fought, an intruder getting in the way of a thousand and one tasks yet to be done.

Said a close friend, "Foster wanted so very much to see his task through until it was done. By his lights this

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would have been when President Eisenhower's term was up."

The beginning of the end for John Foster Dulles, 53rd Secretary of State, started in Mexico City in late November and early December of 1958. Dulles had flown there for the inauguration of Mexico's newly elected President Adolfo López Mateos, despite the fact that five days before his departure he had suffered abdominal pain and with it the inevitable worry that his cancer might be recurring. Dulles insisted that his state of health was by no means so bad as to justify the international furor that would occur if he suddenly canceled such an important and long scheduled trip.

But, in Mexico City, his pain increased. Shortly after the Secretary's arrival, Robert C. Hill, American Ambassador to Mexico, went to Dulles' apartment in the American Embassy and found him stretched out on the bed, his face gray, his arms around his stomach.

Ambassador Hill, an old friend, spoke out frankly, saying, "Mr. Secretary, I have a couple of doctors here who are familiar with your case and they are standing by."

Dulles looked at the Ambassador for a moment, then with a wry smile said, "For what I suspect may be wrong with me, Bob, the doctors can't be of any real help to me now."

Then he added: "And anyway, I believe that if we called in the doctors, newspaper speculation would go all over the world. It might have unfortunate repercussions. I'd rather wait until I get home."

Despite pain, Dulles managed to get through the official visit, eating nothing but cereal, resting between duties and play-acting so successfully that no one knew how ill he was except Ambassador Hill, his special assistant, Joseph N. Greene, Jr., and his secretary, Phyllis Bernau.

In fact, his conversation with Hill was one of the extremely rare occasions on which the Secretary of State admitted that he suspected cancer might be bringing his life to an end.

On December 5, when Dulles entered Walter Reed Hospital, it seemed that all the agonizing psychological strain had been for nothing. The doctors, headed by Maj. Gen. Leonard D. Heaton, director of the hospital, ordered every known medical test, including exhaustive blood examinations and X rays. There was no indication of cancer.

The cause of the pain was diagnosed as diverticulitis, an inflammation of the colon. Nevertheless, the doctors did suspect that cancer might exist. As they all knew, during Dulles' operation in the fall of 1956, the cancerous part of the intestine had ruptured before the surgeon got to it. This meant that some of the cancer cells had possibly spilled out and might reseed themselves.

But doctors cannot make diagnoses based on suspicion alone. The medical facts gave Dulles a happy respite, psychologically, from his nagging worries. Yet despite rest and medication, his abdominal pains persisted. When he was back at his desk at the Department of State he had to take occasional pain killers, although this was kept secret.

It was typical of Dulles' character

that the thing that distracted him from the pain was not the sedatives but the intensive intellectual exercise of negotiating. He scheduled a swing through Europe to mend Allied fences, recalling later, "When we were working on the solution of our problems, the pain seemed blotted out. But the nights were terrible."

In Germany, when he finally took leave of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, he made the second mention of his condition outside his immediate entourage. He confided to Dr. Adenauer that he had developed a painful hernia: "I want you to know from me rather than the newspapers," Dulles said, "that I am going into the hospital for a hernia operation. Some people think that my troubles may be related to a recurrence of cancer, but I personally feel confident this is not so."

ON THE MORNING of February 14, the day after the hernia operation, General Heaton remembered Dulles' instructions to tell him the truth if cancer was found. It was, and he did. "He took it very, very well," Heaton says.

Dulles wanted to know first what could be done to curb the cancer. But very high on his list of priorities was a telegram to Adenauer. In it Dulles told his old friend that he was sorry to have to report that he had misled him at the airport, for he did, after all, have cancer.

Directly after this discovery of cancer's recurrence, the doctors were able to tell Dulles that he would get the best-known care for his type of cancer—adenocarcinoma, a glandular malignancy—massive X rays and radioactive gold injections. In his favor was his fabulous physical constitution and determined will.

"Foster," a close friend recalls, "would set himself one target date after another as a measuring stick by which, if he did not make a certain given amount of progress, he would resign as Secretary of State. Then when the target date arrived he would quietly choose another in order to give himself a little more time. I have never seen anyone so determined not to give up. The whole thing was both completely admirable and heart-rending."

There was only one time when Dulles gave way to despondency. This was after the week end of February 22, when a number of Senators called for his resignation on the grounds that the world situation and the Berlin crisis were too grave to permit direction of American policy by a sick man.

The Secretary of State brought up his resignation on President Eisenhower's fourth visit to Walter Reed Hospital on Monday, February 23. In light of Congressional and other reactions, Dulles asked, was the President really sure that he wanted Dulles to remain in office?

Eisenhower replied that Dulles had been the first to counsel him against paying any attention to such reactions when he had his heart attack and ileitis operation and now the President was giving the same advice right back. Dulles was left with his lonely decision.

One of his doctors recalls, "I have never seen anyone in his situation worry so much about anyone else as he did about the President. He sometimes talked as if he were a deserter or as if this cancer were a mistake that might have been prevented had he been clever enough or foresighted enough."

At Walter Reed Hospital, Dulles settled down to affairs of state with as much intensity as the doctors and the temporarily debilitating effects of the X-ray therapy would permit.

He was on the phone to the President almost every day about Berlin and other crises.

Dulles avoided discussing even with his family the fact that he might die, but his attitude was different with the doctors. He interrogated them so persistently that they were hard pressed for an answer to the question: "How much time?"

So tricky is Dulles' type of cancer and so little is still known about it that they could not give an accurate prediction.

When British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and President Eisenhower called on Dulles at the hospital, Dulles politely but sharply lit into the British leader. The Secretary of State felt that British policy was close to wanting a summit conference at virtually any price and was tending to create the dangerous illusion that an honorable settlement with the Soviets was nearing.

Speaking of the vigor of Dulles' verbal assault, a British diplomat said, "If this is the way he is as a supposed convalescent, what will he be like when they dismiss him from the hospital?"

This dismissal by the doctors occurred on March 30. Dulles took off for rest at Hobe Sound, Florida, to put his strength to the test of sun, sand and his favorite sport—swimming. His appearance on arrival was described as "carefree and jaunty."

During this holiday, he tried determinedly to make a physical comeback, swimming daily in the pool of a borrowed villa at Hobe Sound and resting in the sun. At the peak of his holiday, he even managed two laps in the pool at one try.

But instead of growing stronger, he was becoming weaker. Still, day after day, he would stubbornly go back into the pool sometimes saying to Mrs. Dulles or to his special assistant, Jerry Greene, "We haven't really given this thing a fair trial, have we?"

Then came a totally new pain in the back of his neck. At first Dulles tried to make light of it as "this neuralgia." But the pain became more and more insistent. It was impossible to brush away the obvious implication: his cancer was spreading.

On Friday, April 10, after a trip to a local hospital for an X ray of his neck, Dulles said to Greene, "Well, Jerry, I guess we had better make some plans." It was not necessary to explain that Walter Reed was his destination. There was clearly no other choice.

Meanwhile, the Secretary of State had a frank talk with his brother, Allen Dulles, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, who had been vacationing close by in Palm Beach. Sadly, he asked his brother to fly to Augusta, Georgia, where President Eisenhower was vacationing to explain that the deterioration in his condition left him no other course but to resign.

On Saturday, April 11, Allen Dulles went to Augusta and tried to fulfill his mission. But President Eisenhower simply refused to entertain the idea of the Secretary of State's intended resignation. The President said that Dulles ought to get back at once to Walter Reed and be examined by doctors familiar with his case. But until all the medical facts were in, he didn't even want to hear the word resignation spoken.

Just before Dulles left Florida, despite the now intense pain, he insisted on personally managing the surprise birthday dinner party he had prepared for Jerry Greene. Although he had to do so mostly from the vantage point of a sofa near the dining table, he supervised all details. When the cake was brought in, Dulles rose from the couch and led the singing of *Happy Birthday* in a wan, quavering monotone.

The next day, April 12, he was back in his suite at Walter Reed. And on that evening occurred one of the most heart-rending episodes of Dulles' last days.

It was connected with a phenomenon in cancer cases known as a remission. This is a temporary period during which a victim of cancer suddenly and inexplicably finds his pain lifting and is filled with a feeling of well-being.

It became plain that Dulles was enjoying such a remission as soon as Maj. Gen. Leonard Heaton, hospital director, entered his rooms to greet him. In fact, Dulles was in such an ebullient mood that he said, "I feel so good tonight, Doctor, that I think I may be able to make it after all to the Geneva Foreign Ministers' conference." Dulles was referring to the East-West conference on the Berlin crisis scheduled to open in Geneva on May 11.

General Heaton carefully maintained a casual, unsurprised tone and said, "I'm glad, Mr. Secretary, that you are feeling so well. We will do a thorough checkup on you in the morning and find out just how things are."

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER, the remission had passed and the pain returned full force. Hospital X rays showed almost beyond a shadow of a doubt that the cancer was spreading. A medical bulletin to this effect was given to the press and the grim facts were splashed across the headlines of Tuesday's papers.

Dulles got around to reading the papers somewhat late as he had taken an unusually long nap. The force of the press reaction dismayed him, especially some implications that he was selfishly clinging to his position. This stung him although he realized that the fact that he had already tried to resign was a secret.

But by now Dulles was convinced that any further delay in announcing his resignation was unwise. Tuesday evening he instructed Jerry Greene to telephone White House press secretary James C. Hagerty in Augusta, with a request that his views be conveyed in detail and as soon as possible to Mr. Eisenhower.

Early the next morning, Eisenhower telephoned Dulles and with deep emotion agreed at last to accept his resignation. The President told Dulles that he personally would go immediately to the press and tell them of the decision.

Only once did Dulles permit himself to indicate to his family that he realized death was not far. This occurred on the week end of April 25, a month before he died.

It was prompted by Mrs. Dulles saying that one of their sons, Father Avery Dulles, a Jesuit priest, would be flying into Washington soon from Rome where he had been studying. Mrs. Dulles had tried to speak matter-of-factly so as not to give concern to her husband.

"That's wonderful, Janet," Dulles responded. Then he asked about his son, John, an engineer in Mexico City, and his daughter, "Are the other children coming, too?" When she told him that the rest of the family had been notified, Mrs. Dulles realized that he knew the truth.

This was one of the few intermissions in the elaborate drama of morale each played out for the other. The basic assumption in the touching pretense between this devoted couple was that cancer was but a temporary illness that would be overcome by Dulles' enormous power of will. Even close to the last, for instance, they talked of making plans for their traditional May 30 outing at their rustic Duck Island retreat on Lake Ontario. But it is clear that he knew the truth of his condition from the moment that he decided he should resign.

During his last days, Dulles, who never lost his wry sense of humor, was much amused by some of the praise turned out by some of his one-time critics. To close friends visiting the hospital he sometimes mentioned favorable comments from Walter Lippmann who had not been particularly kind about Dulles' foreign policies. On April 23, President Eisenhower named Dulles as White House consultant on foreign policy matters with Cabinet rank and a salary of $20,000 a year.

In the rest of April and through early May, Dulles fought to overcome his ebbing physical strength by clinging to a routine requiring maximum use of his intellectual faculties. It was as if by keeping his mind alive he could somehow checkmate the debilitating effects of his disease.

On the May morning Winston Churchill and President Eisenhower were to visit Dulles at Walter Reed Hospital, Mrs. Dulles received a pleasant surprise in the form of an unusual burst of energy on the part of her husband. She found him moving about his hospital suite supervising arrangements of flowers, furniture and mementos. He ordered a portrait of Winston Churchill moved to within closer range of the easy chairs where the conversation would take place.

Then after a final walk around, he turned to a hospital aide and called for a wheel chair.

Astonished, Mrs. Dulles wanted to know why he wanted a wheel chair since he didn't seem to need one. And, furthermore, photographs of the historic visit would be inevitable, she reminded him, and what about the press reaction to a photo showing him in a wheel chair?

Dulles looked quizzically at his wife and remarked that he had given this due thought. "You know how Winston is. He sometimes gets into those lengthy reminiscences and forgets the pressures on the President's time. Now, ordinarily, there just wouldn't be any polite way of my bringing the conversation to a close. But if I'm in the wheel chair, I can be wheeled out at my own signal and nobody's feelings will be hurt. They can blame it on the doctors."

So much did Dulles thrive on shop talk about world affairs that the doctors did their best to help him preserve his powers of speech when the cancer affected his vocal chords and tongue. Big bowls of ice were placed at his bedside for him to chew on because this soothed his condition and made it easier for him to talk.

Finally, when he could not speak, he insisted on taking advantage of his unimpaired hearing to be briefed daily on world affairs until four days before he died. Many times he requested a reduction in pain-killing sedation so that his mind would remain bright and active.

He cleared virtually every one of the medical bulletins issued about his illness. Even towards the last, when the bulletins became vague, it was Dulles who scribbled the corrections proclaiming the truth: a deterioration in his condition.

By Friday, May 22, the Secretary could still recognize visitors. When General Heaton paid him a call that evening and said, "Good evening, Mr. Secretary," Dulles opened his eyes and managed a tiny nod of recognition. He was never in a coma. His doctors say that he was, however, under increasingly heavy sedation with the result that his moments of wakefulness were fleeting.

The Medal of Freedom Award was bestowed on him by order of President Eisenhower and presented by Mrs. Dulles on Tuesday night, May 19. When she showed him the medal, Dulles smiled, fingered it and managed to say, "How wonderful, how very nice."

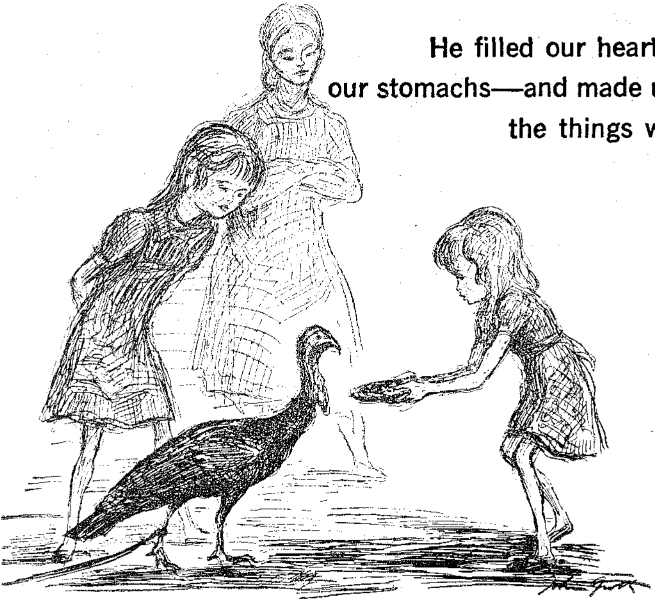
On Sunday, May 24, shortly after dawn, the immediate family was urgently summoned to Dulles' bedside. Silently, helplessly, they watched his life ebb away.

"But," says Mrs. Dulles, who was the first that morning to reach her husband's side, "he knew us until the very last. For when I went into the room he reached for my hand." ♛

ANGELIC CAUTION

When the congregation of an Ohio church left the service, they found the following notice posted in the parking lot: "While you were at services this morning, we blessed your nice cars. Still, it is necessary to drive carefully, because even the angels might jump out when you hit 80 mph."

—HERMAN E. KRIMMEL



He filled our hearts—instead of our stomachs—and made us thankful for the things we didn't have

The turkey who came to dinner

by Millie McWhirter

When I was a child in Tennessee, there were plenty of possum and sweet potatoes in the winter. There were kettles of squirrel stew at church suppers come spring, and fried rabbit was good the year 'round. But in November, when Mother turned over the calendar that hung over our coal-oil stove, we were confronted by the picture of the traditional Thanksgiving dinner. It showed a long, wooden table, with a golden-brown turkey rising high from the white platter. A large family sat in high-backed chairs, hands folded, as they waited for the sandy-haired man at the head of the table to give thanks.

As I stood there in the kitchen, looking at the picture of that turkey, my mouth began to water. And as I gazed at the faces of those people with so much of everything, my eyes began to water, too.

My father had been a sandy-haired man. A big, strapping man who hadn't carried insurance because "nothing would happen" to him. But something *had* happened, and so my mother, young, pretty, resourceful, had gotten a job teaching in a country school. She had taken her two small girls to live there in the crude, frame cottage across the field from the schoolhouse.

The folks for miles around had been good to us. They'd brought berries and sweet corn, and at hog-killing time we'd had buckets of lard and crisp, brown cracklings. But a turkey was something else again. Some terrible ailment had hit the turkeys that year, and the farmers who'd managed to save a few birds were taking them to the city where prices were high. So it was an exciting, unbelievable moment when, just two weeks before Thanksgiving, my sister Polly and I saw Mr. Pope's wagon turn in at our house.

Over the rumbling of the wagon, we could hear the wild chorus of turkeys inside the wooden crates. "Tell your mama I've brought her something," Mr. Pope called to us.

As Polly ran inside to call Mother, Mr. Pope pulled a turkey from under the seat of his wagon. The bird's wings beat frantically and his wattle shook with great squawks of complaint. His pink tassel flopped across his nose like a bandage that had come loose and there was a frayed rope tied around one skinny leg. Finally, he hopped to the ground, and as Mother and Polly came out of the house, Mr. Pope handed Mother the end of the rope.

"He looks poorly, ma'am," Mr. Pope said, "but you might get some fat onto him before Thanksgiving. He's kind of ornery, though. You'd better keep him tied up so he won't go wandering off."

And then, giving us a tin can full of feed, he climbed back into his wagon and started off toward town.

Our bird stood there listening as the rest of the turkeys called back to him, and then he took a step toward me. But his big feet caught in the rope and he fell. I knew just how he felt. My feet were too big for my skinny frame and I was always stumbling and falling and getting embarrassed. I loosened the rope and he got up, smoothing his feathers.

"What'll we name him?" Polly asked.

Mother looked pained. "You don't *name* turkeys," she said. "You just eat them."

"But we won't eat him for two weeks," I said. "In the meantime, we have to call him something." I thought a minute. "Rufus," I said. "Rufus is a good name."

We all looked at the turkey. He glared back, but he didn't complain. And so Rufus it was.

That very day we started out to get Rufus fattened up. We put some feed in a cracked saucer and we filled a jar with water and emptied it into a bowl. But Rufus shook his tassel over his nose and turned away. For two days he just wandered around on his big, bony feet. He went as far as the rope would allow, and then stared off toward the hills.

On the third day, I put his feed in the saucer, then I turned over an apple crate and sat there beneath the kitchen window, calling to Rufus. After a while he came poking along and pecked at his dish. Soon he looked up at me. I was eating a corn muffin with jam, and, seeing that Rufus seemed interested in it, I put it down for him. He stuck his beak in to sample it. Suddenly, he gulped down the whole muffin.

I went running back into the house. "Mother, Rufus likes muffins," I cried, happy that I'd discovered a way to fatten him up.

The next night at suppertime, I pushed my own muffin aside. "I'll save this for Rufus," I said.

Mother looked at me. "No," she said, "you need to be fattened up, too. I'll make some for Rufus."

In the days that followed, Mother baked corn-bread muffins for Rufus, and before long his body puffed out until his big feet no longer seemed a problem to him.

IT WAS A WEEK before Thanksgiving before we talked about how to kill Rufus. We were sitting at the kitchen table, when Polly said, "Mother, how do you kill a turkey?"

Mother took a deep breath. "Well, I've seen people wring the heads off chickens," she said. She put down her fork and just sat there for a moment. "I guess the way is to put his head on that crate and just . . ." Mother gulped. "Well, just chop it off!"

"Maybe you could ask Mr. Pope to do it," I said.

Mother shook her head. "Oh, no," she said, for she was trying hard to be both mother and father to us. "I can manage just fine."

At that moment, we heard a tapping on the window. There was Rufus, standing on the crate outside the kitchen window. He could see over the window sill and just manage to peck on the glass.

"I guess I'd better go take him some corn bread," I said.

But somehow I didn't enjoy it quite so much. I began to wish I hadn't tried so hard to get him fat. Perhaps we should have fed him less and just waited until Christmas to have him for dinner. And yet, whenever I looked at the calendar, at that big, juicy turkey, I knew I should be thankful that Mr. Pope had given us something so wonderful for our Thanksgiving dinner. For now we would be like the children in that picture, our hands folded, giving thanks for what we had.

But then there came a day when I knew we just had to eat our turkey for Thanksgiving. That was the day we got a letter from Uncle Marvin Love, saying he would be there to share Thanksgiving dinner with us.

Uncle Marvin worked for the railroad and his run would bring him along the crossing that was just down the road from us. He could stop off overnight with us, and leave late Thanksgiving Day. The day was going to be perfect. We would have a man at the head of the table.

After she finished reading the letter, Mother smiled. "Your Uncle Marvin can kill the turkey when he gets here," she said.

It was true that Uncle Marvin could do almost anything. He could tell stories in a deep, throbbing voice that would make your hair stand right up. And he also could say a blessing long and loud, lifting his eyes to the ceiling as if the Lord were up on the roof listening. Yes, Uncle Marvin Love would be exactly right to complete our picture of Thanksgiving.

As the day approached, I tried to think only of the fact that Uncle Marvin would be with us for Thanksgiving. I tried not to think that Rufus wouldn't be.

When Uncle Marvin's train pulled in, Mother and Polly were working on the pumpkin pie, and so I was privileged to go meet him. I tied Rufus up so he wouldn't follow me, and when we heard the whistle blow, I grabbed my coat and ran to meet the train.

As it slowed, Uncle Marvin swung down from the steps. A black-haired, wiry man, he held out his arms to me and hugged me tight. He had brought a sack of red apples, and he rubbed one against his sleeve and handed it to me.

"And what shall we give thanks for tomorrow?" he asked.

This was his Sunday voice, and I wanted to give the right answers. "Well," I began, "we're thankful that you're here."

"Ah, yes," he said, "but I'm not here every day. There must be something you're thankful for every day."

I swallowed hard. We had the turkey, of course, but only for a day. We did not seem to have much, Mother and Polly and me. I scuffed my feet in the dust, afraid I would cry, for I wished as a child wishes, more for tangible things that one could eat or wear or show the other kids at school.

Uncle Marvin was quiet for a moment. "Well," he said finally, "you don't have the measles, do you?"

I shook my head. "I had them last year."

Uncle Marvin put his hand on my head, tugging gently at my braids. "There are many other things you *don't* have," he smiled. "Be thankful for that!"

We were nearing the house then, and Mother and Polly ran out into the cool, November air to meet us.

Uncle Marvin went inside and started to remove his coat.

"Before you do that, Marvin," Mother said to him, "I wish you'd go kill our Thanksgiving turkey."

She reached for the ax which she used to chop firewood, and I saw that her knuckles were white, the veins standing out in her hands.

A feeling of panic overwhelmed me. "Couldn't you wait until after supper?" I asked weakly.

Mother looked at Uncle Marvin, and a look of understanding passed between them. "Please," she said, "please do it quickly."

Rufus was sitting outside on the crate, looking in the kitchen window.

Polly put her hands over her face. Tears gushed from my eyes, and I began to sob deep sobs that I couldn't control, couldn't stop.

Uncle Marvin set the ax down beside the stove. "I'll wait a spell," he said. "I'll just wait till early morning."

And so, with this sudden reprieve, my sobs gradually quieted. Polly took her hands down from her face, and we all sat down to supper. Afterward, we all sat by the fire and Uncle Marvin told us stories as he whittled on a piece of willow. Finally the fire burned low and our eyes grew so heavy that we welcomed bed.

But it was a restless sleep. I kept waking up, thinking I heard a turkey gobbling. But at last I dropped off until the first sun rays came through the curtains. I jumped out of bed and ran across the cold linoleum to the kitchen.

Mother was sitting at the table, finishing her coffee, and beside her was a plate that showed Uncle Marvin had already eaten. I walked ever so slowly to the kitchen window and looked out. Rufus was there, his head firmly on his shoulders, his tassel hanging jauntily over his nose. And then I saw Uncle Marvin coming in from the field. He was whistling as he swung a small, willow snare in one hand, and in the other, he swung a fat, gray rabbit.

I went running in to Polly. "Polly!" I cried. "We're having *fried rabbit* for Thanksgiving dinner!"

She jumped out of bed and we hugged each other, laughing and crying at the same time.

And it was a wonderful Thanksgiving dinner. Mother baked chestnut and corn-bread dressing in a skillet with cracklings to flavor it, and she centered our table with a bowl of red apples, candied sweet potatoes and a big platter of crisp fried rabbit.

As we sat down to eat, we folded our hands, just like in the picture, and Uncle Marvin, at the head of the table, began to say the blessing.

"Lord," he began, "we give thanks on this day for all the blessings from Thee . . ."

And at that moment, Rufus, standing on the crate outside the window, began pecking at the glass.

I peeked over at the window. I saw then that Uncle Marvin was looking, too, and so were Mother and Polly. Uncle Marvin smiled. Folding his hands again, he raised his eyes to the ceiling.

"And oh Lord," he said, "we are mighty thankful for those things we *don't* have! Amen!"

Before I started in to eat the rabbit, I took my saucer and heaped it with corn-bread dressing. I took it outside and set it beside Rufus. Then I went back to our family, and as we sat there enjoying our Thanksgiving dinner, Rufus sat beside the window, enjoying his.

We were thankful—all of us.

DEFT DEFINITIONS

MANIC-DEPRESSIVE: One whose life is easy glum, easy glow. —*A.M.A. Journal*

PARKING METER: Piggy bank on a hitching post. —*Bangor Daily News*

SMALL TOWN: Where it's no sooner done than said. —EDNA L. PARK

SALES TALK: Trade wind. —*Trailer Talk*

The marvel of hearing

by Peter Farb

Amazingly intricate
and sensitive,
our ears can sort out
nearly 400,000
sounds with an accuracy
that even
radar cannot match

HEARING IS ONE OF OUR most sensitive, most accurate—and least understood—senses.

Witness the extraordinary powers of the human ear—the most elaborate sound-receiving mechanism ever designed. On a still day, it can clearly hear the feeble buzzings of a quarter-inch fly at a distance of six feet. The fly's wings send out sound waves in all directions, but the ear receives only a tiny portion of them—roughly 1/300,000th of all the sound emitted by the tiny fly.

The ear can even detect the faint sounds of the workings of our bodies. At the Bell Telephone Laboratories in Murray Hill, New Jersey, I entered what acoustical engineers call the "dead room"; the floor, ceiling and walls had been designed to absorb all sounds. As I sat in the eerie silence, I could hear the steady pulse of the blood through my veins.

But the ear also knows when to stop hearing. Were our hearing the slightest bit more acute, I would have been grated by the workings of my muscles and besieged by the sounds of my bones crunching.

Even the experts at the Bell Laboratories have been unable to design elaborate electronic equipment which works nearly as well as our ears. We can hear the faintest rustle of leaves. (The membrane which transmits these tiny vibrations to the brain moves only about 1/250 *billionth* of an inch.) And so versatile is the ear that it can also hear the roar of a jet engine only a few feet away. But man's total *range* of hearing, from the slightest tremor to the most painful shriek, is about 1,000,000 times greater than that! Our ears can tell the difference between any two of nearly 400,000 distinct sounds.

With our ears, we can detect the direction of a sound and describe it so well that our voices can immediately mimic it. We can roughly tell the sound's distance from us, and whether it is stationary or moving. At a symphony we can detect an off-note played by a single instrument in a 100-piece orchestra, and at a noisy party we can listen to only one voice in the garble.

A blindfolded person, led into a bare-walled room with many echoes and reverberations, can still tell the direction a voice comes from. How does he pick out the true voice from the many echoes? That is because the ear can suppress every sound except the first one it hears. The speaker's voice travels a direct route to the blindfolded person's ears—and thus reaches them a fraction of a second sooner than the echoes which bounce off the walls. (Only when there is a long delay between the original sound and the reflection, as when we shout in the mountains, do we hear the familiar echo.)

Our hearing system—made up of ears, brain and a connecting nerve network—is even conveniently inefficient. We do not hear instantaneously. After we hear a sound, it "rings in the ears" for a fraction of a second. This way, we carry the sound in our brain long enough to duplicate it. Thus we can learn unfamiliar sounds, communicate better and live in a world which operates largely by speech and hearing.

The ear that performs these marvels is a fascinating and complex piece of the body. The flaps at the sides of our head make up only the least important part of our ears. Their function is to gather and funnel the sound waves so that they will enter the ear opening, an inch-long tube which ends at the eardrum.

The eardrum divides the outer canal from the middle ear. It is a sensitive membrane which vibrates incredibly small distances, only about 1/250 billionth of an inch. When the sound wave reaches the drum it is in the form of air-borne vibrations. But the drum transforms it into mechanical energy. Attached to the drum are three unusual bones—the hammer, anvil and stirrup—which are the tiniest bones in the human body. Together, they work much like a piston. The vibrations of the drum set the bones in motion and drive them against an even smaller membrane in the third part of the organ, the inner ear.

The inner ear is amazingly complex, so much so that it is called the "labyrinth" or "maze." The portion of it used for hearing is in the shape of a snail shell, the cochlea, and is no larger than the tiniest pea in a pod. It is shielded against even the most delicate disturbances because it is filled with fluid and is attached to a dense bone in the body.

The piston of the middle ear agitates the fluid in the inner ear, causing some of the 23,500 nerve hairs there to "fire." The membrane to which the hairs are attached is tuned to certain sounds. Certain hairs bend. A simple sound does not fire all the hairs in the inner ear any more than a note struck on the piano sets all the strings vibrating.

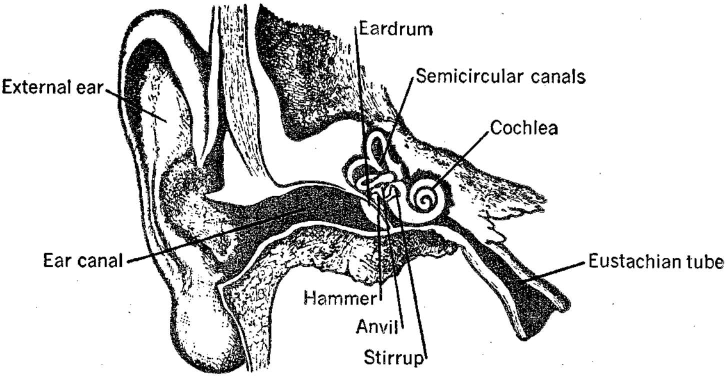
The bending of the hairs sends impulses of electrical current through the auditory nerve and then to the brain. The brain analyzes trains of impulses and compares them with sound impressions in its memory storehouse. That is how we can immediately recognize the sound of our own car horn or a locomotive whistle. So although we hear *with* the ears, we don't hear *in* them. It is also believed that the bending of the hairs allows our brain to determine the loudness of a sound; if many of them bend, the noise is a loud one.

The ear is so complex because it must solve a great problem in physics. A person swimming underwater cannot hear a shout from shore. And a fisherman, contrary to belief, can bellow all he wants to without frightening his quarry. The sound waves won't penetrate the denser surface of the water, but will be reflected.

The outer and middle parts of the ear are filled with air, the inner with a liquid. If the inner ear faced directly to the outside world, without the drum and piston arrangement, most sounds would be reflected and we could hardly hear. So the ear must take these vibrations from the air and put them into water. This is done in the middle ear, where the piston bones also act as a lever, increasing the pressure of the sound about 22 times so that it can enter the liquid-filled inner ear.

The ear also manages to perform other tasks for us. We now know that it is the seat of our sense of balance. Physicians years ago learned that infections of the inner ear seemed to affect a person's balance. More recent experiments have shown that loud noises piped into the ears of a totally deaf person can actually make him dizzy.

Two tiny sacs in the labyrinth contain nerve cells and hairs. Balanced on these delicate hairs are minute pieces of bone. As our head moves from side to side, the bones push down on the hairs and tell us when we are off balance. Also in the labyrinth is our sense of movement, located in three semi-circular canals. As our body moves so does the fluid in these canals. We are able thus to tell whether we are standing still



HOW YOU HEAR: Sound waves enter ear canal, strike eardrum which in turn triggers hammer, anvil and stirrup bones. These relay vibrations to sensitive hair cells in cochlea of inner ear. When these hairs bend, we "hear."

or in motion, going uphill or down.

Why does a tape recording of our voice, even one made with high-fidelity equipment, sound strange to our ears? Because we hear through another mechanism in addition to the ear itself. When we close our mouth and hum, no sound escapes to reach our ears—yet we clearly hear the humming. The humming sound is relayed to the brain almost completely through the jawbone. This is called bone conduction, and even in ordinary speech some sounds are transmitted through our jawbones. But a tape recording picks up only the *air-borne* vibrations, and our voice may sound much less booming than we always thought it did.

Nor does our voice sound as loud to us as it does to a person standing alongside. For the ear is so constructed that it has its own muffling system. When we scream, we set up intense sound waves which go into the air and reach our ear openings. But the scream is also creating sound waves *inside* the mouth.

These sound waves go through a connecting tunnel, called the Eustachian tube, to the middle ear. Thus the vibrations entering the middle ear from the mouth partially counteract those coming to the other side of the eardrum from the outside air. Some of the sound of a scream is muffled, and does not sound as loud to the person making it. The Eustachian tube automatically opens when we open our mouths or swallow. That is why by yawning during an airplane trip you can equalize the pressure in your ears, causing a pop and affording relief.

After a ride in a noisy train or plane, we often feel temporarily deaf. The constant bombardment of the nerves by continual noise makes the nerve fibers become fatigued and slow down, resulting in hearing loss for a short while.

Many animals probably do not suffer from this fatigue because they can "tune in" what they really want to hear. A horse, for example, can twitch his ears to locate the source of a sound because he has 17 muscles in each ear flap for this purpose.

We have nine such muscles—but they have all become useless, except in the case of those few extraordinary people who can wiggle their ears. However, two of these muscles, when goaded into action by electrical stimulation, still make a valiant effort to fold the lobes over the ear openings—possibly a relic from the days when our remote ancestors could close their ears to harsh sounds. We have lost this ability, though, and our ears now stand open to the din of the modern world. We do receive some protection, however. Our eardrums automatically tighten in the presence of loud sounds.

Scientists have detected wide variations in the ability to hear. In fact, less than one percent of the population has what is regarded as "normal" hearing. The reason is simple: in this most delicate of organs, the smallest imperfection can distort our hearing. However, members of the same family often have similar patterns of hearing, although no one knows precisely why.

A healthy young ear can detect a range of sounds from 15 to 20,000 vibrations per second. But as we age, our ears lose their ability to hear the very high frequencies; the average loss is about 160 high vibrations per year and it becomes most apparent after about age 40. Suddenly, sounds in familiar words become blank. Elderly people often cannot tell exactly what is being said; their ears pick up only the lower frequencies, leaving gaps of sound in each word.

Part of the problem in achieving good hearing is concentration. One scientist set up an elaborate experiment to measure the reception of nerve impulses from a cat's ear to its brain. Whenever he made a noise near the cat's ear, the pulse registered in its brain. However, when he held a fish near the cat's nose, the pulses stopped. Obviously, the hungry cat was more concerned with the fish than the sounds; somehow it turned off the nerve cables which were relaying the sounds to its brain. Researchers at the University of Minnesota—testing the listening ability of students—were amazed to find that the average person absorbed only about half of what he heard, in spite of the fact that he was questioned immediately after hearing the sounds. Listening is a skill that can be developed. A doctor trains himself to hear revealing sounds through the stethoscope; the blind soon become so sensitive to sound that they can detect echoes bounding off obstructions in their path and thus avoid them.

To improve our listening, some experts recommend attending lectures or watching TV discussions of difficult topics. These make our ears and brain *work*, straining to listen. Or play good music—not as background, but to concentrate on the variety of sounds. One of the best methods is a regular period of reading aloud to one another at home.

A trained ear is a necessity for modern living. The marvels of sound are all around us in the modern world—if we would only listen. ♛

DUTY-BOUND!

ONE DAY I WAITED impatiently behind a woman in the post office who was giving the clerk a difficult time over the mailing of a poorly wrapped package. After he'd explained that proper wrapping was required to assure safe delivery, she indignantly refused his suggestions to rewrap it or send it "special handling," which would have meant extra postage.

The clerk, still patient after minutes of discussion, finally told the woman he would rewrap it himself during his lunch hour. Satisfied, she went on her way.

As I took my turn, I tactlessly remarked, "Who was *that*, the Queen of England?"

He smiled and said, "No, my mother-in-law."

—*Pueblo Chieftain*

How words words words work

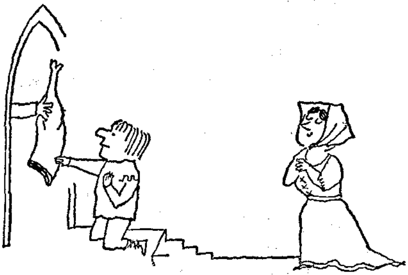
by Dr. Bergen Evans

moderator of "The Last Word," seen on CBS television, and author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

How would you write out the abbreviation *Mrs.* in full?

You can't do it. It was originally an abbreviation of *mistress* but *mistress* has so changed its meaning that it cannot stand today as an equivalent of *Mrs.* The problem is very old. Queen Elizabeth I, writing a letter of thanks almost 400 years ago to an archbishop's wife, wrote: "And you—*Madam,* I may not call you, and *Mrs.* I am ashamed to call you, so as I know not *what* to call you, but yet I do thank you." It would seem even then *Mrs.* equaled *mistress*—not the proper word for an archbishop's wife.

What do we mean when we say someone "brings home the bacon"?



The allusion is to a flitch of bacon which was offered annually at Dunmow, a village in England, to any person who would kneel at the church door and swear that he was happily married. In particular, he had to swear that for a year and a day he and his wife had not quarreled and that at no time during the preceding year had he wished himself unmarried. Chaucer (in the 14th century) alludes to the custom as already fully established and universally known. Between 1244 and 1772—a period of more than 500 years—the flitch was awarded only eight times.

Isn't *broker* an unfortunate name for one who sells stocks?

Originally the word was *broacher*—applied to the retailer who broached (opened) wineskins and casks, and sold the wine in smaller quantities to the peasants. Thus *broacher* or *broker* became a generalized term for a middleman. The modern broker is usually a middleman in financial transactions. And there are still marriage brokers and pawnbrokers.

Why is New York City called *Gotham?*

Legend has it that King John (1167-1216) planned to build a castle in the English town of Gotham. But when he came to look the town over, he noticed that the villagers acted very strangely. Some were trying to rake the moon's reflection out of a pond; others were trying to drown an eel; still others had linked hands in a ring around a bush in a vain effort to keep a cuckoo prisoner. Seeing this, the king decided to build his castle elsewhere—to the delight of the villagers whose odd behavior was a deliberate scheme to avoid the burden of supporting the castle. As time passed, wits embroidered this tale until the jokes filled a whole book, *Merie Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham.* The name was applied to New York by Washington Irving (in his *Salmagundi Papers,* 1807) because, in his opinion, the inhabitants were so foolishly wise and wisely foolish.

Why *Indian giver?* Did Indians want their gifts back?

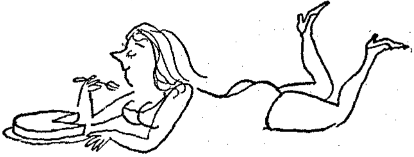
Right. This American term harks back to pioneer days. In most primitive societies, a person who gives a gift expects something in return. If he gives more than he gets, his prestige is higher. When American Indians gave our forefathers porcupine quills and other items, and got only a "Thank you," they were indignant and demanded their gifts back.

Do you say "It's I" or "It's me"?

If you are ever in doubt whether to use *I* or *me,* the chances are that *me* is better. In natural, well-bred speech, *me,* not *I,* is the form of the pronoun used after any verb, even the verb to be. This is one of the most conspicuous differences between standard English practice and the rules of Latin grammar. Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, Henry James —indeed, almost every writer of distinction in our language—have used *me* in such constructions. J. P. Marquand, in *Sincerely, Willis Wayde,* has a character say "It is I" in order to show that he is *not* really cultured.

Why is a pictorial display of a woman's legs called *cheesecake?*

Large cheesecakes used to be the main displays in the windows of the restaurants along Broadway. Theater press agents took the word over to describe the main attention-getter in their publicity. ♛



Do you manage your money—or does money manage you?
A noted psychiatrist unmasks the unconscious drives of people with "money trouble"

Why you worry about MONEY

by Smiley Blanton, M.D. with Arthur Gordon

SOME PEOPLE seem to have a gift for managing money. Other people are forever being pushed around by money problems. Is there any basic difference between the two? I think there is. One regards money as a medium of exchange. The other lets money become a symbol of something else.

To some people, money becomes a symbol of power: they use it to bend other people to their will. To some it represents sexuality: they hate to part with it because they fear, quite unconsciously, that their sexual or creative powers may be diminished. To some love-starved people, money becomes equated with affection: if they ask for a raise and fail to get it they are in despair because they feel nobody loves them. Some guilty souls try to throw money away because their conscience tells them that they do not deserve to have it.

The ideal time to examine yourself for traces of such hidden moti-

From the book *NOW OR NEVER: The Promise of the Middle Years*, © 1959 by Smiley Blanton, M.D. and Arthur Gordon. Published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J.

vation is at the beginning of the adult years when you still retain the flexibility that makes change relatively easy. Where money attitudes are concerned, this is doubly important: a warped perspective affects not only you but those around you.

First, make a rough check of your money attitudes, and be as honest as you can with your answers:

1. Do you find it difficult to buy things you need and can afford?
2. Are you denying yourself or your family ordinary pleasures on the grounds of being prudent?
3. Do you justify this caution by a conviction that the country is going to the dogs?
4. Do your business ventures or financial investments have a persistent way of turning out badly?
5. Do you tend to squander money, live beyond your means?
6. Does gambling mean more to you than just occasional diversion?
7. Do you feel that, unless you work constantly to maximum capacity, disaster may overtake you?
8. Are you always giving more presents than you get, especially to those people whose esteem or affection you crave?
9. Do you think that if you just had more money, all your troubles would vanish?
10. Do you consider money-making ability a sound yardstick for judging people?

Admittedly, these are loaded questions. But behind each "yes" or "maybe" lurks the possibility that money has ceased to be merely a convenience for transferring purchasing power and has become equated, in your unconscious mind, with something else.

Hardly a week goes by but some unhappy woman comes to my office in despair because of her husband's tight-fistedness. The difficulty in such cases is almost never lack of money. The offender always has arguments to justify his penny-pinching. He cannot and will not see that his reasons camouflage the fact that money has become the symbol of something he hates to part with.

We psychiatrists believe that adult personality traits are reflections of patterns formed in childhood. A child's first serious conflict with authority usually arises when his parents require him to control his eliminative habits. If this training is too strict or too harsh—or even if the child is praised too lavishly for cooperating—he may resent these attempts at regulation and refuse to cooperate. He will delay, he will withhold, he will not "give." In later life, these retentive characteristics may come to the fore where money is concerned.

THE MAIN THING to remember about such people is this: they didn't get that way overnight. Had they taken time out early enough for honest self-appraisal, had they heeded the advice of their pastor, priest or rabbi to think in terms of giving rather than of getting or keeping, they might have changed their thought patterns while they were still pliable.

Sometimes childhood patterns are strongly reinforced by unconscious adult fears or resentments. A classic example of this was the head of a family, a self-made man, who had been forced to go to work at the age of 12 and had become quite successful. Recently he had made a lucky investment that netted him $10,000 above his regular annual income. This man had a wife whose parents were from Scotland. They had often urged their daughter and grandchildren to go there. Now the opportunity seemed to exist, but the husband maintained that they could not afford such a trip.

"If you don't take this trip," we said to the husband, "what will you do with the extra money?"

He said that he planned to invest it. This, he added, was the prudent thing to do.

"Well," we said, "it's true that you can invest it but you don't really need the money. Is having this extra income more important to you than letting your family visit Scotland? Isn't it possible that you are being dominated by some secret anxiety or resentment?"

Because he was an honest person, he reluctantly admitted that this might be so. A little probing then revealed that he had always been jealous of his wife's Scottish ancestry. His own family had come from Eastern Europe and did not have the prestige of hers, or so he thought.

Basically, he was refusing to pay for the trip because unconsciously he feared that his wife and children considered themselves superior to him—and Scotland was the symbol of that superiority. That story had a happy ending. I am sorry to say that I have witnessed many that did not. All too often this morbid "prudence" becomes so strong that nothing can arrest it.

At the other end of the scale from the misers are people who seem determined to get rid of their money. Their explanations are seldom in accord with the truth.

Every psychiatrist knows victims of persistent business failures or financial losses who are impelled by forces that are completely hidden from them. One of the most common is a strong sense of guilt.

I once knew a woman whose rather large fortune was handled for her by her father. At one point, when she questioned his judgment in some transaction, he lost his temper and told her that she could manage her own affairs. She did and within a few months managed to lose almost half her holdings.

The reason was not lack of experience or bad judgment. She felt guilty about the rift with her father and was punishing herself by getting rid of the money that had been the cause of the quarrel. When this was pointed out to her, she was sensible enough to seek a reconciliation with her father. She stopped losing money and began slowly to repair the financial damage.

Sometimes people will fling away their money or even sabotage their own jobs in an effort to force someone else to take care of them. One woman was mismanaging money, losing jobs and going into debt because she was the child of divorced parents and starved for love.

I have also seen cases where people mismanaged money for revenge. A very wealthy man, through overhearing some chance remark, became convinced that his relatives were waiting eagerly for him to die so that they could inherit his money. He had always been a successful investor in the stock market, but now he began to speculate heavily, and with disastrous results. His fortune dwindled rapidly, and might have vanished altogether if he hadn't died suddenly. Many of his associates were mystified at what seemed to be the sudden loss of his former business skill. Without even knowing it, this man had been using money as a weapon—a weapon of revenge.

There is nothing wrong, from the psychiatric point of view, with winning or losing a few dollars at bridge or poker, or having a friendly bet on the outcome of a game. But the obsessive gambler is engaged in a desperate struggle to force Fate or Lady Luck to show him particular favor, perhaps because as a child he felt his mother was not so nice to him.

He is convinced that he must and will ultimately win. But in his unconscious mind he knows that he will lose. He presses on relentlessly toward disaster, so that Lady Luck will be exposed as unkind and ungenerous, just as he felt the "cruel" parent was ungenerous so long ago.

It is difficult for the victim of such hidden impulses to identify them once they have seized control. But it is possible for the average intelligent person to examine himself for tendencies that may lead to trouble.

Take the question: Do you work harder than is really necessary? Are you afraid not to work so hard? Is it normal ambition and a natural desire to get ahead or an unreasonable fear of poverty, of insecurity, that may have been implanted in you in childhood? You may not be able to give yourself conclusive answers, but at least you will be groping for self-knowledge and this in itself is a sign of maturity.

Is it possible that sometimes you attempt to use money to buy friendship? To make people like you? The answers to such questions may be disturbing. But you will be a broader and deeper and wiser person for having asked them.

One of the hardest things for most of us to do is to assign money its proper value. The truth is, the more money you have, the less important it should seem to you, but this is not always the case.

MOST OF US face the choice between price and value daily, in dozens of small ways. I have a friend, for example, who thinks nothing of spending $15 or $20 on a pair of theater tickets, but will park his car five blocks away and make his wife walk in the rain rather than spend another dollar or so to put the car in a garage opposite the theater. I know men who persist in trying to get ten shaves out of a razor blade, although the economy is microscopic. Is their facial discomfort worth it?

The other day when I was enjoying my favorite game, golf, someone asked me where I got the excellent sunglasses that I was wearing and what they cost. I told him that they cost $45 a pair. He was absolutely horrified at the price. "How can you justify such a thing?" he asked me.

"Very simply," I said. "I have only one pair of eyes."

That same day a shower came up and we were forced to cut our game short. One of the foursome insisted that since we had only played nine holes, he only owed his caddie half the 18-hole fee. The rest of us pointed out that the rain was hardly the caddie's fault, but he was adamant. In the end, the rest of us paid the balance of the caddie's fee. That man may have saved a few pennies, but he lost three friends. He thought he was managing his money, but it was managing him.

One all-too-human failing is the tendency to exaggerate the importance of money where happiness is concerned. Countless patients have told me, in all seriousness, that if they just had more money, all their troubles would vanish. Nothing could be further from the truth. It's true that at subsistence level, or below it, lack of money is a real and terrifying menace. But above what might be termed the adequate-income-level, additional funds rarely solve basic problems.

To convert money into usefulness or pleasure, it is almost always necessary to spend it. I say "almost always" because some people clearly get more pleasure out of saving it than spending it. I am merely suggesting that the wise person will not let rigid habits of economy become too ingrained, that he will be sensible about money and yet use it occasionally for some non-essential or even frivolous purpose. In my opinion, the housewife who occasionally buys spaghetti for supper instead of lamb chops, and spends the difference on a dozen gladioli, or treats herself to a movie, is likely to be a healthier and happier person than the one who is continually denying herself small pleasures in the name of prudence or self-denial.

I am not recommending a spendthrift philosophy, nor do I like to see people try to live beyond their means. But there is something both pathetic and exasperating about people who refuse to live up to anything approaching their means. They are really fugitives from living, victims of the unconscious and irrational fear that the expenditure of money will somehow make them smaller, rob them of virility, shorten their life span.

We can all try to eliminate false values from our lives; we can strive for the self-knowledge that makes such improvement possible. We can stop at any time (what is there to prevent it?) and look steadily at ourselves, and if we do not like what we see we can resolve to change it. The change may not come overnight. But the wish to change is the first and by far the longest step.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT

ONE DRAWBACK TO TAKING vacation movies is that you have to get back home to find out what you saw.

—PAT KRAFT (*Quote*)

Ω

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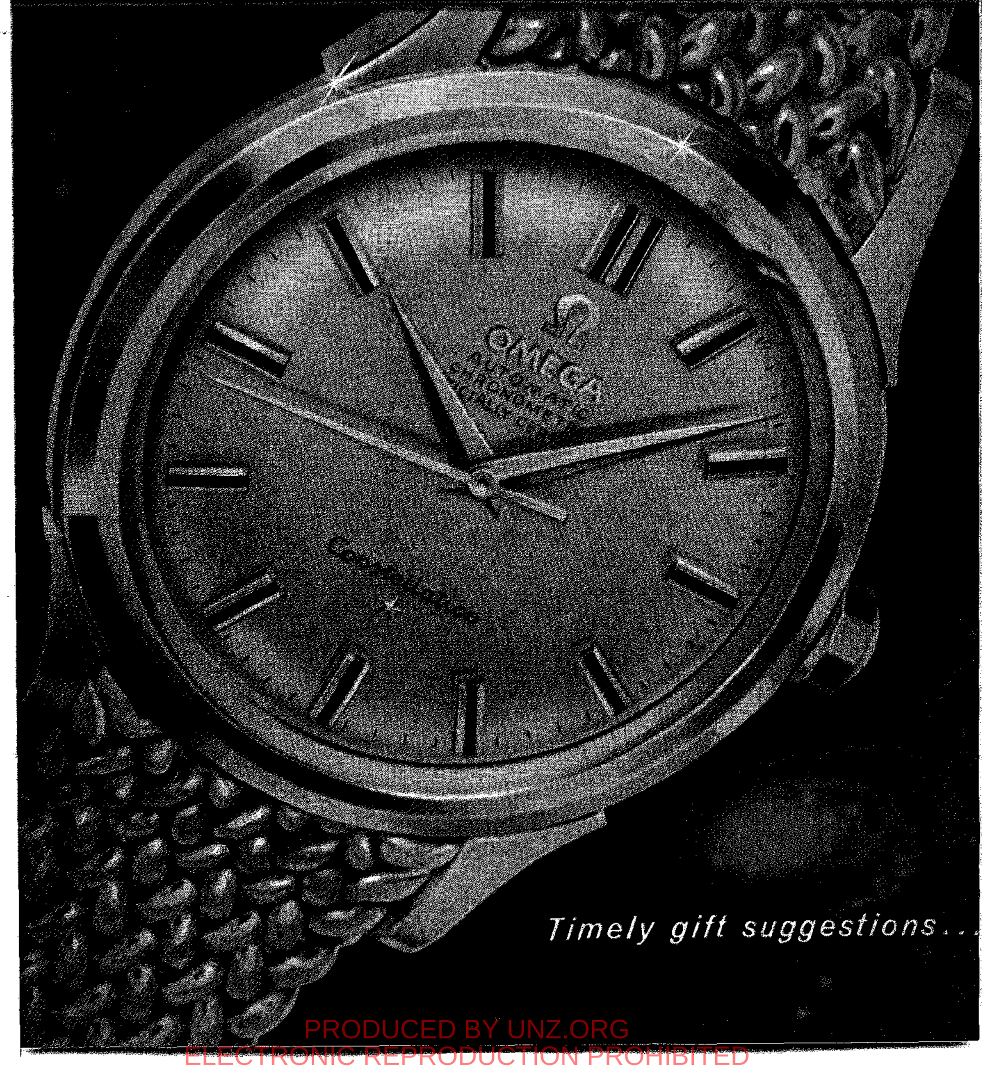
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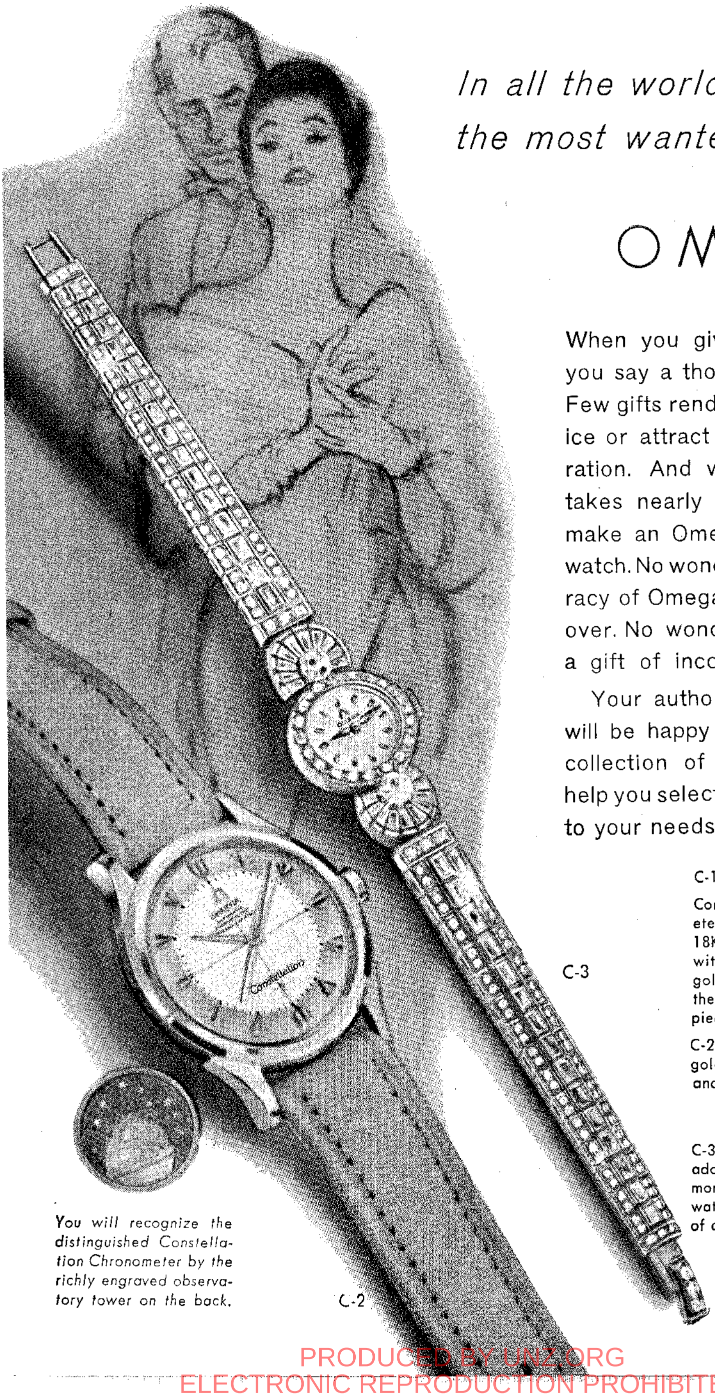

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You will recognize the distinguished Constellation Chronometer by the richly engraved observatory tower on the back.

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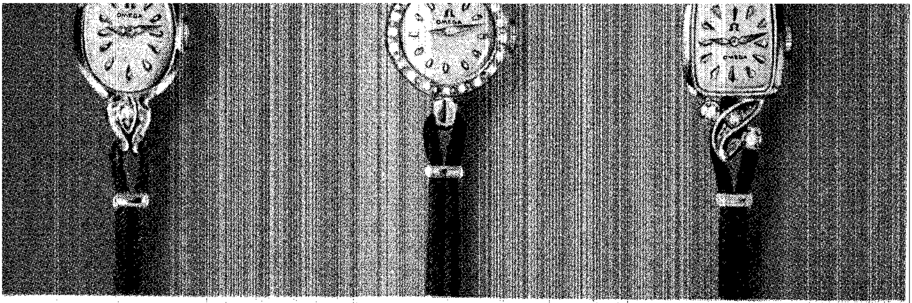

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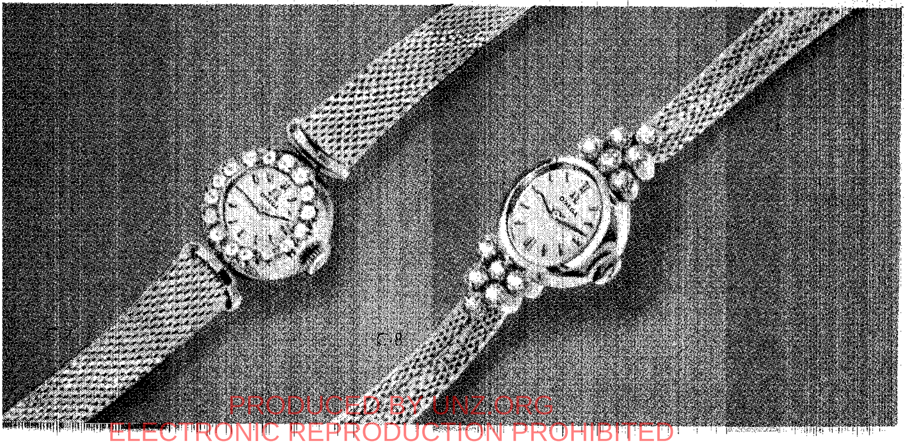

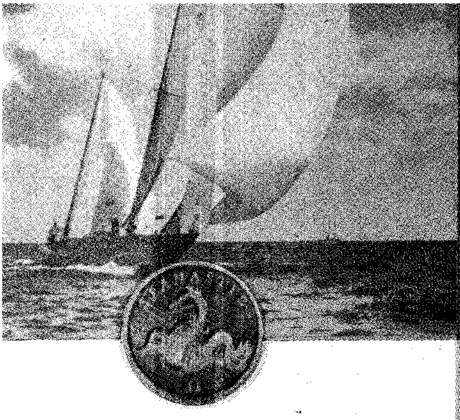

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stainless steel back, 14K gold-fill
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C-9B Same as C-9, with all 14K

C-9C Stainless steel case, with m

C-10 14K gold top, steel back,

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Ω OMEGA

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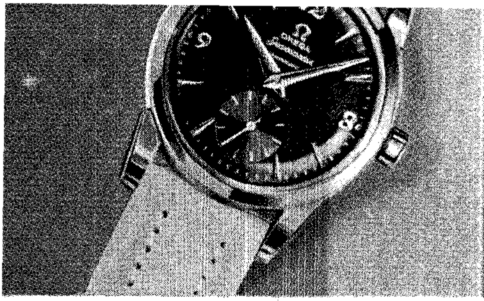

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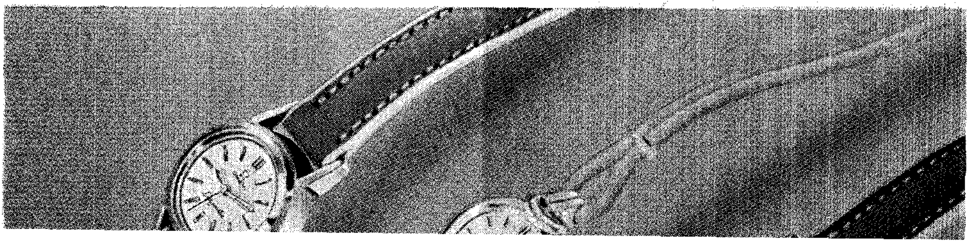

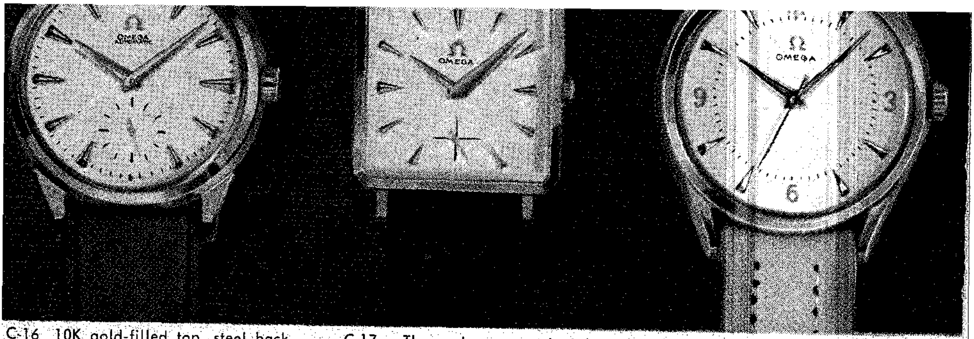

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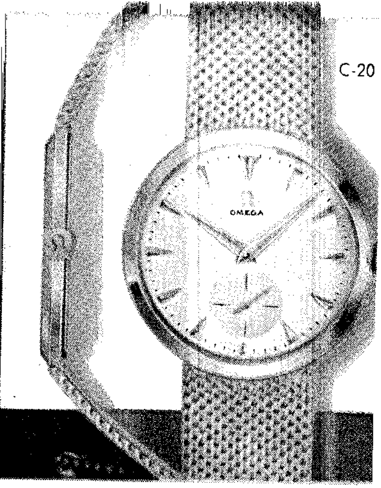

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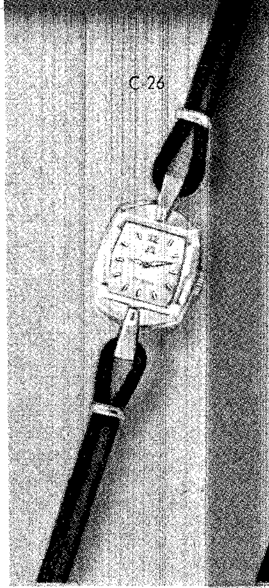
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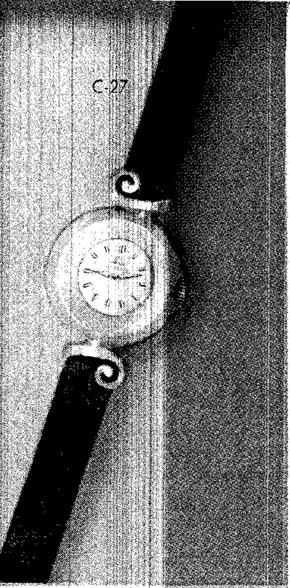
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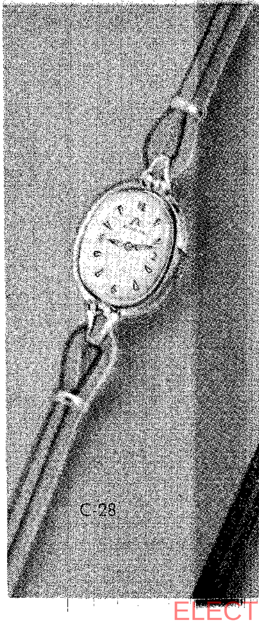
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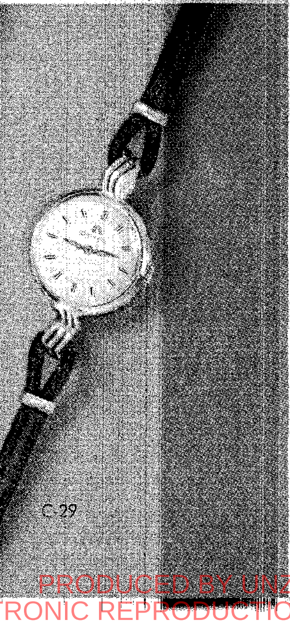
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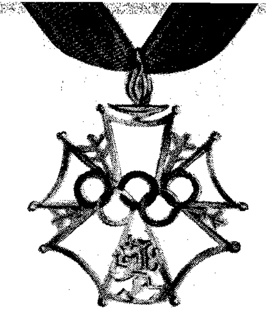

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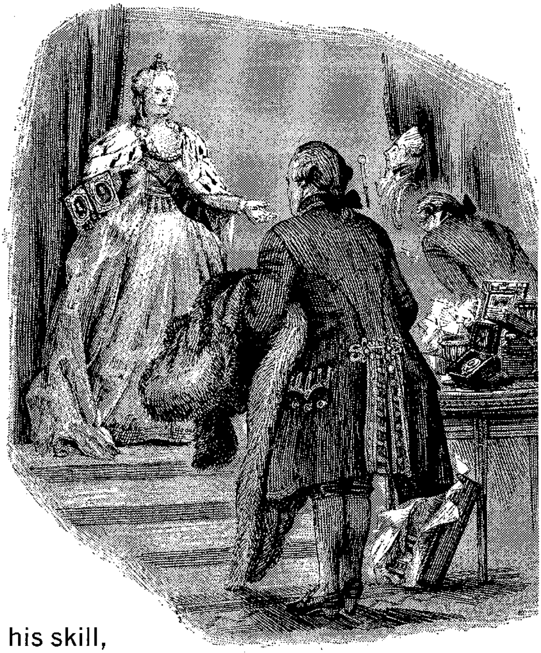
by Albert Rosenfeld



The biggest medical fee in history

The doctor set no price on his skill,
but the Empress did—$130,000 plus fabulous gifts

THE FEES COMMANDED by some of today's doctors are princely indeed. But they are mere bagatelles compared to the honorarium received by Dr. Thomas Dimsdale, a Quaker physician of 18th-century England.

The doctor's assignment was simply to inoculate a mother and her son against smallpox. He was paid a flat cash fee of $50,000 and was granted an annuity of $2,500 for life. Since he lived for another 32 years, the annuity payments amounted to an additional $80,000. And this does not take into account fabulous gifts of furs, gold and jewelry.

Dr. Dimsdale had named no fee for the task; he had left it up to his patient. But his patient was Catherine the Great of Russia—and Catherine was a generous monarch. It was later reported that on the proceeds of this assignment, the doctor and his sons set up a London banking business that enriched generations of Dimsdales.

Few physicians would disagree that Dimsdale had earned the fee. It is hard to imagine today what a delicate and time-consuming process a smallpox inoculation was in those days. And in the particular circumstances surrounding Dimsdale's royal mission, he never knew when some bit of bad luck might mean he would have to flee for his life.

It all began in the early summer of 1768 when a messenger from the

Russian court appeared at the home of Dr. Dimsdale in Hartfordshire. The Empress was eager to have herself and her 14-year-old son, the Grand Duke Paul, inoculated against smallpox. Dimsdale was flattered. But he was 56 years old, in semi-retirement, and had no desire to undertake such an exhausting journey.

Smallpox was then rampant on the Continent, especially in Russia, where nearly 2,000,000 people had died of it in a single epidemic year. Edward Jenner's vaccination technique was still 30 years in the future. The method of inoculation frequently used was complicated and dangerous. It involved depositing matter from a diseased person into open wounds on the patient's arm, thus giving him a mild case of smallpox.

The treatment, lasting several days, also involved a special diet, dosage with emetics and purgatives, medicines (including powdered crab's claw) and exercise in the open air—even in winter, with the patient running a high fever. It killed off a fair percentage.

Dimsdale, by virtue of a best-selling work called *The Present Method of Inoculation for the Small Pox,* became the best-known practitioner of this hazardous treatment. And for Catherine the Great, nothing but the best would do.

So she sent a high-ranking nobleman armed not only with persuasive arguments, but with $5,000 in cash as an advance on travel expenses. Dimsdale was told he could bring along one companion, and was promised a safe, comfortable trip. He finally relented and agreed to go, taking his son Nathaniel, then a medical student, with him. They traveled for a solid month in a luxurious chaise, by way of Berlin, Danzig and Riga.

The Empress had passed the word around that the doctor was to be treated as a guest of the royal court.

He and his son were provided with a sumptuously furnished apartment on the Millyonnaya (Millionaire Street), complete with servants and an elegant carriage. Later they were moved into a palatial house—but under armed guard. The Empress impressed the doctor with her desire to have the inoculations kept secret—for his own protection.

Dimsdale had probably heard stories about earlier Russian rulers—like Ivan III, who, when a young prince failed to recover from an illness, had his German doctor's throat cut. He was reassured when the Empress arranged to have a series of fast post horses ready and waiting, all the way from St. Petersburg to the border, to facilitate his flight in case something went wrong.

There were other troubles. For example, a superstition among the Russians held that if matter were taken from the pustules of a deceased person, it insured the death of the victim. When Dimsdale took a sample from a peasant boy with smallpox while the hysterical mother pleaded for mercy, it did nothing to soothe his nerves. Neither did the subsequent death of the boy.

When Dimsdale wanted to consult with the Empress' own doctors, she flatly refused. "Being without experience, they cannot be adept in inoculation against smallpox," she told him. "My life belongs to me, and I have great pleasure in entrusting it entirely to you."

"I bowed and promised obedience," Dimsdale later recalled, "but with great anxiety." His anxiety was not diminished when the cadets who underwent the first test inoculations developed inexplicable fevers.

One evening, a messenger arrived at the home of Baron Wolff, which Dimsdale had turned into an emergency hospital, and ordered him to be at a certain entrance to a certain palace at ten the next morning. In the company of his son and a boy whose smallpox pustules were at the proper stage of ripeness, Dimsdale arrived at the appointed spot, was conducted up a secret stairway and into the Empress' presence, where he finally performed the inoculation.

Happily for Dimsdale, the Empress was a sturdy woman who had never been ill in her life. Even so, during the long treatment she developed a severe sore throat (which was helped by gargling with black currant jelly). On the 21st day after her inoculation, she returned to the palace, apparently well again.

At a thanksgiving service in the court chapel, "in justice to the rare merit of Thomas Dimsdale . . . whose virtues and laudable concern for the Good of mankind" had induced him to remove "the anxious Fears of our Faithful Subjects . . . and the dreadful apprehensions of this hitherto fatal disease," said English gentleman and doctor was made royal physician with the rank of major general and a Baron of the Empire.

Meanwhile, the Grand Duke Paul had come down with chicken pox. Although he recovered quickly, this unexpected illness put Dimsdale in another tough spot. He had no idea what effect recent chicken pox might have on a smallpox inoculation. The boy's own physicians refused to take the responsibility. But Dimsdale went ahead. Luck was with him again, and all went well.

Then the Empress was in bed once more—apparently with pleurisy. Against the advice of a resident physician, Dimsdale decided to bleed her. Fortunately she recovered.

While visiting Moscow, the doctor came down with pleurisy, and had to be brought back to St. Petersburg flat on his back on a sledge. His task finally over, the doctor wrote: "I find an inexpressible load of concern removed from my breast."

Considering that a few pennies would buy a full-course dinner in 18th-century London, and that the over-all cost of living was far less than a sixth what it is in America today, a contemporary doctor, to match Dimsdale, would need to submit a bill for over $1,000,000—which leaves the old Quaker doctor with just about the most phenomenal medical fee in history.

AND THAT INCLUDES TEXAS!

A RADIO NEWSMAN IN ALASKA reports that Alaskans are now calling us "The south forty-eight!" —ALICE BROOKS

By training thousands
of gifted young
artists and musicians,
this remarkable
high school has become . . .

New York's "castle" of culture

by Martin L. Gross

AT THE HEIGHT of the Elvis Presley mania several years ago, the wearing of "I Like Elvis" buttons became a teenage rage.

Yet at an unusual high school in New York City, high on a rocky cliff in upper Manhattan, you could not even give away an Elvis button. Instead, the students there defiantly wore a button sporting a drawing of *their* idol—the composer Beethoven—with the proud declaration: "I like Ludwig."

This independent thinking—and partiality toward the classics—is typical of the student body of New York's High School of Music and Art—a cultural training center for 2,000 of the metropolis' most talented youngsters. In its 23-year history, the "Castle on the Hill," as it is sometimes called, has produced thousands of fine musicians and artists, and above all, a multitude of vigorous crusaders for culture.

Although the members of the school's oldest graduating class average only 36 years of age, Music and Art alumni include four featured singers at the Metropolitan Opera House, seven members of the New York Philharmonic and scores of musicians in such major symphonies as Cleveland, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Miami, Kansas City and Indianapolis.

Artists who have graduated from the school include Arthur Drexler, the director of the department of architecture and design at the Museum of Modern Art and dozens of our leading young painters such as Reginald Pollack, Jules Kirschenbaum and Matthew Kahn. Paintings by graduates have hung in some of the nation's leading museums.

Violinist Joyce Flissler, a Music-and-Arter, was the only contestant from outside the Iron Curtain to win a prize in her division at the recent Moscow competition. Show business is studded with its quick-rising luminaries including 33-year-old quiz champion Charles Van Doren; television puppeteer and songstress Shari Lewis; former "Miss America" and television personality Bess Myerson; Gemze de Lappe, prima ballerina of *The King and I* and *Paint Your Wagon*; and vocalist Diahann Carroll.

The guiding genius in what began as a radical experiment in American high-school education is an alert, wiry educator, Dr. Benjamin M. Steigman. "Music and Art is the only school of its kind in America—in fact, in the world," he points out proudly. "There are other art and music training schools, but they are on a vocational level. Our school is a high-ranking academic institution that not only turns out musicians and artists but intelligent young adults—85 percent of whom go to college and become advocates of culture in their homes and communities."

The gothic halls of M & A are busier than most American high schools. Students attend class nine full periods a day, with no time off for the usual daytime study period. In addition to required English, history, math, languages and science, each student takes between two and four hours of music or art a day for four years. Aspiring opera *divas* add a working knowledge of German, Italian and French to their crammed schedule. Ten art studios teach everything from sculpture to advertising art to architecture. Future artists produce ceramics with the help of two electric kilns and a spray booth, and avidly sketch live models—actually fellow students in leotards.

The music department—the best equipped of any public school—is stocked with $100,000 worth of instruments including harps, brass, woodwinds and 70 violins, all provided without charge during school hours. Despite the large enrollment, music students receive individualized instruction in dozens of small rehearsal rooms that accommodate four students each. Piano—a compulsory course—is taught in a giant instruction room with 15 pianos kept in constant perfect tune.

Admission to Music and Art is sought by thousands of talented

All M & A students take piano lessons, given in 15-piano instruction hall.

grammar-school graduates who take the stiff admission exam every year. Hopeful youngsters lugging art portfolios or a precious family violin under their arm are given a private interview with a faculty member. But only 500—250 in each subject—are accepted.

"We test only for talent, not scholastic achievement," says Dr. Steigman. "But there must be a correlation between intelligence and artistic ability. Our students have a high average I.Q."

The city-wide talent search is done without a trace of favoritism or snobbery. "We get phone calls from officials recommending youngsters—and I've even had telegrams from Congressmen," says Steigman. "But influence is of no help at all."

"We've had students from the best Park Avenue homes apply," recalls Mrs. Sybil Mandel, chairman of the vocal department. "Their parents started giving them piano or violin lessons at the age of five, and they knew everything about the great composers. But one thing was often missing—true talent. We have no room for them at Music and Art."

Other faculty members smilingly recall the case of a Harlem boy who applied for admission as a music student, but confessed that he couldn't sing or play an instrument. "Can't you play anything at all?" Dr. Steigman inquired hopefully. The boy bashfully pulled a 25-cent harmonica out of his pocket and entranced his testers with a brilliantly played melody. "He proved to be one of our better students," says Dr. Steigman.

Entrance tests for Music and Art include a two-hour drawing test and complex musical tests for melody memory, rhythm and the ability to play or sing. "We play, for example, two notes whose pitch is separated by only a few vibrations," says Dr. Alexander Richter, chairman of the instrumental department. "They sound alike to the average person, but the sensitive musical ear can detect the difference."

The High School of Music and Art was born in 1936 as the godchild of New York's late Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia, whose fire-engine chasing belied a strong interest in the arts. "La Guardia's father was a bandleader and the Mayor himself played the trumpet," Dr. Steigman points out. "He loved to come up here from City Hall once in a while and lead one of the student orchestras. Before he died, La Guardia wrote that he considered Music and Art the most hopeful accomplishment of his administration."

DR. STEIGMAN cultivates the first hint of student genius. "We make special allowances for students who appear to be promising artists. They are allowed to leave school after lunch to practice at home or with a private teacher. We did that with Joyce Flissler, for example, and right now a 16-year-old Bronx student leaves early to study with the great pianist Serkin. We don't worry about these students 'playing hooky'."

The school just as avidly discourages less promising students from becoming embroiled in the fierce competition of the professional world of fine arts and music. "Only one in eight becomes a professional in music and art," says Dr. Steigman. "The mildly talented learn the harsh truth here—simply by competing with the best, just as they would in the outside world. At regular high schools, students—and parents—may get a false idea of their child's true ability."

The emotional pressures felt by gifted children are an important problem for school authorities.

One young prodigy, a 13-year-old freshman, was admitted to Music and Art after being the star music pupil at a Manhattan elementary school. A violinist and pianist, he had performed on radio and frequently entertained in the school auditorium.

"He was a real problem here," says Dean Etta Dvorkin, the school's guidance officer. "His father was a frustrated musician and drove the boy pitilessly. The father wanted his son to accomplish what he couldn't do himself. As a result, the boy got to hate his music and refused to play. He would go into fits of rebellion and knock down school instruments. We finally had to ask his father to take him out of school."

Talent is vital, but loving the work is equally important at Music and Art. "If there is no joy in a youngster's study," says Dr. Steigman, "he'll soon forget it. When I visit a classroom, I always ask the teacher: 'Did they enjoy it?' "

Although Dr. Steigman's comments sound mildly "progressive," the academic discipline is tighter at Music and Art than at most high schools. In fact, before students can graduate they must pass a difficult four-hour comprehensive examination in either art or music.

Versatility is the stock-in-trade of the Music and Art kids. On Dr. Steigman's 21st anniversary as principal, each member of the class of 35 composing students sent him "Happy Birthday" messages—the usual words coupled to 35 original melodies written in musical notation. "Our youngsters can read and write music as well as they can English," Dr. Steigman says proudly.

Over 200 of the world's foremost musicians and artists—Leopold Stokowski, Serge Koussevitsky, Leonard Bernstein, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Reginald Marsh, Raphael Soyer, Ben Shahn—have been Music and Art guest conductors and teachers. Shahn, Soyer and sculptor Chaim Gross were so impressed with the curriculum that they enrolled their talented children at the school.

Precocious students at Music and Art sometimes confound even their distinguished guests. One visiting composer somewhat condescendingly made a very complex point to a class of future composers. "If you could possibly understand Béla Bartók's *Quartets* . . . ," he began. Whereupon a student, Andrew Schenk, quietly picked up his clarinet. "You mean this?" he asked innocently, then effortlessly played the intricate theme—as the composer's eyes popped.

Besides dexterity with brush and instrument, M&Aers are equally impressive academically—winning over $285,000 in scholarships in 1958. In fact, almost one-half the graduates won scholarships of some kind, including 98 New York State Regents Awards. A few years ago, 16-year-old Saul Sternberg—a promising violinist—won the nation's highest high school *science* honor, the Westinghouse Grand Science Scholarship for his work in tracking helium atoms on a photographic plate.

Music and Arters "burn at the idea that they are sissies," says one of the school's athletic coaches. "In 1958, we were runners-up in our division of the high-school basketball competition. The M & A tennis team is one of the city's best, as is the new track team.

The devotion that everyone connected with Music and Art seems to have for the school was obvious when the city threatened to close the school for economic reasons. Immediately, *The New York Times* was flooded with letters from irate parents, students and alumni. The official attitude was swayed and the school saved.

Dr. Steigman would like to see a Music and Art school in every sizable American city.

"I have been told by officials of other cities that they couldn't afford such a school," he says. "But it costs only $170,000 a year more than a conventional school for 2,000 students—or only $85 per student, including the cost of 25 additional teachers and special supplies.

To illustrate further what a school such as Music and Art means to gifted youngsters, Dr. Steigman recalls this incident. "I had come in a few days early last fall to get things in order," he says, "and I found a boy standing in the lobby. I asked him what he was doing here since school hadn't yet opened.

" 'Nothing special,' he answered, 'I couldn't wait to look at the place again. I missed it so much.' "

MARQUEE MISCHIEF

A NEW YORK THEATER ADVERTISED: "Girl In The Bikini—Up Periscope."

—BERT LESLIE

NOTED AT AN ILLINOIS THEATER: "Stranger In My Arms—The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker."

—ELIZABETH REYNOLDS

FEATURED IN A WASHINGTON THEATER: "Two-Headed Spy—Separate Tables."

—ANGELA BENDER

A WORD FROM THE WISE

(Answers to Quiz on page 45)

1. jealousy; 2. bore; 3. Imagination; 4. pleasures; 5. dream; 6. lonesome; 7. Hatred; 8. rich; 9. Bashfulness; 10. dead; 11. 40; 12. mistakes; 13. town; 14. Courage; 15. madness.

by Norman Carlisle

America's most fantastic kidnap case

This mother's life became a soul-searing nightmare after her mysteriously missing "son" was returned to her arms

THE DARKNESS of a March evening in 1928 had settled over Los Angeles when nine-year-old Walter Collins finished his piano lesson and went outside to play.

As he walked out of the house, Christine Collins looked after him with a worried expression. She felt there was a shadow over this house; Walter's father was gone and she had concealed the truth that he was serving a prison sentence.

Two hours later, Christine Collins began to look at the clock with growing anxiety. By 9 P.M., she was making frequent trips to look out the window. Finally, she slipped on her coat and walked to the corner. No sign of Walter. In a panic, she rushed back to the house and began to telephone the homes of his playmates. No, Walter wasn't there, but he'd been seen . . . walking toward Lincoln Park.

Dazed and frightened, Mrs. Collins waited five days before calling the police, who immediately threw their resources into a search for the missing boy. Hundreds of men dragged reservoirs, explored ravines, combed parks. They found no trace of Walter Collins. "Somebody has kidnaped my boy," said Mrs. Collins. The police knew that if such were the case, ransom was not the motive, for Mrs. Collins, a telephone company clerical employee, had little money. If there was an abductor, he was probably a psychopath. But every lead proved false.

The spring months passed and summer deepened, with still no word or trace of the boy. Then, one day in August, a farmer walked into the De Kalb, Illinois, police station with an astonishing announcement.

"I've got the Collins boy," he said.

Police could hardly believe what they heard. "The kidnaped boy from Los Angeles?" they queried.

The farmer nodded. A few weeks before, a boy had been observed hanging around a restaurant near De Kalb. Picked up by juvenile authorities, he had given his name as Arthur Kent. While an effort was made to find his father, who, the boy said, had "just left him and driven away," he'd been placed in the custody of the farmer.

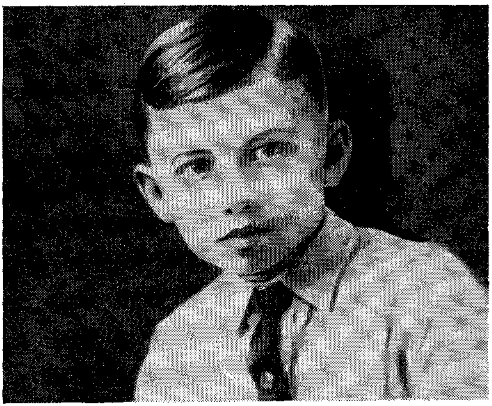
The farmer had a feeling that he'd seen the boy before. Rummaging around in a pile of old newspapers, he found the picture of the Collins boy. No doubt about it, Arthur Kent was surely Walter Collins! At first the boy laughed and denied that he had even heard of Walter Collins. The farmer challenged him again.

"All right," he said, "I'll tell you the truth. I'm Walter Collins!"

He had been kidnaped, he said. On that March night he had walked into Lincoln Park, and continued across it, coming out on the opposite side. He had dawdled there along the street, not wanting to go home to bed. A big car drove up, and the tall, bearded man at the wheel surprised him by asking, "Are you Walter Collins?"

When the boy nodded, the man asked him, "Do you want to see your daddy?" The thought of seeing his father made him forget everything else. He got into the car.

It was only after the man had taken him several miles that he began to think about his mother waiting for him. He asked the man to



The real Walter Collins (above) was murdered. But an amazing little faker (left) won affections of Mrs. Collins—for a while.

take him home. The answer was a laugh. The boy tried to get out of the car, but the man grabbed him, hurled him back against the seat and beat him. After that, he didn't remember things too clearly. The man drove on and on, never letting Walter out of his sight. At night, when they stopped at cheap hotels, he tied the boy up.

It was only after weeks—or maybe months—that the boy broke away, he recounted.

Illinois psychiatrists examined him. His loss of memory, his unreasoning fears, his belief that his mother didn't want him, all gave them a picture of a child who had suffered a terrible shock.

It was a heartbreaking scene at the police station when Christine Collins first saw her boy. Her hand went to her mouth as if to choke off a cry of anguish. "That's not my boy," she gasped. Then he rushed into her arms, sobbing . . . "Mom . . . Mom. . . ."

For a long time the mother, the boy and the officer spoke together. And as the boy replied to her questions, her doubts about his identity began to fade.

It was a cruel thing she saw with her tender mother's eyes. The pinched white face that had been so round and boyish . . . the wide eyes that stared up at her with the expression of one who has seen nameless horrors . . . the bony thinness of the little body she clutched to her.

When she took him home, neighbors gathered on porches and sidewalks and afterward some crowded into the house. One woman who had always given handouts to Walter had a hard time fighting back tears when he said, "I'll be over after some of your cookies." Another was touched when he asked her about her dog. Playmates were pleased when he talked about the games he'd be playing with them. Some of them, after they'd gone home, told their parents that Walter seemed livelier and more fun-loving than ever.

Christine Collins had no such comforting thoughts when she was left alone with her son. The odd manner in which he kept staring at her was bewildering.

"Do you want to play, Walter?" she asked him one day.

His reaction was explosive. He dashed into his room and flung himself on the bed, sobbing.

Later it troubled her, too, that he seemed distant so much of the time and spoke haltingly.

The Child Welfare Department psychiatrist she took him to was reassuring. "Just give him loving care," he told her. There was nothing in the world Christine Collins wanted to give more, yet she could not fight off the feeling that there was something terribly wrong. It was there, haunting her days and turning her nights into hours of sleepless anguish.

One Saturday morning, she laid out the handsome, new suit she had bought for Walter.

He was eagerly interested. "Where are we going?" he asked.

"Downtown," she said, "to talk to Captain Jones."

Walter nodded agreeably. He was afraid of most policemen. But this one he seemed to like very much.

At the police station, the officer shook hands with Walter.

"Walter, will you wait in the hall? I want to talk to Captain Jones alone," Mrs. Collins said.

"Sure, Mom," the boy said as he ran out, smiling.

It was the last time he ever saw Christine Collins!

Hardly had he left the office than the words that tumbled from her lips brought the captain to his feet, utter incredulity on his face.

"That boy," she said, "is not my son!"

The officer was speechless.

Then she told her story. In the beginning, from the moment she had set eyes on the boy almost a month earlier, there had been something wrong. His lapses of memory hadn't bothered her. She had accepted the word of the psychiatrist that he would recover. It hadn't been the physical changes, either. She knew the boy had suffered a terrible experience. But then, two nights ago, she had heard Walter splashing in the bathtub. She went to the door and asked if she could wash his back as she had always done.

There was a moment of silence, then the boy had called out, "Yeah, sure, Mom."

He smiled up at her and she smiled back as she bent over with the washcloth. Then she saw the vaccination mark, and the shock made her reel. She tried to take her eyes from it—an old-fashioned scar, as large as a quarter. *Her son had never been vaccinated!*

Now it was a hideous certainty. Unbelievable as it might seem, the boy was an impostor. All the hundreds of unanswered questions pounded into her mind. She stared at the child, seeing him suddenly as some kind of monster, then rushed from the room.

The expression on the officer's face hit her like a blow.

"You don't believe me!" she screamed. "You don't believe a mother knows her own son?"

The officer tried to soothe her. "Now Mrs. Collins, you've had a difficult time. . . . Perhaps there are certain things about the boy. . . ."

"The vaccination mark," she cried. "Walter was never vaccinated, I tell you. . . ."

So in the end, the police detained the boy. The captain drove him to a ranch where temporary Juvenile Court wards were lodged.

A DARK SUSPICION began to take shape in the minds of the police. Perhaps Walter hadn't been kidnaped at all. Perhaps the boy *had* run away from home. Had Mrs. Collins told them the truth about any trouble there might have been between herself and her son? And, anyway, how could a boy have succeeded in such an imposture? Walter had plainly known his neighbors. He knew the names of playmates, and they had recognized him. A woman friend with whom Walter and Mrs. Collins had lived for five years swore that he was unmistakably the boy she had known. At school, teachers reported that he had walked immediately to his old desk. He had mentioned beforehand that he had

(cont'd on p. 114)

Any teen-ager
will tell you...
it isn't easy.

Problems a Girl Faces on Becoming a Woman

GROWING up *and liking it* are often two things apart for the adolescent girl. Many strange things are happening. Many new emotions are welling up. Many questions are piling up—and being left unasked, or worse still, unanswered.

Why did I turn out to be a girl? What makes me blue every so often? Do I have to feel ill on certain days? Will a boy know when those days come around? Do I have to put up with problem days for the rest of my life?

Educational writers and psychologists are now in common agreement. If a girl can know and understand the changes she is undergoing as she grows up — then she stands a better chance of developing into a healthy, happy and confident young woman. That is why increasing emphasis is being placed today on the study of personal hygiene — from the upper elementary grades through college.

The makers of Tampax have always backed this trend in education. The very product reflects the modern girl's healthy acceptance of a normal, natural part of her life.

Indeed, Tampax® internal sanitary protection was created to help take the problems out of problem days, to help young women feel more confident, more poised on those days. Because it is invisible, unfelt, when in place — it helps them forget their monthly problems. Without cumbersome reminders, chafing and irritation—they can go about their days actively with complete comfort.

Many mothers have been using Tampax for years. They understand it...they recommend it...they help their daughters learn to use it. Countless letters from users attest to the valuable contribution Tampax is making to healthy womanhood. Little wonder it is the choice of millions.

Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

(cont'd from p. 112)

scratched his initials underneath it, and the W. C. was there, all right.

There was not much evidence on the other side. True, there was that baffling business of the vaccination mark, but couldn't Mrs. Collins be mistaken about that? Especially if she was not of sound mind. Of course, the boy's handwriting *had* changed. But experts who studied it suggested that the changes were "probably more or less of a normal development."

The police talked to the boy, who was heartbroken, crying that his mother had been "taken away." The boy was vague about some parts of his past, but that was understandable.

On September 18th, the police stated they were satisfied "the boy now in Juvenile Court custody is the kidnaped Collins boy."

Meanwhile, psychiatrists examining Mrs. Collins found a distracted woman, but one who responded normally to one test after another. There was no question about it: Christine Collins was perfectly sane.

But none of the actors in this strange drama provided the answer to the incredible dilemma. In another part of Los Angeles, police were hearing a strange tale poured out by Sanford Clark, a frightened youth who reported that he had been the unwilling witness to four murders on a ranch near Riverside owned by one Gordon Northcott. There, Northcott had kidnaped and brutally murdered, over a period of time, four boys—and *one of them*, according to Clark, *was Walter Collins*.

It couldn't be! They *had* Walter Collins, incredulous police officials insisted. He was the boy they had brought back from De Kalb. Was Clark sure of the boy's identity? He vowed he was. Northcott, he said, had known Walter Collins. His home had been near the newsstand which Walter operated. Walter would willingly have gone for a ride with him. Hurrying to the murder ranch, which Northcott had fled, the police found the evidence, in the form of human blood and bones.

As other discoveries were made, the sickening belief grew that Walter Collins had indeed died months before from the blow of an ax wielded by the killer. Subsequently, Northcott's *mother* confessed to the murder of Walter Collins.

Bewildered police were still left with the mystery of the boy who had fooled them all. How could he have done it? Who was he, this amazing little faker?

Hour after hour, police hurled questions at the small, hunched figure who sat there staring at them, eyes wide-open with hurt.

"I *am* Walter Collins," he said again and again. "What have you done with my mother . . .?"

Then suddenly, the boy's expression changed to one of mocking defiance.

"All right, I'll tell you the truth," he said, laughing wildly.

Wonderingly, the police took down one of the strangest confessions ever heard. It was the tale of a boy who had wanted to be an actor and had succeeded—a complex and tragic story in itself. His real name, he said, was Arthur Hutchens, and he was nearly 12 years old. He had come from a broken home and had been shunted from parent to parent. When his father had remarried, the boy had gone to live with him in Marion, Iowa. Desperately unhappy there, he had decided to run away.

When he was picked up near De Kalb, he had given a false name. Police never connected him with the missing Hutchens boy, whose disappearance had been given only routine attention. He had run away before, and his father looked upon him as a delinquent who was always in trouble with somebody.

Then the Illinois farmer noticed his resemblance to the Collins boy, and told police.

"At first I tried to talk them out of it, but they thought I was lying—trying to cover something," the boy explained. Then he decided to play along, figuring the least he'd get out of it would be a free ride to California. He was smitten with the idea that he might break into the movies and become a child actor.

How had he made his act so convincing?

"It was easy," he said with a grin. "Everybody tipped me off." Letters from Mrs. Collins, facts he picked up from the newspaper accounts, the very questions asked him by police officers and doctors and hints unwittingly provided by neighbors—all these had supplied him with enough information. Whenever he was trapped, he merely pleaded lapse of memory.

So it ended, this incredible story of America's most fantastic kidnaping, which turned out to be a shocking masquerade.

When they apologetically released Mrs. Collins from the hospital, they told her she was right about the boy. They had uncovered the boy's real identity and his father was on his way to pick him up. They also told her the heartbreaking truth about the fate of her real son.

This time it was Mrs. Collins' turn to doubt. They had been wrong about the boy they had said was her son; they could be wrong again in their claim that he had met a terrible death on the Northcott farm.

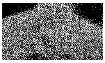
Even after Mrs. Northcott had received a life sentence for the killing of Walter Collins, and her son Gordon had been executed for the murder of the other three boys, Mrs. Collins continued to believe that somewhere her son was still alive.

CANDIDLY SPEAKING

THE ONES WHO have the most trouble keeping up with the Joneses are their creditors. —JIM HARGET

SOMETIMES A MAN pulls the wool over his wife's eyes with the wrong yarn. —H. V. WALTERS

A NECESSITY is any luxury that you've purchased on the installment plan. —HAROLD COFFIN



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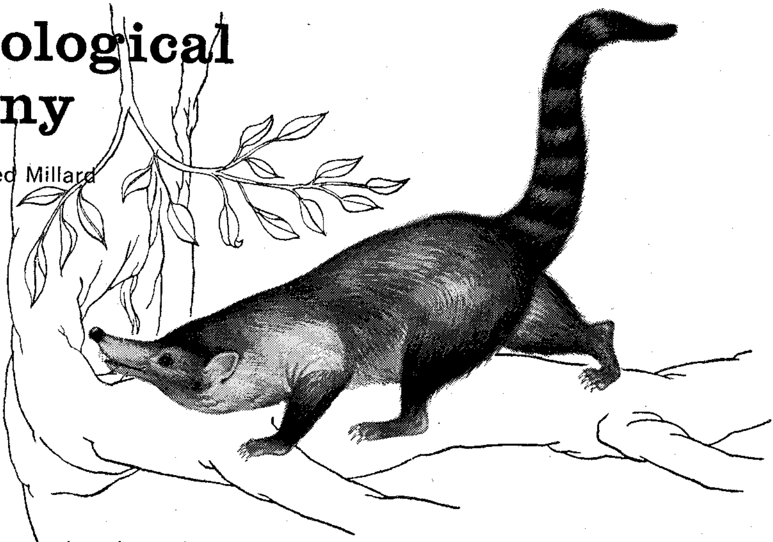
The zoological zany

by Reed Millard



Hose-nosed and monkey-tailed, this "hobo" from below the border—the coati-mundi—loves to clown and, if need be, fight

My sons and I were clambering through a high pine forest in the Huachuca mountains in southern Arizona when we heard a strange swishing noise. It sounded like the patter of raindrops, but the sun was shining and the sky was blue. Then, while we stared at each other in puzzlement, it grew louder.

We watched, fascinated, as a strange sight burst upon us. Swinging through the trees and scampering over the ground in a brown flood, came an incredible tribe of rather small animals. I hastily started reviewing the creatures I'd seen in zoos—for I'd certainly never seen animals like these anywhere else. Completely ignoring their open-mouthed human spectators, they went on past us, disappearing again into the forest.

Later we learned that we had seen the coati-mundi, a bundle of zoological zaniness. From a distance, you might take him for a raccoon. That is, until you notice his snout, which is sort of a combination pig and anteater proboscis, and his monkey-like tail. His ears are small for his size and he walks with the rolling gait of a bear.

Explorers had long observed these creatures in their homeland—the jungles of Central and South America—and had brought several back to zoos in the U. S. But no one had brought those we saw. They belonged to a daring tribe which had migrated without the help of man across hundreds of miles of desolate country, barren mountains and blazing desert. Why they came, or how, or when, is a fascinating riddle.

Nobody knows when the first coatis left their green jungles, nor when the first descendants of these wanderers crossed the border into the U. S. Forty years ago there were some vague rumors that a new animal had been seen. Hunters in Arizona's lonely Santa Rita and Rincon ranges swore they had spotted some new kind of raccoon.

Officially, the coati's history in our country began one day in 1924 when John H. Merritt was working his way through Scotia canyon in the Huachucas. Merritt was an old-timer who knew just about every inch of that territory. Suddenly his dog became greatly excited and took off in hot pursuit of an animal that promptly climbed a large tree. When Merritt peered up into a pair of black, beady eyes he knew he'd never seen anything like this creature.

He began throwing rocks at the animal to force it out of the tree. It came down, finally, and the dog went for it. To Merritt's surprise, the dog was soon getting the worst of the encounter. Merritt shot the animal and took its pelt to the Uni-

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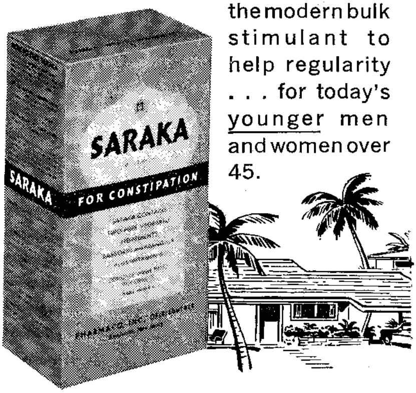

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versity of Arizona, where it was identified by astonished scientists as *Nasua narica,* which means "the nosey one."

The coati hasn't been given this Latin name without cause. He's nosey, all right, in more ways than one. He just can't resist investigating anything that arouses his interest—and that's just about everything. His long nose, which twitches continually, does more than lead him to food, such as a fat grub under a rock; it also enables him to flip the rock over. As flexible as a rubber hose, the little beast's snout is nevertheless as strong as your arm.

He needs all the equipment he has for getting food, because of his voracious appetite. He gobbles up insects, fruits, roots, rodents and lizards on the ground, and takes to the tree tops for a special delicacy—birds' eggs. His climb up the tree is pure grace, his descent awkwardly comical. He comes down nose first, in what looks like a precarious slide.

On the ground, he walks with the ludicrous gait of a cartoon character. His slow motion makes him look like an easy target for a dog. He isn't, as many a luckless canine has discovered. He fights with dazzling speed and effectiveness. Once he is caught, he becomes 15 pounds or so of sheer mayhem, turning over onto his back and slashing with claws that are razor sharp.

Relatively little is known about the coati's private life. Frank M.

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Chapman, former Curator of Birds at The American Museum of Natural History, who studied the coati in the wild, wrote: "During the greater part of the year, male coatis live alone while the female is accompanied by her five or six young, probably until the summer, when another family appears." The young are born about 77 days after the summer mating period and are well-grown by midwinter. There is great competition among the males for females, and frequently the younger coatis fight and kill the older battle-scarred males to win their mates.

Ordinarily, however, the coati is about the best-natured animal in the world. If anyone ever offers you one for a pet, take him. He's scrupulously clean, scrubbing himself thoroughly after each meal; he's easy to housebreak; and he just naturally likes people. If you neglect him, he'll let you know it with a piteous whimper. He has one drawback—that nosey curiosity of his. He'll be into everything, and people who've acquired a coati for a pet report that he feels a compulsion to explore the highest shelf in the house, even if it calls for scrambling up the draperies.

But once he's satisfied himself, you can settle back and watch some dazzling showmanship. For above all, the coati is a clown, a born show-off who loves an audience, and he'll knock himself out keeping you amused. Take his wire-walking trick. Using his 20-inch long tail as a balancing stick, he'll walk a tight wire strung across the room, teetering, wobbling, seeming to trip, barely catching himself. You can be sure it's all an act. Somehow he knows he's funny, and is just out for laughs.

Reports from the Southwest indicate the coatis are multiplying, and recently they turned up in two more states, New Mexico and Texas. It looks as if the coati, whose enterprising ancestors made the long trek to a new homeland across 1,000 miles of desert and mountains, is definitely here to stay. ♛

SMALL TALK

IN OUR HOUSE, we became painfully aware that we were in a disciplinary rut when our two-year-old son, upon being asked his name, replied "Kevin No No."

—JOYCE P. FITZGERALD *(Catholic Digest)*

AS I TUCKED my three-year-old son in bed, I said, "I think you've been a good boy today." He said, "Thank you, Mommy, I think you've been a good cook today."

—MRS. TILLMAN SYLVESTER *(Parents' Magazine)*

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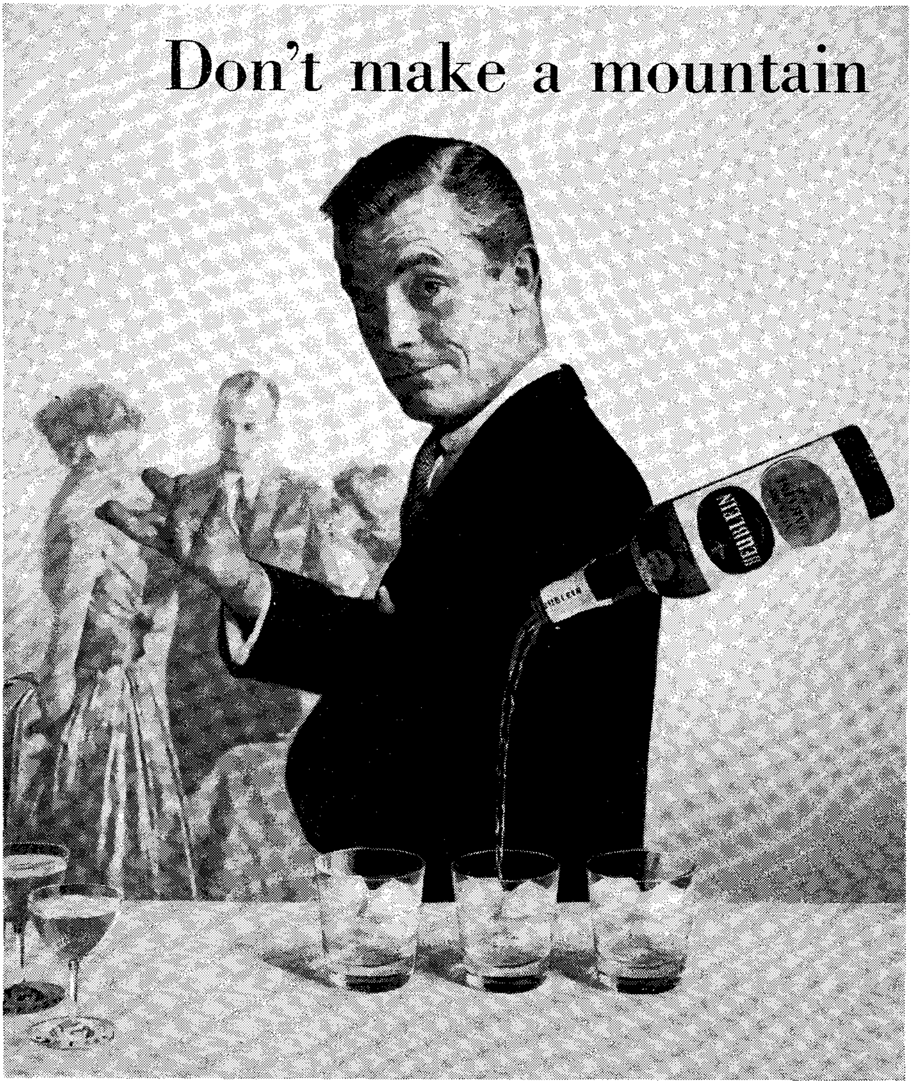
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THE WAR BETWEEN CITIES AND STATES

Outvoted and shortchanged by rural-run state legislatures, our great cities—in which two out of three Americans live—face financial ruin unless drastic measures are taken

by Lawrence Elliott

ONE DAY LAST SPRING, Joseph T. Sharkey, the majority leader of the New York City Council, formally introduced a startling resolution that said in effect: "Let's secede from the State of New York!"

While some political observers greeted the news with derisive rebel yells, Sharkey and his backers saw nothing funny in the situation. In 1958, they pointed out, New York City's 8,000,000 residents had accounted for 54 percent of the state's tax, contributing a whopping $844,900,000. Meanwhile, the state's remaining 7,000,000 people shelled out only 46 percent. When it came time to award state aid, New York City received only $352,000,000—or 41 percent of the funds allotted! In an emotional session, angry city councilmen protested against this 13 percent "shortchanging." Even more indignant, they denounced the State Legislature for further "imposing economic slavery on the city's people" by refusing to let the city find new sources of revenue to make up the difference.

It was Mayor Robert F. Wagner

who sadly pointed out the facts of political life. Though secession was legally possible, it would require the approval of both houses of the State Legislature—a political impossibility. Never, he noted, would the state let go of a tax crop so easy to pluck.

And so the measure died. Not, however, before it had focused national attention on the frantic thrashings of our great cities as they are squeezed between irresistible financial deficits and immovable state control. For on both sides of the Continental Divide, many U.S. cities suffer from afflictions similar to those that torment New York.

In St. Louis, Comptroller John H. Poelker, facing a $6,000,000 deficit, petitioned the State of Missouri for the right to increase the city's earning tax. The answer: no, "from a generally rural-minded legislature."

In Philadelphia, Mayor Richardson Dilworth keeps a $12,000-a-year lobbyist on the payroll because the Pennsylvania legislature "is so discriminatory against our big cities."

In Atlanta, Georgia, the ballot of an average voter may count for as little as 1/70th of a rural voter.

In Little Rock, Arkansas, a spate of nuisance taxes—a $25 levy on the sale of sliced watermelon, for instance—was necessary to keep the city's head above water financially.

In Denver, having contributed some 35 percent of Colorado's highway users' fund, the city receives only 2.5 percent in return.

And these cases are the rule rather than the exception. For the states—and, more specifically, the rural politicians who dominate most state legislatures—have denied cities the right to conduct their affairs. The result is municipal strangulation.

Fewer than half the states, for example, allow even a minimal form of home rule to their cities and towns. In 29 others, the avenues of local taxation are sternly charted in the 29 state capitals. And of all the mayors and city managers queried in preparing this article, only two failed to list smothering state control as a major municipal problem.

Not even the bitterest civic leader heaps all the blame on the states, however. Inflation has played hob with city budgets. But the men charged with guiding the cities' destinies have one recurrent complaint: they still find everyone looking the other way when they come to the state capital to beg for help. Cities which have made heroic efforts to climb out of the red on their own complain that the state is, in effect, hanging onto both their legs, all the while crying, "Go ahead! Climb!"

Can they climb? Let's examine the record:

BOSTON: Here is a city of 700,000 pressed against the sea by a ring of incorporated suburbs. Each weekday, its population is doubled by commuters who snarl traffic in narrow, 200-year-old streets. But, Boston leaders charge, plans for expansion and redevelopment run into the stone wall of suburban jealousy and a state government which listens to the voice of the back-country and ignores the sounds of crisis in the city. A shared sales tax would ease Boston's chronic dollar shortage, says Mayor John B. Hynes, but the legislature has refused to consider such a levy.

DENVER: "Although party politics do enter into legislative grants of authority by state assemblies," says Mayor W. F. Nicholson, "it is more usual for rural representatives to dominate almost every state legislature—and to have no comprehension of the problem of the cities." The result, according to Mayor Nicholson, is that, "We have to squeeze and squeeze, and no economy is too small"—not even the $90-a-year saved by feeding the monkeys in the city zoo a chow preparation instead of peanuts!

NEW YORK: America's largest city has a proportionately huge set of problems, but none more galling, says Mayor Wagner, than those imposed by the state. "There are politicians in this state whose election campaigns are based on how tightly they are squeezing the City of New York," Mayor Wagner says heatedly. "The legislative leaders are in no way responsible to the people of the city. We are. Yet we have been forced, time and again, to go begging to Albany—for what? For permission to tax ourselves!"

WICHITA: The largest city in Kansas is a classic example of the exploding metropolis. Before World War II, there were 125,000 people in and around the city, which met its operating costs with a moderate property tax—the chief revenue source of most cities. Today, with the population almost doubled and the property tax upped by more than 50 percent, Wichita is a city in trouble. Many business firms and residents have hit the decentralization trail out of town, with lower-income groups filling the vacuum. Not only do the newcomers contribute far less in tax dollars, but they are more apt to lean heavily on the city's welfare services at the earliest signs of recession. A local sales or income tax would help make up the deficit by tapping those who benefit from Wichita's services but live clear of the property tax. But the State Legislature has rejected this idea.

Naturally, state legislators answer accusations that they are neglecting urban needs by charging that, "There is corruption in City Hall!"—or spendthrifts or sometimes merely simpletons. Undoubtedly there is a degree of denseness, even knavery, somewhere among America's 17,000 incorporated cities and towns. But the real reasons for the city-state conflict are less obvious.

To put it baldly, the state and the city are competing for the taxpayer's dollar—and in such a fight no holds are barred. And in a city-state competition, the weapons of the state are imposing.

Colonial Americans—only one in 20 of whom lived in the cities—plainly approved when the nation's founding fathers constitutionally confirmed the dominance of the states. The immigrant waves of the 19th century put meat on the cities' bones, but to country folk, their presence only reinforced a narrow and historically hostile image. And when writers and reformers of the early 1900s documented a sorry record of municipal mismanagement, bossism and bribery, one could almost hear

(cont'd on p. 128)

"I HAVE A SON I'VE NEVER SEEN"*

"I have a son that I have never seen, whose language I do not speak and who does not understand mine.

Today, and every summer day, tourists from many lands throng the town of Delphi in Greece. They come to view those scenes made sacred through literature and history. Near this town lives my son Nikolaos.

In my mind's eye I see him now, walking those well worn paths, climbing the craggy hills, attending the quaint old school. I see him visiting the old, battered, bullet-scarred church. I see him going home to the tiny one-room house where he lives with his mother and sister. In my imagination I step through the door. I see the one hard bed, the crude table and bench, the battered box that serves as a chest and the make-shift stove. I count the ornaments of the place—a few flowers in a tiny jug and love. The young mother works, when there is work, as a laborer on a nearby farm. The work is heavy and the hours are long. She is paid ten dollars a month. One fifty of this she pays for rent.

There was a war. Remember? War took this child's father and made him my son. I am proud of him. His frequent letters in the characters of his own tongue are, when translated, the most beautiful literature I can read. I am proud of him.

In our world of today there are millions of boys and girls who through war and horror have lost one or both parents. These children know no real home. They never have enough to eat. They have no proper clothes. They share but little love. They have no medical attention. There is no provision for their education. They have no future as we understand that term.

There is in our country an organization known as The Foster Parents' Plan. Through this Plan you may adopt one of these children. You may make yourself responsible for the health and education of one of these little ones. You may become a father or a mother in reality. You may know the joy and satisfaction a child's letters bring. You can know that somewhere in the world a child's prayers, on your behalf, rise like sweet incense to the Infinite. And you can see in your own life how they are answered."

* *Written by Foster Parent Roland Porter about his "adopted" child.*

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(cont'd from p. 126)

the exultant "I-told-you-so" of rural America.

Times have changed; two out of every three Americans now live in urban areas. But the balance of power still rests in the country. Cities get the smallest share of the tax dollar—although their financial load has more than doubled in the last decade. Meanwhile, the states have expropriated the prime revenue sources—amusement and sales taxes, gross receipts, income, gasoline, liquor and public utility imposts.

The cities are left to cull income from the archaic property levy and such nuisance taxes as the town fathers can dream up. (Two Arkansas towns tax artificial limbs, and Mississippi, bone-dry but realistic, arrests all known bootleggers once a month, fines each $100 and releases them—while mayors tremble lest prohibition be repealed, cutting off a rich source of income.)

But the property tax still accounts for two of every three dollars that comes into the city's coffers, and even this is spiked with limits and restrictions. Worse, property values have never kept pace with capital expenditures. And if the state does return certain funds to the city in the form of grants or sharings, these offerings usually have strings attached. Is the money needed for schools? Then the state reserves the right to tell the city how to run its educational system. Traffic control? Then do it the state's way or not at all. All too often, because there is nowhere else to turn, the city is compelled to agree.

The end result is a picture of the tail wagging the dog. For the modern cities are giant, diversified businesses. They manage airports and hospitals. They are responsible for water and power supplies. The cities, not the states, are charged with providing education, police and fire protection, administering zoning and sanitary codes and coping with the myriad problems of mass transportation. And city authorities find it hard to believe that rural politicians can direct city affairs without real knowledge of city needs.

Why, when they command a majority of the votes, must urban Americans submit to dictation from the state capital?

The answer is appallingly simple: because a city vote doesn't count for as much as a country vote.

In Atlanta, for example, the entire city of 500,000 is represented by a single state Senator—precisely the representation of a rural district made up of three counties with a population of 16,250! This is the county unit system in operation—one district, one seat, regardless of population or need—and its tragic imbalance is even more graphically illustrated in Georgia's House of Representatives. There, Fulton County, of which Atlanta is part, is given three legislators—one for every 158,000 citizens. But Echols, a rural county, has a representative for every 2,500 inhabitants. Thus, it takes about 63 Fulton County votes to equal a single Echols vote.

Perhaps you live in Los Angeles. In that case, it takes your 296 votes to offset the ballot of a single resident of a northern California county in the election of state Senators.

In New Jersey, the counties with 80 percent of the state's population can claim eight state Senators. The smaller, rural counties—comprising only one-fifth of New Jersey's population—are entitled to 13.

Mayor Ben West of Nashville, Tennessee, points out that 24 percent of the population of Tennessee is under the absolute control of the State Legislature. "The horses and cows in many counties," he snaps, "have more representation in the Legislature than the human beings of Nashville."

Illinois? The city of Chicago, with nearly half of the state's total population, has 18 state Senators, while the down-state districts have 40.

Connecticut? The city of Hartford—population: 175,000—has two representatives, the same number allotted to the town of Union—population: 261.

In fact, almost all the legislative branches of our state governments are so weighted that a minority of citizens elect a majority of the representatives. In many states, there has been no reapportionment of election districts since the days when the rural population actually was a majority. Alabama, Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey, South Carolina and Vermont, for example, haven't altered their voting districts in more than 50 years.

Taking cognizance of this growing problem, the President's Commission on Intergovernmental Relations said in its report to President Eisenhower: "The question of reapportionment should not be thought of solely in terms of a conflict of interests between urban and rural areas. In the long run . . . an equitable system of representation . . . will strengthen state government. . . ."

Will the states listen? They'd better—if only for their own self-interest. Albert M. Cole, U.S. Housing Administrator, warns that "any city without a comprehensive plan of action under way by 1960 will be facing municipal bankruptcy by 1965. The tax structure will not be able to support the demands imposed upon it."

This means the states will also face economic and political ruin. While rural voters may be able to run the state, they cannot support it without the cash help of the cities.

THERE ARE SIGNS, here and there, that someone has seen these storm warnings. Recently, a dramatic battle for reapportionment was won in Wisconsin. It took 30 years to turn the trick, but finally the State Legislature enacted a redistricting plan based on population—at last giving the cities their rightful vote.

The Federal Government can play a major role, too. Massachusetts Senator John F. Kennedy has suggested a Magna Charta for American cities. The key to the Kennedy plan is that no state legislature shall pass a reapportionment act, tax measure, appropriation or other act which denies urban areas a fair share of the electoral strength or public funds—or which denies them the authority to carry out necessary reform programs.

Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania—and, by no coincidence, a former mayor of Philadelphia—goes a step further. "A visitor from outer space," he writes, "looking at the structure of our Federal Government, would conclude that America is still a rural nation. . . . We have a Department of Agriculture, which devotes itself to the problems of the farm; we have a Department of the Interior, which reflects the interests and needs of the more sparsely settled states." The obvious need, according to Senator Clark: a Department of Urban Affairs in the President's Cabinet to cope with the problems that affect not the cities alone, but the nation.

It will not be an easy job. Reform never is. Mayor Wagner concedes that for the New York State Legislature to give his city all it needs would unbalance the state's economy. "We have a program ready, though," the Mayor says, "a gradual program that we believe will bring to the city what it ought to have and —over the years—will be best for the state, too. All they have to do is ask us for it."

LANGUAGE LESSONS

A FRIEND FROM MEXICO CITY was very proud of her newly acquired proficiency in English. She was so proud, in fact, that when we went into a restaurant one evening, she asked if she might order her own dinner without any help from me. But it seems she wanted chicken and not knowing the English equivalent for *pollo* presented a problem. She pondered over the menu for some long moments. Finally, reaching for a paper napkin, she hastily drew a picture of an egg. Beaming prettily, she handed the napkin to the puzzled waiter and said, "Bring me mama, please." —RON BUTLER

THE VISITING AMERICAN and his English friend were driving through London when the latter mentioned that his windscreen needed cleaning.

"Windshield," the American corrected him.

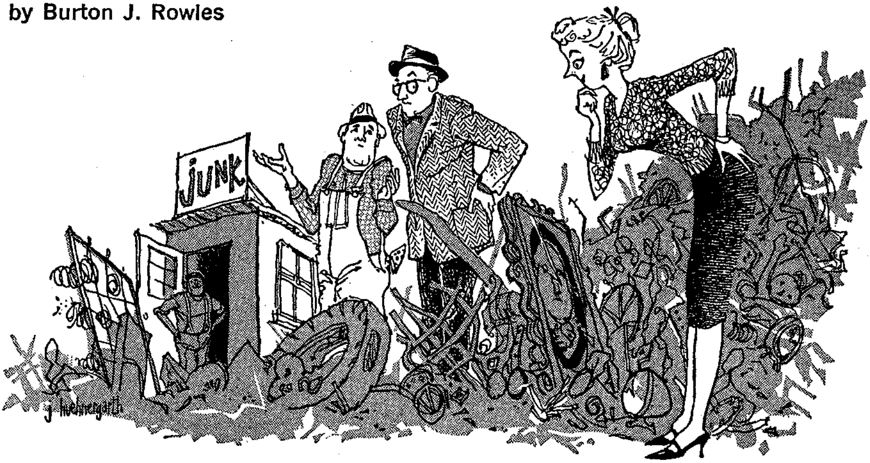
"Well, over here we call it a windscreen," was the answer.

"Then you're wrong," argued the American. "After all, we Americans invented the automobile, and we call this a windshield."

"That's all very well, old boy," snapped the Englishman, "but who invented the language?"

—General Features Corp.

by Burton J. Rowles



"I married a junk addict"

When a wife goes in for collecting trashy antiques the best gift to her husband is a bottomless barrel

THE AFTERNOON our first "antique" sofa buckled amidships and sank like a teacup in a typhoon, I gathered myself and my newspaper from the wreckage and said nothing to my wife. It was Sunday, and we'd been married only three weeks.

The evening the second sofa collapsed with three guests and their coffee, we'd been married two years, so I mentioned the breakdown cautiously, because a friend of mine once caught a nasty lawsuit after a similar incident.

"Tell me, dear," I appealed, "where do you get these antiques?"

"A little place in the country," she said. "And you ought to be thankful, because they don't cost us a penny, if you don't count the few dollars it costs us to fix them up."

Drying the dishes, I remembered a substantial bill for "fixing up" the first sofa. "Fixing" charges for the second one had never been presented to me, and I asked why not.

"That isn't settled yet," she fumed. "It's outrageous. I'm not going to pay that bill without an argument."

A few days later, I paid the bill without argument. The creditor was white-haired, kindly and competent. He restored fine antique furniture in a shop on New York's East Side, and I'll always be grateful to him for introducing me to the fact that I married a junk addict.

"Mister, your wife dragged a worthless sofa frame in here, half of it scorched black. Springs all shot, padding rat-ripped and mildewed. I told her I could build her a new sofa for a few dollars more than I'd charge to rebuild that junk, but no, she said a dollar saved was a dollar earned, and call her up when it was ready. What could I tell her—'go away, lady'?"

"No," I said. "But what can I tell her?"

The old craftsman eyed me sympathetically.

"Save your breath, son. I see a lot of them in this business, and there's nothing you can do about them. Just humor them along."

That was 18 years ago. I'm still humoring her along.

The day she consented to show me the "little place in the country" she steered me instead to a broken-down joke of a house that sat picturesquely in a birch grove. She was already stark raving in love with it, and her argument was that of all the houses we couldn't afford, this was the one we couldn't afford the best. Going into debt for life, we bought it for a song.

Before remodeling it, I asked an architect friend to glance at it and give me a rough idea how to start. Busy as he was, he came by one day. After stalking around the house like an insurance-claims man surveying a major disaster, he gave me his idea of how to start.

"Better unload this mess while the dogwood is still blooming," he said, before pleading another engagement and driving away.

I poured my heart into the "For Sale" ad we ran in the papers, but there wasn't another buyer at any price within 100 square miles. We had no choice but to go ahead. Our third child and winter were coming on. Looking back on the "before" snapshots of that house, I realize that it was the largest single piece of junk my wife ever negotiated.

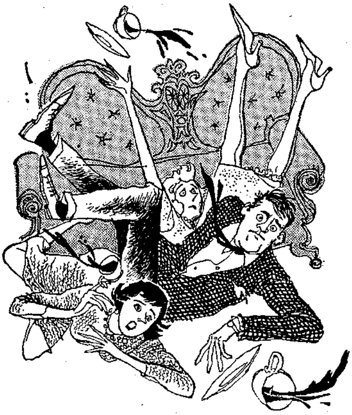
The original "little place in the country" turned out to be several places, none little and all known familiarly as "town dumps." I discovered this because my curiosity demanded an answer to why she kept filling cardboard boxes with no-refund bottles and broken toys and driving away every Saturday morning. After all, I was paying a trash collector to do this chore. One Saturday I went along with her. She made eight stops before she turned our old coupe homeward.

"What about the trash in the trunk?" I asked.

"Oh, that," she exclaimed innocently. "I almost forgot. I have to take that to the dump."

Now she didn't forget at all. She wanted privacy, if that's what she got when she handed her contribution of trash to a dump attendant and strolled, enchanted, among the smoking mountains of debris, looking for treasure. You'd never guess it. She wears her copper hair in glory, sees the great, junky world through glacier-blue eyes and carries her trim figure as would a queen reviewing her troops.

The dump attendants wink at each other when she drops in. They know she prefers to shop around without any salesmen looking over her shoulder. They seem to sense that she lends an indefinable "tone" to the dump. It wouldn't surprise me if they nominated her "Miss Munici-



Guests and coffee were aboard when the second "antique" sofa groaned and sank.

pal Dump." Or Mrs., to be exact.

It took an ancient Willcox & Gibbs sewing machine to show me that she was saving me so much money I was going broke. It touched me deeply when she appeared with it—a rusty, grossly tortured relic she described as "a cultural orphan." I imagined her rocking the treadle with her small feet, sewing a fine stitch, perhaps making quilts as my grandmother did. The whole idea was so old-fashioned in appeal that I agreed to work on the machine evenings and week ends.

After six months of evenings and week ends, $87.65 worth of custom-machine work and my wife's tender encouragement, the old Willcox & Gibbs purred within its oiled gizzard. Its fancy iron scrollwork gleamed with black enamel, and we could see our smiling faces in the new, varnished worktable. My wife sat down at the controls. She worked the foot pedal. The needle glided silently up and down. She looked at me.

"Of course, you know I hate sewing," she said blandly.

Two weeks later, the machine was a $5 pickup steal at the P.T.A. Fair, and I had made it pretty clear that there would be absolutely no more junk brought into our home.

Near the hardware store one morning, I saw a remarkably well-dressed fellow poking around in a town waste receptacle. At closer range, I noted that his suit resembled one of mine—a favorite tweed that had been bought with hard dollars and had improved, like bourbon, with age.

The same day's mail brought a receipt from the local Thrift Shop for "three suits—$9—Thank You." At dinner, I praised my wife's thoughtfulness (the Thrift Shop helps support the local hospital) and commented that it was a wonder there was enough left of the boys' suits to interest anybody else. She was strangely silent. I mentioned in detail the well-dressed "prospector" I'd seen downtown in a tweed suit that looked like mine, and my wife spilled soup on her collar.

"It couldn't be possible," I said, not trusting the sudden hunch that struck me.

She dabbed at the soup on her collar.

"My old Welsh tweed," I said. "It couldn't be."

"It could be a coincidence," my wife said, "because I did sell three of your suits to the Thrift Shop because the shop had some perfectly good, hardly-a-mark-on-them, secondhand skis and skates in boys' sizes and you know how silly it is to buy new skis and skates for the boys when they grow right out of them before you can turn your back."

Stunned to silence, I calculated the damage. Replacement cost of three suits was, roughly, $200. Received from sale of three suits: $9. Net loss: $191. Cost of used skis and skates: $13. Total expenditure: $213. Total receipts: $9. Total cost of skis and skates: $204.

"What would you say," I said, "if we get two suits back from the Thrift Shop, that is, if they're still there, and send $100 to the hospital during their next fund drive?"

She thought this over carefully.

"That would be very generous," she said, "but we couldn't afford it."

A week later, I found a strange suit hanging in my side of the closet. It was a threadbare, vintage tweed that might have been paid for in pounds sterling in Dickens' time.

"Try on that handsome tweed suit," my wife trilled from the kitchen. "If it fits, the Bargain Shack is selling it for $10."

I slipped on the jacket, whose sleeves hid my trembling hands, as I stalked to the kitchen to have a few words with my wife about economics, any kind of economics. She was preparing a roast, wearing a fur neckpiece that didn't even flatter her apron.

"What's that thing around your neck?" I opened, ready for a scrap.

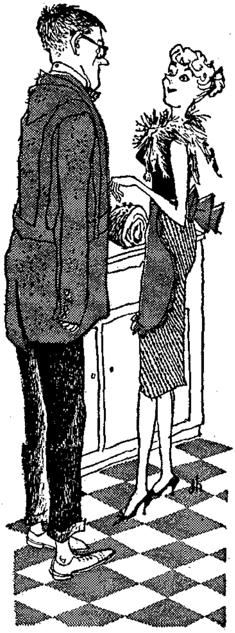
"Isn't it good looking?" she raved. "It's sable." She modeled it for me, coming close enough to brush my cheek with it. I saw that moth larvae had been strip-mining the property for years.

"Where?" I asked.

She named a murky emporium that specializes in castoff castoffs.

"Three puny dollars and 50 cents," she said proudly. "Isn't it adorable?"

"Some discount," I said. "I thought you spurned such decadent luxuries."



I confronted her in my "beaut suit" from the Bargain Shack.

"I've *always* wanted a sable neckpiece," she spitfired.

"But you hate mink. And sable is even plushier than mink!"

"You obviously don't understand me, even remotely," she fired, and stomped out of the showroom with her sable's back up, leaving me with a tweed jacket that our beagle soon adopted as a throw rug. The trousers came in handy one Halloween when our oldest son wanted to dress up as a monster, oversized.

Intimate friends ask me how my wife got this way, and I can no more tell them how it started than I can predict how it will end. The earliest clue I have comes from a woman who knew my wife in college. It seems the girl I love stuffed a gift sweater in a dormitory wastebasket one night and saw another girl wearing it on the campus next morning. My girl rushed up to the stranger and introduced herself, initiating a fond friendship that thrives to this day on an exchange of secondhand clothes and visits to factory outlets, auctions, barn sales, "good-as-new" shops and "melting pots," where they look for "jaded gems," "weary windfalls" and other euphemisms for junk.

This friend's husband is pretty well off, but affluence never cures a genuine junk addict. It may actually inspire her to greater feats of getting less than nothing for nothing, or a little more than nothing for cash.

Sometimes I believe my wife doesn't know she's an addict. At a big social rally recently, somebody mentioned that his aunt was saving more than 5,000 empty jelly jars in her basement because she said they might come in handy someday.

Another guest had a close friend who appropriates steak bones from her plate when she dines out. She tells the waiter that she wants them for "the dog," but she doesn't have a dog. She simply likes to eat homebrewed soup made with steak bones.

On our way home from the party, my wife reviewed these touches of human behavior and added her comment:

"Can you imagine people doing such things in this day and age?"

The next day being Saturday, we dropped in at the town dump to scatter some odds and ends that the trash man "overlooked." My wife spotted a wooden barrel at the peak of a heap, and scrambled up after it. After a summit inspection, she returned to me crestfallen.

"No bottom in it," she reported.

On the mournful way home, I risked a question.

"What would you have done with that barrel if the bottom had been sound?"

"That's neither here nor there," she said, closing the subject right in my face.

I wanted to ask her what *was* here or there, but I've lived too long with junk addiction to pry all the way to the bottom of the barrel. Besides, our junket through life has had its pleasant bonanzas, and I wouldn't want to be a bull in a junk shop.

At times, though, I wonder—as the husband of any junk addict must soberly wonder in his thoughtful moods—what she sees in me.

QUITE RIGHT

THE BRITISH POST OFFICE is resorting to rhymes in postmarks to put across a message:

Correct Addressing
What A Blessing
Saves Us Guessing

—JOSEPH C. BROCKMEYER, SR.

by A. L. Todd

Man's "taboo" gland

A frank, authoritative account of the prostate—the gland that is seldom discussed and needlessly worries so many men

On April 6, 1912, a burly man appeared in the Baltimore office of Dr. Hugh H. Young. The visitor wore a huge, sparkling diamond in his tie, and many more diamonds on his vest, watch chain, cuff links and the head of his cane.

Bizarre as was his appearance, Diamond Jim Brady had a complaint that was quite common to men of his age—55—and which Dr. Young, the urology expert at Johns Hopkins Hospital had seen often: generalized urinary infection, inflammation and obstruction of the prostate gland. Because Brady also had a heart condition, other surgeons had refused to operate on his prostate.

Soon after his arrival, Diamond Jim was overjoyed to hear Dr. Young state confidently that he could perform an operation, using an instrument of his own invention, with no external incision and without a general anesthetic. He was as good as his word. Brady was operated on successfully, without pain. He regained his vigor and enjoyed five years of man-about-town existence before his death in 1917.

During those five years Diamond Jim constantly praised the surgeon as "the man who saved my life," and showed his appreciation by endowing Johns Hopkins Hospital to set up the James Buchanan Brady Urological Institute, one of the world's finest centers of urological study. In its entrance hall hangs a portrait of Diamond Jim, sparklers and all.

Thanks partly to Brady's endowment, urology has made astonishing strides. But public attitudes have not. Men still worry in secret over their prostate. Up to now, the subject has been largely taboo.

Charlatans, playing on the ignorance and worry of thousands, have raked in millions peddling worthless "prostate cures." The male suicide described cryptically in the newspaper as having been "despondent over his health" is sometimes a man who panicked on learning the condition of his prostate gland, from an examination he postponed too long.

The time is ripe, urologists believe,

for America to learn the facts about "the unmentionable gland."

1. What is the prostate gland?

About the size and shape of a chestnut and weighing an ounce, the prostate gland is the organ in adult males that produces part of the sticky fluid carrying the sperm cells and keeping them alive.

The prostate is located behind the pubic bone. It encircles the urethra, the duct from the bladder. Its sponge-like center, made up of secreting cells, has been compared to tiny clusters of grapes.

Sheathing the secreting units of the prostate gland is a muscular cover. During sexual climax this cover contracts, expelling the fluid into the urethral tube.

2. What is "prostate trouble"?

There are several kinds:

—Functional disorders, most frequent among younger and middle-aged men, with discomfort and sometimes disability without infection.

—Infections, sometimes venereal, but more often caused by an infection elsewhere in the body. These can cause trouble at any age.

—Benign, or non-cancerous enlargement of the prostate, the most frequent complaint of men in the 50-70 age group.

—Prostate cancer, most often found in men past age 70.

3. Does sexual activity cause prostate trouble?

In the case of a normal, satisfying sex life, generally not. Frequently a man in the prime of life, between 20 and 40, comes to the urologist complaining of an abnormal discharge, which he fearfully mistakes for gonorrhea. He may have a burning sensation, increased frequency of urination or pains in the genitals or the lower back. He may even have sexual disturbances.

The urologist finds that such patients are often sexually maladjusted. The single man with these disorders may experience improvement or even cure after marriage if the relationship is satisfactory.

Failure of the prostate to empty properly during climax lies at the root of these disorders. Some fluid remains in the prostate sacs and undergoes chemical changes, leading to local inflammation.

4. How does the prostate gland become infected?

The most common form of prostate infection used to be gonorrhea. But antibiotics like the sulfonamide drugs and penicillin usually, though not always, score a knockout over the gonorrhea germ.

Today, infection is most often carried to the prostate through the blood stream, from an infection elsewhere in the body. It may be triggered by a bad cold, a confining illness, or even by over-exertion before full recovery from an illness.

If infection of the prostate becomes acute, an abscess forms and an operation may be required. But the most frequent milder type, prostatitis, may first lead only to dull discomfort in the prostatic region, usually aggravated by sitting on a hard chair for long periods. The patient with prostatitis is cautioned to be moderate for a while in sex, drinking and eating. But he learns prostatitis is not infectious.

5. How can the urologist help?

In the case of prostatitis and the functional disorders mentioned in No. 3, the patient can get relief through drugs and rectal massage.

The massage treatment, which takes only a few minutes in a physician's office, is a sort of "milking" process which expels several drops of fluid. Treatments are given twice weekly at first, then less frequently. As the infection disappears, massage may be discontinued. Periodic rechecks are often necessary, however.

At the same time that he relieves discomfort, the urologist checks for the more serious prostatic difficulties which can progress for years without being felt by the patient.

6. What is enlargement of the prostate?

The prostate grows beyond its normal size in an estimated one-third of older men, though medicine does not yet know why. Retention of urine is often first noticed with the onset of cold weather.

Sir Winston Churchill, visiting Washington in 1952 at 77, let the world know that he, at least, didn't suffer from this old man's complaint. After the statesman had sat through a brief joint session of Congress, a Capitol aide whispered to him that there was a men's room close by. Churchill responded aloud with mock severity: "Young man, I may be old—but not THAT old!"

Urologists have found no connection between prostate enlargement and venereal disease or the degree of sexual activity. Some small growths cause urinary trouble, whereas others the size of an orange do not. It all depends on the direction and nature of the growth, which may close swiftly on the urethra, or push upward into the bladder, or backward into the lower bowel.

When an oversized prostate tightens on the urethral passage, voiding is often incomplete. Some urine remains in the bladder and in certain cases swells this organ under pressure. It may even back up into the twin passages to the kidneys, dilating and enlarging them.

Benjamin Franklin probably suffered from prostatic enlargement. Napoleon III of France had this trouble for years, and had to rush from the battlefield at Sedan in 1870, when his symptoms were aggravated by horseback riding.

7. What is the prostate operation?

It is either cutting away some of the prostate tissue to facilitate urination, or else removing the entire prostatic enlargement.

The former is called a "closed operation," involving no cut in the body wall, and is an up-to-date version of the transurethral resection which Dr. Hugh Young performed on Diamond Jim Brady. Young used a hollow, sliding cutter bar, passed up the urethra. The modern instrument is the resectoscope, a tiny loop of wire carrying a high-frequency current as both cutter and cauterizer. With the patient under anesthesia, the resectoscope cuts away prostate tissue with a minimum of bleeding. The operation is speedy, less painful and does not require repeated changes of dressings later. The patient is now often home in a week, and is soon able to resume his regular sexual activities.

The "open operation" is the removal of the obstructing portion of the prostatic enlargement through an incision made in the body wall. The biggest problem after this surgery is restoring normal bladder drainage through the hollowed space from which prostate tissue has been removed. Most patients recover swiftly, others only after considerable discomfort.

This operation does not generally damage a man's virility; and many men are able to resume their former sex life after recovering from it. However, it is usually performed on older men whose sexual activity has previously been curtailed through the normal attrition of time.

8. After a prostate operation—what?

Averell Harriman had a prostate operation while he was Governor of New York; he was away from his office for about two weeks, then plunged back into his work. Later he engaged in skiing and other outdoor sports and, in 1958, Harriman ran a vigorous race for re-election. Former Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson underwent prostate surgery, and he, too, lost but a short time from his demanding post.

One veteran urologist says of his patients: "These men usually arrive in a state of great distress, either unable to urinate at all or harried by frequent urination, sleepless nights, pain, etc. There is no more grateful group of patients than these men who, having submitted to the necessary surgery, are rewarded by the comfort, ease and relief that these operations provide for the majority."

Urology has progressed amazingly during our lifetime. Fifty years ago almost half the patients died after prostatic surgery; as recently as the mid-1930s, 20 percent did not survive. Now the mortality rate is less than two percent and is still heading downward. Because the public has increased confidence in surgery, more prostatectomies are being performed than ever before.

Transurethral resection may have to be repeated because new tissue may grow back and again impede urination. But this method of operation is the one least likely to affect the patient's sex life. Older men frequently report renewed vigor on recovery. In fact, one Midwestern urologist has written of a patient's return of sexual capacity after removal of the prostate at age 87.

9. What about cancer of the prostate gland?

Prostatic cancer, though rare below age 50, is one of the most common malignant diseases of the aging male. At present, only five percent of prostatic cancer cases are curable by surgery because the vast majority are discovered too late for safe operation. The operation removes the gland and adjacent structure.

To check the spread of prostate

cancer, all or part of the testicles are removed surgically. This may be done alone or in conjunction with hormone therapy.

To slow the advance and lessen the pain of prostate cancer, the most effective treatment found thus far is female hormones in pill form. Discovered in 1941 by Dr. Charles C. Huggins in Chicago, hormone therapy is giving many men with inoperable cases of prostatic cancer five, six and seven years of relatively comfortable and active life. In the mid 1940s these men would have been lucky to survive two years.

10. How can a man best avoid prostate trouble?

Every man past 40 should submit to a yearly rectal examination. Second, a man should go to his doctor at the first sign of discomfort in the prostate region. If he is embarrassed to discuss his sex life with his family doctor, he should visit a recommended urologist.

All men should learn more about their prostate gland. A good book for laymen is *The Prostate Gland*, by Herbert R. Kenyon, M.D. (Random house, New York).

QUICK QUOTES

WIFE TO INTERIOR DECORATOR: "Of course my husband wants genuine antiques, but they've got to be up-to-date and modern."

—*Nuggets*

IN A GIFT SHOP, a mother was overheard warning her young daughter, "Listen dear, look hard with your eyes and very gentle with your hands."

—MARY W. NATION

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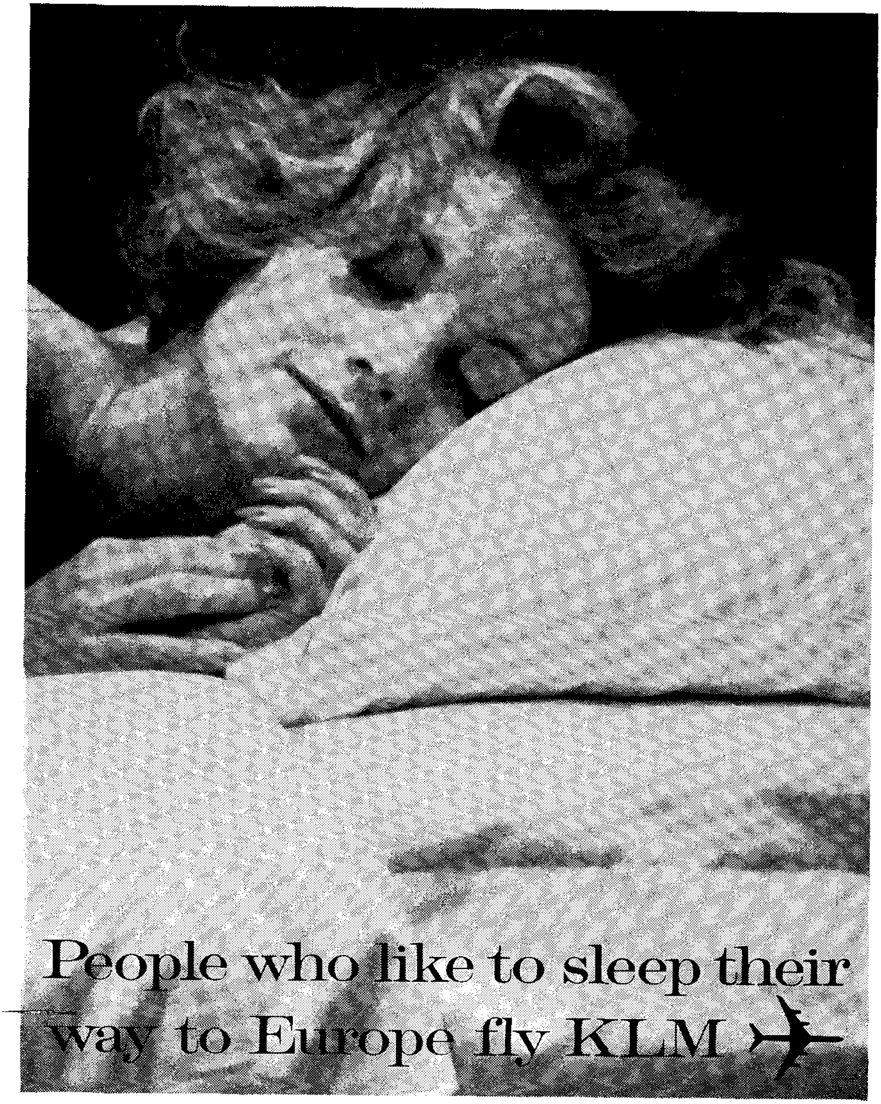
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A failure in films,
the warmth
she projects on
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top spot as a TV
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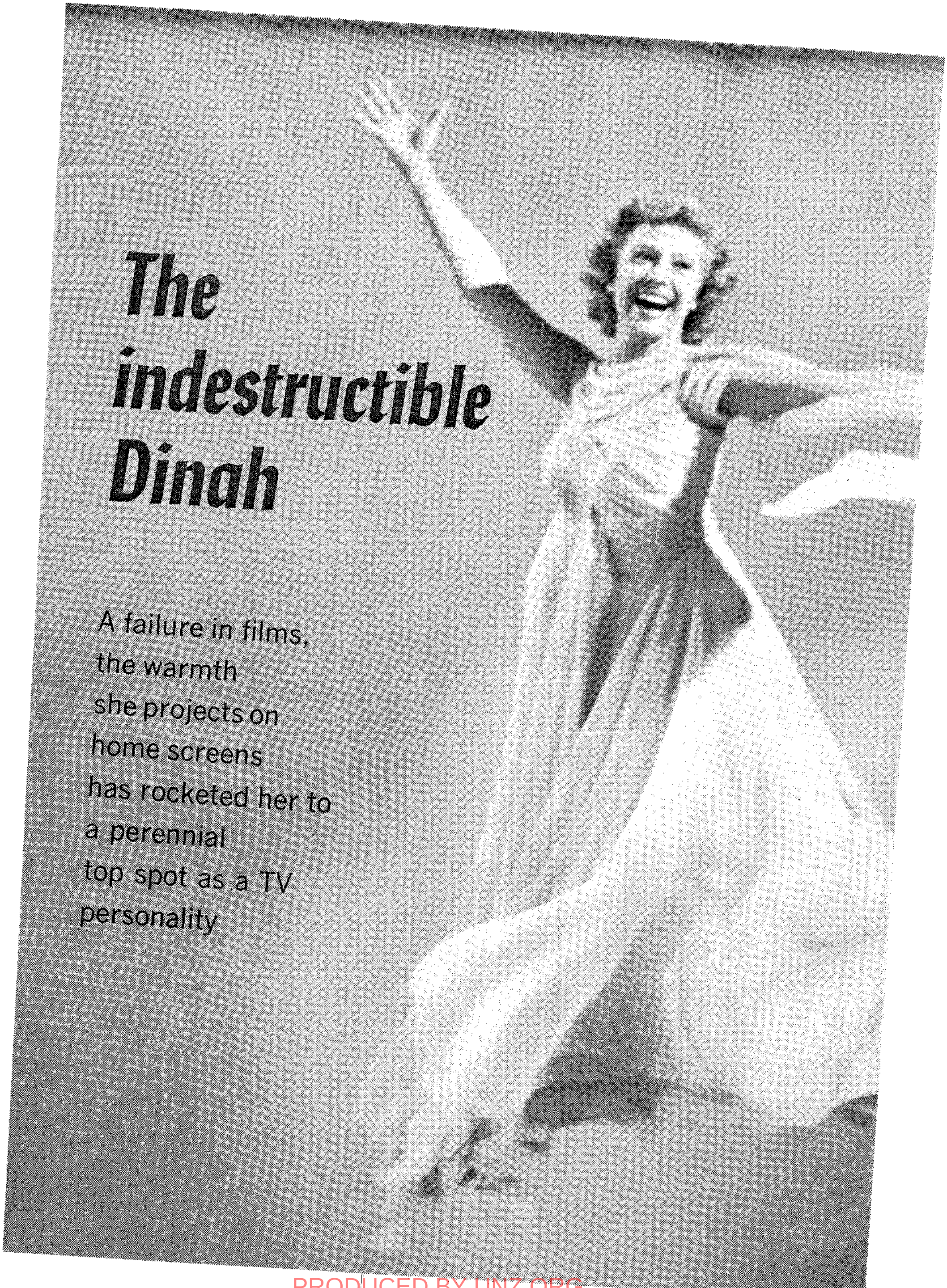

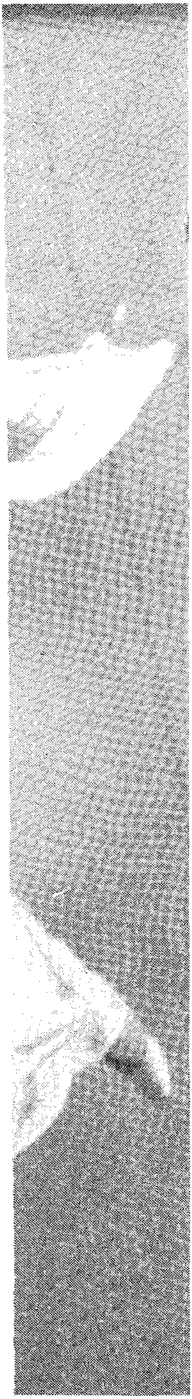

by Richard G. Hubler

A CORPORATION THAT SPENDS nearly $1,000,000 a month on a girl for a couple of years is either crazy or in love. That is just what General Motors is spending on Frances Rose Shore, a pretty, 42-year-old blonde with the zip of an intercontinental rocket. And in G.M.'s case, it's obviously love.

Nicknamed "Dinah" by a disc jockey who forgot her name, she is one of the few talents laminated into the structure of television. Since 1951, she has been the national symbol for Chevrolet cars; more than 50,000,000 people identify her with this product.

For mixing business with pleasure, Dinah is reputedly paid $20,000 a week—a figure she refuses to confirm. "I don't get quite that much," she says, "and anyway, I don't get it in straight salary." Not that Dinah would be in financial danger if her contract were canceled tomorrow. She is married to Western movie and TV star George Montgomery, who earns about $350,000 annually. Between them, their income is about $1,000,000 a year before taxes.

The wonder of Dinah Shore is that her vast TV audience has adopted her as one of the family. Once, when she sang a sexy song called *Whatever Lola Wants, Lola Gets*, she received nearly 30,000 letters telling her to get back on the sweet side. Such a tide of mail is believable only when one realizes that surveys have shown that 42.5 percent of all the audience available on Sunday nights is usually watching her one-hour show—and that 87.3 percent of all TV set owners know which company hires her.

"Her big talent," George Montgomery says, seeking to explain Dinah's uncanny sponsor identification, "is in doing for others what she would want them to do for her. If she works with someone, she doesn't work to show off Dinah Shore. She puts out in the style of her guest." This same approach applied to a sponsor is the most useful talent a TV star can possess. As far as her audience is concerned, Montgomery adds: "Dinah projects just what she is—a simple, good woman."

Stylistically, Dinah is an intimate performer. Her TV show is much like a party in her own parlor. It is carefully planned, rehearsed, and expertly performed—but room is always left for pleasant spontaneity. One ad-lib has become famous. On her first show, time was running out and the director hissed: "Get out of there! Throw 'em a kiss or something!" Dinah blew a big kiss at the camera and scampered off stage. When she omitted the gesture the next week, an avalanche of letters demanded to know why. The farewell kiss is now her trade-mark.

COMPARING SOME of Dinah's first gawky, shy TV performances with her current, sophisticated shows, it soon becomes apparent that she is not the same performer she was in 1951. "Dinah has a tremendous capacity for growing," says one of her friends. "She's interested in everything." Dinah is an expert photographer, a talented cook and a shrewd buyer of modern art, especially Chagall and Utrillo.

On one occasion, to indicate the pregnancy of a TV guest, Nanette Fabray, Dinah took out a ball of wool and began to knit expertly. Sighing, Nanette asked: "Wouldn't you just *know* she could do it?"

Another reason for Dinah's success is her disposition. She radiates optimism in an age that tends toward pessimism. "You look so happy all the time," a co-worker once complained to her. "Why shouldn't I?" she replied. "I have a husband, two children, a cast-iron stomach, and I love my work." Her boast about her digestion is warranted—she has been clocked eating pizza at four every morning for a week.

On her shows, Dinah has the final word on questions of taste and talent. She is not always right and has a thin skin about criticism, but listens to it. Her press agent disparaged one show, then rushed off with an ulcer attack, feeling he would be fired. Instead, Dinah asked him to sit in on future show critiques.

She sometimes alarms her sponsors by her procrastination, especially on trips. She never appears more than minutes before the deadline. Once she dashed into the airport 50 seconds before take-off, trailing 22 suitcases. "But being Dinah," comments one of her intimates, "she probably could have spread her arms and taken off by herself."

Dinah's attachment to television is one of the great romances of show business. She has virtually abandoned all other forms of entertainment. Even her records are now a by-product, although her agents credit her with selling 50,000,000 discs. She has had 19 smash hits, six going over the 1,000,000 mark. Her version of *Buttons and Bows* has sold over 2,000,000 records.

The movies weren't kind to Dinah,

and she has made none since 1951. Her first film was *Thank Your Lucky Stars* (1942), in which she wore a blonde pompadour for the first time (her hair is actually auburn) and had a space between her front teeth closed by technicians. She followed this with *Up In Arms*, *Belle Of The Yukon*, *Follow The Boys*, *Till The Clouds Roll By* and a monumental flop called *Aaron Slick From Punkin Crick*. Except for singing off-screen in Walt Disney's *Make Mine Music* and *Bongo*, this ended her movie career. "All I ever did," she muses, "was to misunderstand the boy while singing soulfully to the moon."

On TV, Dinah gets the chance to exhibit her versatility. She has danced with Ray Bolger and Donald O'Connor; sung with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Dorothy Kirsten, Ethel Merman and Mahalia Jackson; fed straight lines to Sid Caesar, Jimmy Durante and Danny Thomas; and played in a sketch opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It is claimed that her first duet with Sinatra was seen and heard by 58,000,000 viewers, reportedly one of the largest audiences ever to watch any TV show.

"I love to make people feel good," Dinah says. "An audience makes me come alive. I'm sentimental about people." This sentimentality extends to most areas in her life. She has the same husband after almost 16 years, the same attorney, and, for 19 years, even the same accompanist—Ticker Freeman. She has worked for only one network (NBC) and still has her first formal gown which she wore to a high school dance.

A perfectionist, Dinah tries to do

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Plus Vitamin C—Builds needed resistance!

as much as she can—singlehandedly. "It isn't that she doesn't trust anyone else to do things," sighs a friend, "it's just that she *likes* doing everything." This includes personally answering a large portion of her fan letters. She sits down and dictates by the hour, then corrects and signs the final letters. Her relationship with her fans is almost painfully personal.

"I passed by your house the other day," one fan wrote, "and I think you should know there was a Cadillac in the driveway." When Dinah forgot to sing an Irish song for St. Patrick's Day, 1959, a man to whom she had been writing for years sent back her letters and photographs in a fit of Celtic resentment.

Beneath her bubbly exterior, Dinah is a solid professional. Once, when she sang for President Truman in 1947, he requested a song she did not know—*Managua, Nicaragua.* She faked all the lyrics. She even faked 23 minutes of one show as a pseudo-member of the McGuire Sisters when one of the singing trio took sick just before the program.

Frances Rose Shore was born in the picturesque Tennessee town of Winchester on March 1, 1917, but her family moved to Nashville when she was three. Her father became a department store owner and later established a small chain in five towns. Even as a child, she showed a flair for singing, but always as a soloist—"maybe because no one else wanted to sing with me," she laughs. To this day she finds it hard to double in harmony because of her habit of carrying the melody. Her parents sent her to a voice teacher, John A. Lewis, who farmed her out to the choir of a local Presbyterian church. "I was singing the lead when suddenly my voice changed," recalls Dinah. "I started as a soprano and wound up an alto."

When she was 14, during the Depression, she coaxed the owner of a Nashville night club into hiring her for $10 a performance. Bouncing on stage to sing in her sister Bessie's best party dress, plus lipstick and rouge—she heard gasps from the audience. When the lights went up, she discovered her parents and sister at a ringside table.

Dinah went on to Vanderbilt University in 1934, majoring in sociology. "That was my people instinct coming out," she explains. She fully expected to become a social worker but Lewis, her old voice teacher, got her an audition at WSM, a Nashville radio station. When she was signed for a two-year series of 15-minute singing shows at $2.50 a broadcast, she took a dignified professional name: Fannye Rose Shore.

Between her junior and senior years at Vanderbilt, Dinah took a "working vacation" in New York City, hanging around studios and agents' offices. One day she auditioned for radio station WNEW, singing her favorite rendition of *Dinah.* To her delight, she was signed for a two-week stint and soon became known as "that Dinah girl." The following year, she returned to New York—selling her prized photographic equipment for $300 to finance the trip. But Tommy Dorsey turned her down as a vocalist for his band, and so did Benny Goodman.

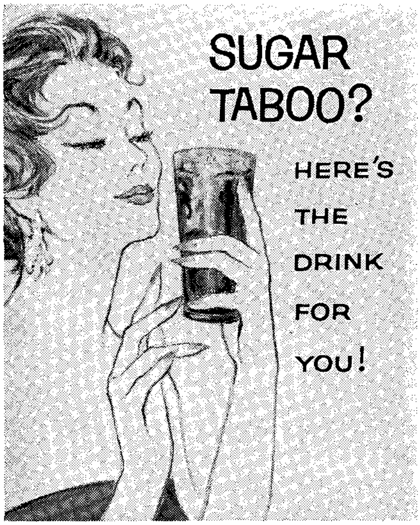
Undeterred, she made a recording as "Dinah Shore" with Xavier Cugat's orchestra and worked on one program with the late Ben Bernie. Then came recording contracts with RCA and with NBC as a "sustaining artist." (Today she records for Capitol Records.)

The next few years saw two turning points in her life: one was her two-months stay with the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street—a hot-lick group with whom she made a record album; and the other, in 1940, being hired by Eddie Cantor (who had previously "discovered" a singer named Deanna Durbin). She also made her first hit record, *Yes, My Darling Daughter*, which, it is reported, sold about 1,000,000 copies.

"Its success," says Dinah, "made me relax a little. Not inside but outside. I stopped trying to be so frantic in front. I found out it was more important to sing to a lot of people and make them feel good than to get the same feeling myself."

When Cantor shifted his program from New York City to Hollywood, Dinah went along. It was there she met George Montgomery, who was then in the Army. "I saw him, I wanted him, I despaired of him," Dinah says, "but I finally married him"—on December 5, 1943.

"Before I met George," she says thoughtfully, "my life was an omelet: everything was mixed up from day to day; nothing was planned. I used to go around in sloppy sweaters, droopy skirts and scuffed shoes. But after I was married—and the children arrived—I began to see that I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couldn't live from one second to the next and be happy."

Today, she has her energy under control. "It's a matter of knowing when to save and when to spend it," she claims. "George taught me that. I'd been burning myself out with all those senseless activities; I really think I'd have been finished in a year or two, if I hadn't had enough sense to hook George."

While Montgomery was in the Army, Dinah sang her way from Aachen, Germany, to Tokyo, Japan, and did more than 300 broadcasts for the Armed Forces Radio Service—prompting Bob Hope to wisecrack: "Benzedrine takes Dinah Shore to stay awake." In January, 1951, the Gallup Poll named her as the nation's favorite female vocalist, and the following fall, she launched her fabulously successful television show, which has since won every major award in the TV business—from the Peabody and Sylvania awards to the "Emmys" of the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences.

"To me, it's the mood that's important," says Dinah, analyzing her TV formula. "Getting a perfect tone is not nearly as important as giving the melody a lilt and delivering the lyrics right." She thinks that her success is largely a matter of getting past "the moment of audience decision"—that split second when thousands of families decide whether or not to switch her off.

She considers her career in TV as an extension of her private life. Her daughter, Melissa Ann—"Missy"—was born on January 4, 1948, and six years later, came a son, John David. In addition, Dinah and George combined to form a tennis mixed-doubles team that once held the unofficial championship of Beverly Hills and Palm Springs.

"Sometimes I have to spend some time alone, just thinking and resting, to build up my batteries," Dinah says. "But George and I understand each other. Our children, our home and ourselves come first. When I go on the air, it's as if the walls of our house have expanded and we just welcome everyone."

OH, COME NOW!

THIS LETTER WAS RECEIVED by the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Bureau: "Dear Sir: Please send me a pamphlet on wildlife in our government."

WHEN A DEFENDANT in a Columbus, Ohio, civil case was ordered to pay $86.31, he asked the judge if he was entitled to any trading stamps. —HAROLD HELFER

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With the ladies

TWO YOUNG MATRONS were discussing the number of women who seem to find older men attractive.

One of the women commented, "My grandfather was a perfect example of that. Women were crazy about him."

"Is that so," said the second, "and how did your grandfather feel about it—did he enjoy their attentions?"

"Well, not at first," was the reply, "but after a while it went to his head and he began to cut notches on his cane, one for every conquest. But I'm sorry to say that's what killed him."

"How do you mean, that's what killed him?" her friend asked.

"You see," was the reply, "he made the mistake of leaning on his cane one day!" —GEORGE LONDON

IN THE MARKET for a new home and a taste of country living, a middle-aged woman was shown an old farmhouse. After listening carefully to the real-estate agent's spiel she said, "You're right. I could do a lot with this house."

Then she added hesitantly, "On the other hand, I said the same thing the first time I looked at my husband." —DR. L. BINDER

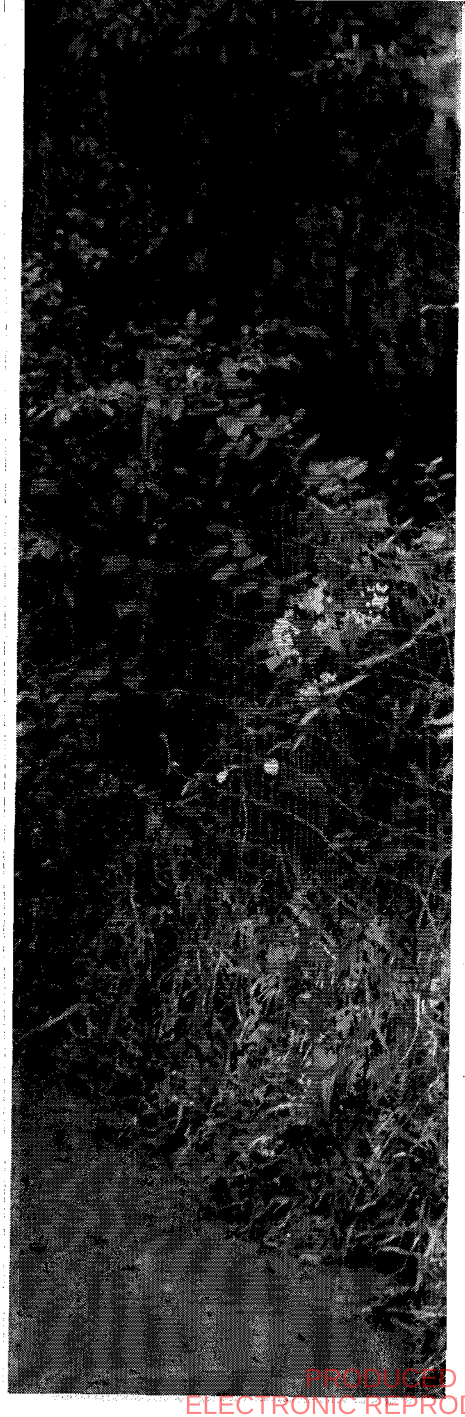
DESIROUS OF BRINGING a divorce action against her husband, a woman consulted an attorney. She related a harrowing tale of the ill-treatment she had received at his hands. So impressive was her recital that the lawyer, for a moment, was startled out of his usual professional composure. "From what you say this man must be a brute of the worst type!" he exclaimed.

The woman arose, and with severe dignity, announced: "Well! I shall most certainly consult another lawyer. I came here to get advice as to a divorce, not to hear my husband abused!" —JOYCE RANDALL

CHATTING WITH HER UNCLE, a teenager mentioned that one of her friends had received a friendship ring from a boy and that another friend had just received an engagement ring.

"Tell me," said her uncle, "what is the difference between a friendship ring and an engagement ring?"

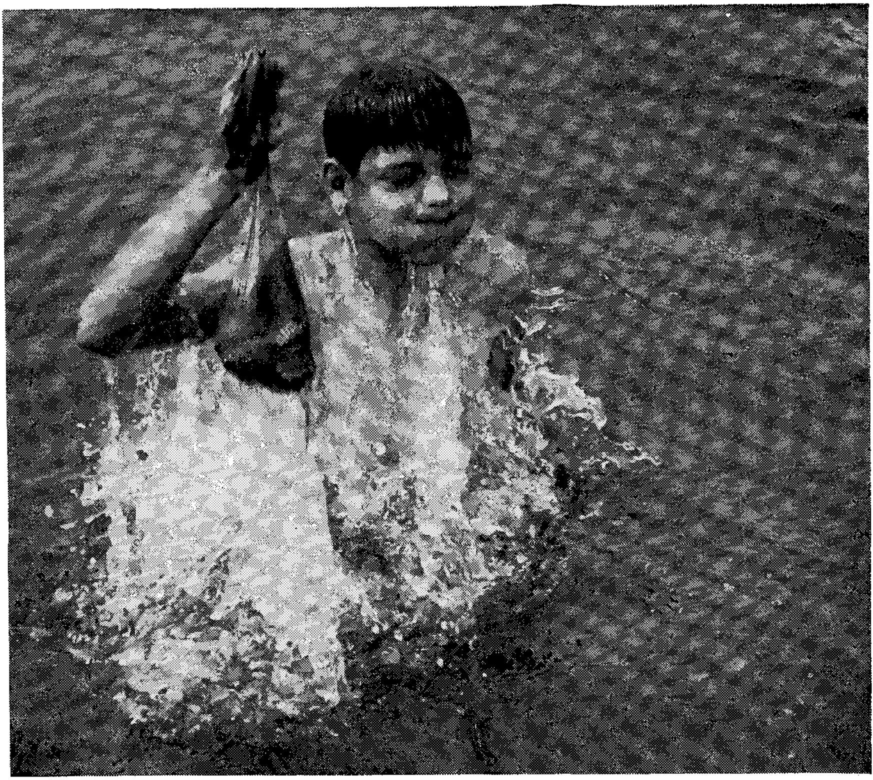
"Well, you see," replied the young lady candidly, "once you're engaged, the friendship is over." —*Wall Street Journal*



A boy and his bayou

Dragging for crayfish in a backyard stream (left), 12-year-old Claude Billot lives like Huck Finn in the heart of backwater Louisiana. His home stands just 150 feet from the banks of historic Bayou Barataria, in the tangled delta country south of New Orleans. A hardy lad, Claude requires few artificial comforts. He makes do with hunting, fishing — and the adventurous dreams of a boy growing up amid the secret bayous from which the notorious Jean Lafitte once launched his pirate raids.

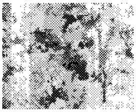
Text by Richard Kaplan
Photographs by Robert Simmons

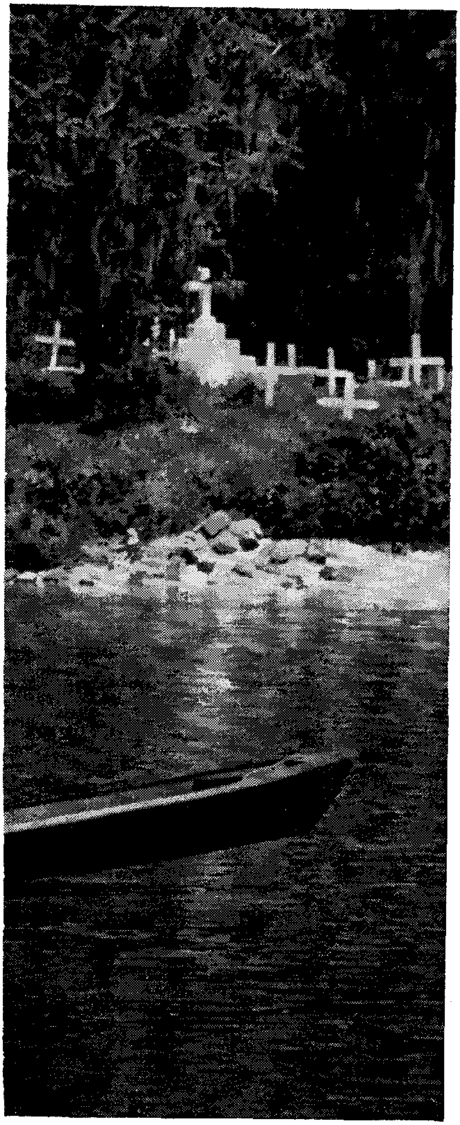


Claude dives for clams during family outing to nearby Lake Salvador.

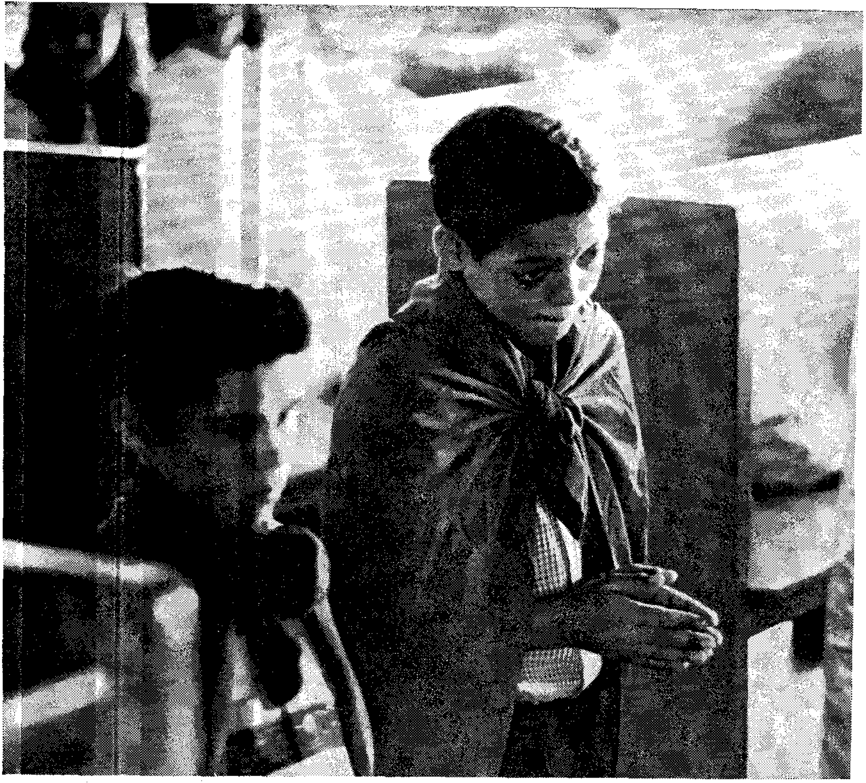
Claude has lived among the bayous all his life. Today his parents own a $3,000, five-room house on an acre outside Barataria (population 746). His father is of French-Spanish descent; his mother of French-Indian. Claude, who eats little meat, keeps the family's freezer filled with game and sea food—most of which he shoots or catches. He is completely realistic about game animals. "I love them," he says, "but we have to eat."

Sloshing across rain-flooded yard (right), Claude rescues pet duck. He also keeps kittens, chickens, and he has been promised a horse.





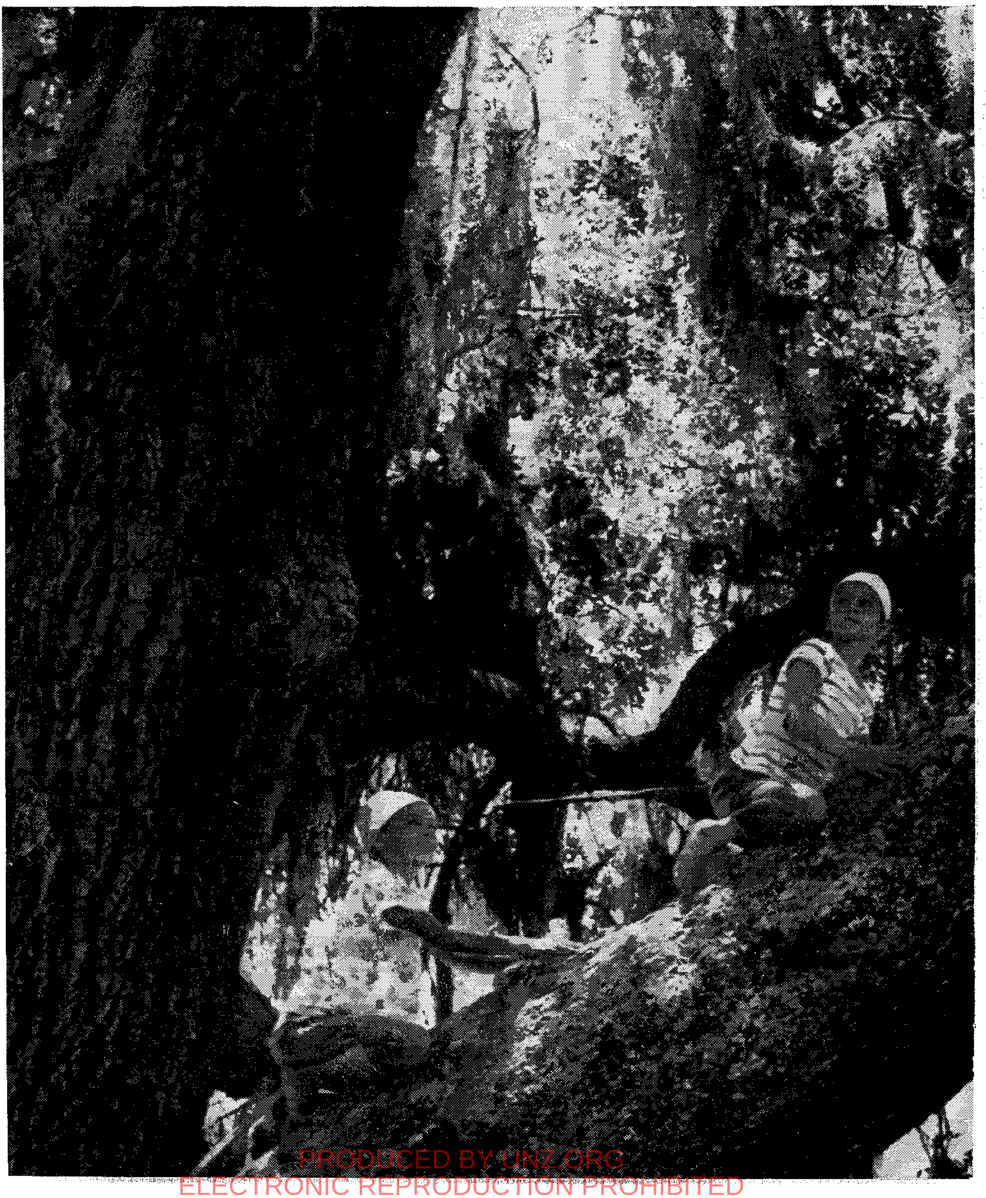
Barefoot, he hunts in swamp. He was once bitten in leg by snake, lanced wound with knife.



In homemade cape, he acts in skit at St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church.

A seventh-grader at Lafitte Barataria School, Claude is just a C-plus student. But he avidly reads books about boats, the school librarian tipping him off whenever a new one arrives. Eager to be a boat captain like his father, he earns 25 cents an hour working in his uncle David Billot's boat-building shop and practices on a battery-operated Morse code device he built himself. But for a would-be seafaring man, Claude's horizons are still limited. Though New Orleans is only ten miles away, he has been there only once—to the midway at Pontchartrain Beach. "It was nothing," Claude shrugs. "My bayou is lots better."

(Left) Gulping soda, Claude buys U.S. flag for boat at Fleming Canal general store. To get there, he must paddle five miles down bayou.



Claude has been to the movies only a few times. He finds glamor enough in playing pirate with friends on lonely bayou isle where Lafitte and his buccaneers once lurked. ♛

FERDINAND W. DEMARA:

THE GREAT IMPOSTOR

WHO POSED AS A

Gentle Trappist Monk

SKILLFUL

SHIP'S SURGEON

TOUGH TEXAS PRISON WARDEN

Learned College Professor

AND MANY PREPOSTEROUS OTHERS

The astoundingly
true and
truly astonishing
tale of one
man who had more
real lives
than most men
have **secret** lives,
and who is
probably still
at large,
creating others

by Robert Crichton

ON THE VERY COLD MORNING of February 14, 1956, Detective Troopers Millard Nickerson and James Milligan of the Maine State Police boarded a Coast Guard cutter bound for North Haven Island out in Penobscot Bay. On North Haven they were fortunate in finding the island's only taxi.

"Got some good teachers up to school this year, I hear," Nickerson said to the driver, nudging his companion.

"Got a good crop," the driver said after a pause that was long, even by Maine standards. "Got this Martin Godgart. Come on the island out of the blue. Got all the kids in the Sea Scouts, teaches at the Baptist Sunday School, and played Santa Claus to all the poor kids. We got plenty of those, you know."

The driver swung the car into the drive leading to the school, a large, somber, shingled affair. The detectives were upset to find that Godgart wasn't there. As they turned to go back to the taxi and plan what to do next, an old, mud-spattered Chevrolet spun into the school parking area. Before the car had come to a full stop, the door flew open, and a massive, powerful-looking man with a crew cut climbed from behind the wheel and started up the slope toward them, his arms swinging. His gait, combined with his bulk, gave him the appearance of a graceful bear.

"I have a feeling I can be of help to you two men," he said softly. "What took you so long to get here?"

Nickerson produced a paper, a warrant for Godgart's arrest. "You are Martin Godgart?" he asked, checking against a small notebook.

"In a manner of speaking, yes," the big man answered.

"Your real name is Ferdinand Waldo

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Demara, Jr., is that correct?"

"Sometimes it's hard to say what my name is."

"Alias Martin Godgart?" The man nodded yes.

"Alias Dr. Robert Linton French?" Another nod of yes.

"Alias Dr. Cecil Boyce Hamann?"

"You people have been doing your homework. Yes, I was him too."

"Alias Ben W. Jones, assistant warden of the Huntsville Prison in Texas?"

"I'm not ashamed of that one."

"Alias Dr. Joseph Cyr, surgeon lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Navy?"

"One of my very best," the prisoner said. He saw that Nickerson was closing his notebook. "Go ahead, go ahead. You've missed some."

"I think we've got enough to establish the case," Nickerson said with obvious irony. They started back toward the schoolhouse. Demara hung behind.

"I don't want to go back. I'm clean in there and I want to keep it that way, please."

The ride back to the harbor was stiffly silent. The big man stared morosely, tapping the window, then smacked the fist of one hand into the palm of the other. "Oh, God, I had so much work to do here," he said.

When they were several miles out to sea, Demara asked permission to go on deck and take a last look at the island.

"Do you know a play called *The Playboy of the Western World?*" he asked.

One of the detectives said he did.

"There's one of the saddest lines in all the world in there," Demara said. "I've lost my only Haven in the western world."

FRED W. DEMARA, the great impostor, was tried in Augusta, Maine, for "cheating by false premises," found guilty and, as happens with almost every institution he has defrauded, in order to save themselves embarrassment, the North Haven School didn't choose to press charges. While Demara was in prison, a delegation of people came over to the mainland to plead in his defense and ask him to return to North Haven with all forgiven and a fresh start promised. He refused. "I wouldn't want my children to be taught by a known impostor. It's all right if they don't know, of course."

Demara was put on probation in Maine, and then set free when he let it be known that he planned to leave the state.

As almost always, Demara went home again.

Childhood of an impostor

Home for the great impostor is the dreary, textile-mill town of Lawrence, Massachusetts. The roots of his incredible career can be traced here to his childhood and family.

Our hero was born Ferdinand Waldo Demara on December 12, 1921. Ever since the birth of his first child, Elaine, Ferdinand Waldo Demara, Sr., had been hungry for an heir. For several days the greats of Lawrence, what there were of them, streamed through the big Victorian Demara house on Jackson Street, clucking with admiration at the boy.

His early childhood was like that —all warmth and love and riches. But from his first year in school young Fred felt different and out of place. His family was the only one he knew that didn't work directly for the mills. His father and a partner owned a number of local motion-picture theaters. Many of the children in school were very poor and Fred's clothes never looked like their clothes. He was larger than any of the children his age and his hair was long, dark and possessed a luxurious sheen. His eyebrows were dark and long as were his lashes, and his eyes were a startling, striking blue.

Fred was a lonely boy because the others left him alone, but he was the kind of boy who could entertain himself for endless hours at a time. He had two rules. He didn't like games of physical violence and when he played he wanted to be leader or he didn't want to play. He was immensely strong. He was given to unexplained, wild rages in which he would hold his breath until he turned almost dark purple; and he was capable of smashing things. He frightened the others in school.

The rich, warm, all-embracing sweet solemnity of the Catholic Church and its rituals was a cloak which shielded Fred from outside shocks. He began spending a great deal of his time in the church sacristy. The pictures of him at the time show him to possess a fine, white, beatific quality. He was delicate for all his great size, and his enormous eyes, especially when seen against the black cloth of an acolyte's habit, were an impressive sight. Everyone had to admit that of all the boys in the school, the Demara boy was the one who most seemed to have a genuine vocation for the priesthood, and who showed the greatest promise.

Late one afternoon early in autumn, Fred was coming across the lawn when he saw his sister, Elaine, leaning against a pillar on the porch.

"Mama and Papa are waiting for you," she said. There was something about the tone of her voice which caused him to feel frightened. Inside the house it was still and silent and Mrs. Larch, the housekeeper, had forgotten to turn on the lights. In his parents' dressing room, his mother sat next to the window, like Elaine downstairs, bathed in the sun's last rays. She had been crying.

"How can I tell you this?" his father asked.

"Just tell him the truth," his mother said. "He's a big boy now. He's 11 years old."

"Now try and follow this," his father said in a weak voice. "Nothing in this house belongs to us any more. Someone is going to come and take it away."

"We're going to have to move away, son," his mother said. "You see, Daddy has lost all his money."

"But why do we have to move away?" the son suddenly blurted out. "This is our home. You don't need money to live in your home because it's your home." He knew he was lying to himself but he wanted to say it and hoped someone would agree that he was right.

On Saturday morning the moving

van came and a man from the bank told them what they could take and what they must leave. Young Fred sat in the front seat of their big touring Pierce-Arrow, watching the rain wash down the celluloid windows. The car followed the great clumsy van, down into town, past the hulks of the silent, empty mills, around through the rows of dormitories and then back out and up Andover Street to their new home, an old carriage house on the outskirts of Lawrence.

Instead of bringing young Fred closer to the other boys in school, his family's new-found poverty only separated him more. As a poor boy he was poor in a wrong way and the others knew it and resented it. Furthermore, the longer he stayed away from Jackson Street, the more he turned away from the Church.

That winter something happened that was to change the course of his life. His father, who was deeply worried about his son's loss of religion, finally persuaded the boy to spend a week end with a cousin of the family, a Father Desmarais (the Demara branch had Anglicized the spelling), pastor of a parish in the heavily French-Canadian city of Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

Fred took an immediate and mutually-shared liking for Father Desmarais, a tolerant, gentle but firm man. In front of Father Desmarais it suddenly seemed ridiculous not to believe in God. One day they went for a drive and along the way they passed a monastery of Trappist monks, a branch of the Cistercians, called Our Lady of the Valley.

"Of all the places in the world, this is where I would most like to be," Father Desmarais said. The boy did not forget it.

Several weeks after Fred's return home, his sister Elaine died. She had been shopping and had slipped on a patch of ice. When she came home she complained of a headache that aspirin wouldn't cure, but she went ahead making dinner. After a little while, she lay down to take a nap and she never got up.

A depression settled over the house that wasn't lifted for months and the boy could hardly stand it. The things he had grown accustomed to suddenly looked shabby and dingy and sad. Just a little less than a month later, Fred started down the long slope to school, but he never got there. He sold his bicycle for $8 and took the train to Boston and Providence and finally a bus to Our Lady of the Valley monastery at Valley Falls, Rhode Island. He pulled the bell cord hanging by the gate.

"I was told you never turned anyone away. I have come to join you," Demara said.

Two mules in a monastery

As the Trappists warn, no religious order in America demands more of its adherents. No order has stricter fasts, more complete rules on silence or requires harder labor. The Cistercians of Strict Observance never touch meat or eggs or fish. Although they produce some of the world's finest cheeses, it is a rare and festive occasion when they are allowed to touch any. A glass of milk is a supreme luxury.

The Trappist arises at 2 A.M., at

which time he begins his day with spiritual contemplation and worship of God. At 5:30, he receives a breakfast of hard bread and crackers and a hot drink, after which long physical labor begins. At 11:30, the main meal of the day is served. After an afternoon of hard physical work and mental study, a third scanty meal is served. But most important, all of this discipline is endured in absolute silence. The need to talk for many men becomes a far greater obsession than food or privacy or sleep.

Although Demara was eventually accorded the hooded robes and habit of the order and given the name Frater Mary Jerome, there was some skepticism among the other monks. He didn't seem to be as contemplative as he should have been, but appeared, in fact, to be having the time of his life.

Demara was put in charge of two big, half-trained mules. Typical of monastic humor at its best, one was named Lucifer and the other Luther, for both were bad actors. There are rare times when a contemplative is permitted to talk and one of them is when it is essential in carrying out duties. It is well-known that you can't handle balky mules by sign language. The deep, sweet silence of the fields was continuously shattered by the roaring, joyous shouts of "Come on, Lucifer. Step lively there, boy. Gee, there, gee, boy," and other such vital talk.

After two years at Valley Falls, far longer than anyone ever expected the young man to last, the abbot and novice master had an earnest talk about their youngest novice and came to the agreement that, as fond of him as they were, he was simply not cut out for the silent life.

If there is one good thing about having no possessions in a monastery, it is that leaving poses no problem. Toward midnight, Demara went out across the quadrangle to the stable whose doors opened out into the back fields.

"Hey, boy, ho, boy." He led the beasts to the edge of the fields and there, with the stout handle of a cant hook, he whaled, as he puts it, "holy hell" out of the mules, then let out an ear-splitting whoop the likes of which have probably never been heard inside a Cistercian monastery before or since.

Demara on the double

In the spring of 1941, Demara went into a recruiting booth in Boston and enlisted in the U.S. Army.

Army life was not for him. He was ashamed of his ignorance about such things as sex. To hide his ignorance, he avoided all bull sessions dealing with such subjects, with the result that he got the reputation for being a "saint" which he deplored. When he was shipped out of Camp Devens for basic training at Keesler Air Force Base in Biloxi, Mississippi, he determined, with this fresh chance, to become a "real wise guy." It is to his credit as a character manipulator that he succeeded beyond even his expectations. It is his boast that he never actually pulled one full day of duty in the Army.

Demara decided to leave the Army —as a deserter. While thumbing a ride to St. Louis, he heard the news about Pearl Harbor and had a feeling he had to get home to Lawrence. He arrived there two days before Christmas and a week after the last military policeman had made a search of the house.

It was not a happy Christmas. His father, an ardent patriot, as is Demara, could not bring himself to speak to his son.

"There's only one answer, son," his father finally said. "You've got to go back and face the music and take your medicine like a man. You'll get out from behind bars soon enough, believe me, and then you'll have a clean slate."

"All right, Dad," he said one morning, "I'm ready now. I'm going down to Boston and turn myself in."

With the freshness that characterizes much of his thinking, however, Demara, on the way down, decided that he could do himself and his country a lot more good by fulfilling his patriotic duties outside of jail. Under the name of Fred W. Demara he enlisted in the Navy.

Demara gets his diplomas

War or no war, he hated the Navy. After eight miserable weeks in boot camp he was assigned to the USS *Ellis,* a destroyer operating on the North Atlantic run. He began a massive campaign to get himself accepted to Hospital School and his letters were so frequent, urgent and annoying that he actually succeeded. He liked medicine at once. In the school he studied hard and did well. After graduating from the basic course Demara applied for advanced training. His request was turned down flat. The reason given was that he did not have a proper or adequate educational background.

The rejection stunned him. He was sitting in a servicemen's club musing on his low estate when a sailor next to him left his seat. On it lay a booklet—a catalogue from Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanics at Ames, Iowa. Demara began flipping idly through it when it occurred to him that everyone in that booklet had what he needed. Some of the people had whole little clusters of academic honors stringing along behind their names like glittering jewels.

"I hadn't had much experience in life, but I knew that those little letters automatically gave those people prestige and positions of authority," Demara explains. "As a patriotic gesture, I felt I had better steal some academic credits."

The very first thing he figured was that he would need some official stationery. This he stole from Captain T. D. Canfield, who was in command of his base. Then, from the Iowa State College catalogue he picked the name of a man who possessed reasonable credentials and who also was on leave to the Navy. On the captain's stolen stationery he wrote to the college registrar requesting a transcript of the man's grades. For the captain's address he used that of a gas station where he had paid $1 for the privilege of using it as a mail drop and pickup.

A set of transcripts arrived a few days later. Demara went to work doctoring his papers. He had tried erasing and using ink remover and found them to be useless. He typed his name and other relevant information on plain white paper and then cut them out in thin strips and pasted these on top of the real information. As an example: where it said Place of birth—Waterloo, Iowa, Demara pasted over Lawrence, Massachusetts. At the bottom of the document he pasted an official-looking seal bought in a dime store and under it he wrote: *Certified copy. Original records must be held.* To this he added the signature of the Iowa State registrar which he had cut off the bottom of the answering letter accompanying the transcripts. He photostated the bundle of documents and then deposited it and covering letters with the board of officers in Norfolk.

During the wait for his commission, he used the time to perfect his crude forgery techniques and to collect the credentials of a whole host of people. He sent away for various college catalogues and went to work with enthusiasm.

A choice project became one Dr. Robert Linton French, who was a graduate of Michigan, where he had also earned his master's degree, was a Ph.D. from Stanford and had been a Research Fellow at Yale.

"Why did I choose French?" he once asked. "For one thing, I liked the name. It is French and yet, oddly, unmistakably English and I felt it suited me. Besides, I have *always* been willing to bask in the glory of a Ph. D."

Also during this time Demara got leave and went home to Lawrence, where one afternoon he walked brazenly into the parish rectory office and picked up every kind of stationery and document he could. He got baptismal and confirmation certificates and wedding papers; and on these he imprinted the parish seal.

On his way back to Norfolk he stayed over in Boston, presented himself at Cardinal O'Connell's residence as Dr. Robert Linton French and filched several pages of the cardinal's red stationery, although he couldn't get a single envelope.

At Norfolk, an officer said at a first hearing: "After routine security check-outs I think we'll be happy to give you a commission. A splendid background."

Splendid, indeed, Demara thought. He had far overplayed his hand. He waited for the covering darkness of evening and then went out along the Navy docks. There, at the end of a pier, he left a set of Navy clothes and a hat with his name printed in it and a note which went: "I have made a fool of myself. This is the only way out. Forgive me. F. W. Demara."

Then he started out of Norfolk, thumbing westward by night, with a whole fresh life ahead. For Demara was dead. He was now Dr. Robert Linton French, doctor of psychology and de-commissioned officer in the U.S. Navy, at anyone's service.

The pious philosopher

An old, unrequited love returned to burn in his bosom. Almost irresistibly Demara found his path leading back to Gethsemani, a Trappist monastery in Kentucky where he had once spent a week. He presented himself at the portal as Dr. Robert L.

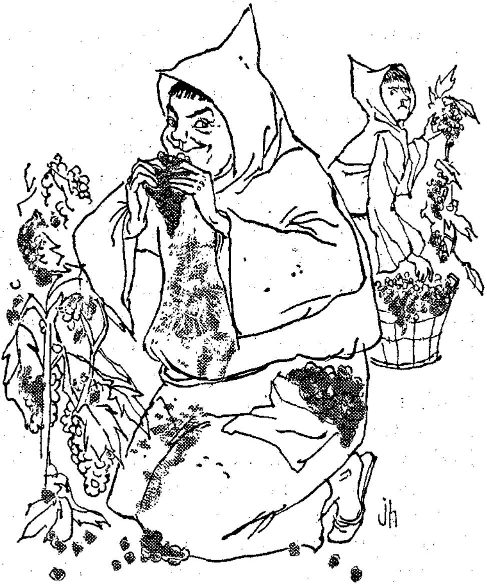
French, a man who had experienced the futility of war and who desired to become a contemplative. He was taken directly to the abbot, the Right Reverend Frederick Dunne, who was impressed by the convert's background and sincerity. Until "French" could be baptized he was confined to Visitors' Quarters, but when that was done he was allowed to enter the novitiate.

When the Trappists are at services each brother has in front of him a huge songbook in which, in elaborate script, is all of the Gregorian plain song that makes up the Divine Office of the day. It takes some men years to learn the contents of their book. The sign of a rookie is his need for a light behind him. The old hands sit in darkness. After several weeks, Demara one evening reached up and switched off his light. The old monks, into whose eyes his light had shone, were thankful. They also were amazed that he could master the ritual so quickly.

The first corrosion in Demara's spiritual armor was created by hunger. The sight of a horse munching grass disturbed him and the sight of a finch eating pumpkin seeds filled him with envious rage. He began dreaming about food at night and, finally, filching it by day.

Late in his first autumn, Demara was assigned to work in the vineyards with another brother who turned out to have as little will power as he. They recognized each other with that sure instinct that one con man working in an area recognizes another con man. By the end of their first day, the two not only were talking breathlessly while mulching the roots of the vines, they were eating the grapes as well.

It was almost inevitable, since the grapes had to be eaten while crouching over, that some of the juice would dribble out and down onto the white habit of Brother Mary Jerome—that was Demara's Gethsemani name. A great purple stain spread out across the top of his monk's habit. It was Demara's red badge of discouragement, his scarlet letter for all to read. And no amount of washing could out the damn spot.



Demara wolfed grapes secretly, but juice stained his habit—a purple badge of shame.

There were other matters. Demara was caught talking constantly. Finally his partner in debasement went before the Chapter of Faults and detailed his association with Frater Mary Jerome. Demara later said: "I could have murdered that saintly bum. He was cleansing his soul, but he was sending me down the road to ruin doing it."

After those revelations there was nothing to do but seize the initiative. He arranged a hearing with Abbot Dunne. The sum of his conversation was that his stay at Gethsemani had been immensely informative but he realized he could best serve the Church in a more active fashion.

"I am glad that you came to that conclusion, Doctor," the abbot said, not without what sounded like a threat in his voice. Despite his apparent disapproval of the doctor's career with the Trappists, however, the abbot did write a short, rather noncommittal note introducing Demara to whatever order he next might try. Demara headed for Chicago where an order of intellectuals called the Clerics of St. Viator run a seminary and school. With 11 cents in his pocket, he went directly out to the provincial house and had an interview with a priest whose name was Father Richard French, which Demara, still as Dr. French, took to be a happy coincidence.

From the very beginning he was a success with the Viatorians; and in Father French he found a man he could admire. His first serious challenge came when it was announced that, despite his degrees, he was being entered in De Paul University for a graduate crash course in theology. Father French handed Demara his list of studies and Demara felt a sudden sinking sensation in the region around his heart. The list read: Rational Psychology, Metaphysics, Cosmology, Epistemology, Ethics, Natural Theology.

But he tried hard and he studied hard and he did as was expected of him. His grades were brilliant. Of the six courses, the man who in real life had not quite managed the second year of high school scored a record of straight A's.

A question that puzzles people is how Demara, with such a very limited background, avoided exposure during arguments and debates. "The reason is simple," he says, "I always lost the debate."

If he made a statement and it was challenged, Demara would ask, "How do *you* think it should go?" As the man explained, Demara would nod his head wisely and, at times, even take notes. This was high flattery indeed.

Another reason for his excellent grades might have been that he made sure to cover every one of his papers with a note written on small, expensive, discreet stationery. At the top of the paper his name and academic titles were listed and in the upper left-hand corner, always inked out by Demara so that you could barely read it, was—By Appointment Only. Assistant instructors getting papers from a practicing Ph.D. in psychology might naturally be hesitant about grading him down.

And then there was his "official" stamp, a seal such as notary publics use. At the top of the impression was his name, at the bottom his occupation of psychologist and in the middle his motto: ESSE QUAM VIDERE. That was the most splendid joke of all. It means: TO BE, NOT TO SEEM TO BE.

About his background, wherever he was later to go, Demara discovered a very vital thing for his future.

"I call it Demara's law for passing or the invisible past. I never mention *anything*. Wherever I have left, people are suddenly amazed to find they don't know one thing about me—where I was supposed to have come from or been—when the police ask for specifics."

At the end of the highly successful school year at De Paul and with the Clerics of St. Viator, Father French announced that it was time for Dr. French to begin his full novitiate training with an eye toward taking his sacred vows for the priesthood. This would take place at the now-defunct St. Viator's college in central Illinois.

"But Father, I thought I could take it here," Demara protested. He was afraid of another novitiate. Equally persuasive, however, was boredom, for which Demara suffers a low threshold of tolerance.

From his first day at St. Viator's college he ran afoul of the novice master and each day grew worse. Finally Demara went back to Chicago, where he had a tearful parting with Father French.

Demara becomes a dean

In early autumn of 1945, while millions of G.I.s were returning home, Demara, alias Dr. French, sought an interview with a new, fast-growing Catholic college in Erie, Pennsylvania, named Gannon. They said they would be delighted to set up a department of psychology with Dr. French in charge.

The interview was an unqualified success. Monsignor Joseph Wehrle, who had been fearful of meeting some stiff, pompous windbag, was pleasantly surprised to be faced with an exuberant, obviously willing and energetic young man. Demara felt similarly toward Right Reverend Wehrle.

"Oh, one other little thing," he said smoothly. "About my title."

"Oh, yes," Wehrle said and sat down. Both men thought for several minutes. "Well, you can't be president because I'm president," Wehrle finally said. "How about Chairman of the Department of Psychology?"

A disappointed look crossed Demara's face and they thought again. It was a fine and delicate point.

"Considering the vast, inevitable growth of Gannon," Demara said softly, "wouldn't Dean of the School of Philosophy be more in keeping?"

He saw the monsignor stiffen slightly. "All right, I'm sold," the Right Reverend Wehrle said, holding out his hand. "*Dean* of the *School* of Philosophy it is."

Dr. French plunged into work with an enthusiasm rarely seen around a college outside of the football squad. He was willing to take on just about anything. By mid-year the dean was teaching courses in general psychology, industrial psychology and abnormal psychology.

Monsignor Wehrle was delighted with his "catch," but as the months rolled by, he began to sense that instead of herding a brilliant lamb into the fold he was holding a tiger by the tail. The major complaint, as always, was that Demara went ahead on all kinds of grandiose projects and asked permission later.

The school had taken on as instructor a priest with bad lung trouble who could not climb stairs. Because of this, Wehrle reluctantly asked Dr. French to give up his large room on the second floor and move upstairs into a smaller, darker room. Soon after, Wehrle, at work in his office, was surprised to see a group of men struggle past his door and upstairs with what appeared to be a rug. Soon after that he heard pounding noises and later another group of men grunted by with a large crate. When the pounding continued into early evening he went up to investigate. The third floor had never looked like that.

The hall was carpeted and above French's door was a sign announcing his office. Inside, the room was carpeted prettily from wall to wall. On top of the rug was a great, gleaming, blond maple desk. Behind the desk was Demara.

"Delighted you could drop by," Demara said. "Now you can answer this: should the desk stay where it is or should I put it by the window?"

Wehrle was taken aback by the luxurious modern furniture but then he recalled the rumors of French's wealth and assumed that French was paying for the furnishings. "I would leave it where it is," he said cheerfully and went back downstairs. In the ensuing days, a typewriter, a couch, new drapes and an enormous cherry-wood bed were delivered. And finally, a large, gray, double-doored steel safe arrived, much bigger than the one the college owned.

As far as Gannon and the new dean were concerned, Dr. French had arrived. But so had the bills—a stack of them, all made out to Gannon in Monsignor Wehrle's name. After a fierce showdown with Monsignor Wehrle, Demara moved off into the soft spring night, feeling as low and mean and miserable as he ever had before in his life.

The heat of summer made Demara's mind turn to the cool greens of the Pacific Northwest and he finally found the ideal place. It was St. Martin's Abbey and College, run by the Benedictines in Olympia, Washington, just outside of Seattle. He determined, for the first time in his life, to make a careful, plotted, scientific assault on St. Martin's. He had come to two beliefs. One was that in any organization there is always a lot of loose, unused power lying about which can be picked up without alienating anyone.

The second was that if you want power and want to expand, never encroach on anyone else's domain; open up new ones.

"I call it 'expanding into the power vacuum,' " Demara proudly explains.

At the beginning of the school year Demara struck hard into the power vacuum. Without waiting for approval, he commandeered a schoolroom, had it decorated, and organized The St. Martin's Student Psychological Center. The center offered a series of lectures by Dr. French on basic psychology and private psychological sessions for students needing help. He also expanded out into public life. He noted that his fellow monks had little touch with the outside, and he felt they needed a go-between with the town.

Few politicians could resist the cheerful monk. He became especially close to Sheriff Frank Tamblyn, who was soon to be running for re-election and saw in Demara a nice link with both the Catholic and the egg-head vote.

During this time, the abbot of St. Martin's, the Right Reverend Raphael Heider, had gone East to attend an educational conference, and it was while he was there that he heard some disquieting things about "Dr. French" and determined to put him under close watch. When a monk reported to the abbot that he had watched Dr. French consume a full quart of whisky without so much as batting an eye, Abbot Heider sent out letters checking up on Demara.

Demara was sitting in his cubicle, preparing a one-minute recorded campaign speech for Sheriff Tamblyn (one was already being played all over Thurston County) when a monk appeared and said that the abbot would like to see him. In the abbot's office he wasn't surprised to see Sheriff Tamblyn there, since the two men had become close friends. The presence of the other two strangers, however, did puzzle him.

"Good to see you, Frank," he said heartily. "Got the speech all shipshape and ready to go."

"Good to see *you, Ferdinand,*" one of the strangers said.

There was no reaction evident on Demara's face. He simply stood stunned and blank. He watched one of the men open and close a wallet, and he realized that this was federal business—the F.B.I.

For some reason he had completely forgotten the military charges, perhaps because, of all the things against him, they were the worst.

"Desertion!" one of the men said.

"In time of war," the second added.

"The penalty is death," the first said sadly.

Demara in the dock

The charge *was* desertion in time of war, and the penalty *was* death.

"It was much too important to be left in the hands of lawyers," says Demara. "I felt I was familiar with all those little twists and veerings in my career that would only baffle a Navy lawyer. What I needed was a kind of honest liar. I was the exact man for the job."

He was given a copy of the judge advocate's file, a copy of the Navy Code and a booklet which proved to be a cram course in instant legal defense. After a week of study he found his plea: guilty with mitigating circumstances.

His plan was to throw himself on the mercy of the court and leave his soul in their, and God's, hands. He told them how, as a young lad just fresh out of a Trappist monastery, on an impulse of pure and idealistic patriotism, he joined the Navy. There, instead of finding the idealistic men he had hoped to meet, he fell into the company of hardened, salty, foul-talking seamen. With a trace of tears and a struggling hoarseness, he told how he had fraudulently tried to become an officer and a gentleman in the vain hope that he might avoid the sordid, corrupt and degrading role that was straining the limits of his soul.

Failing at that, in the end he had run to the sheltering arms of Gethsemani, where he belonged. Fred Demara was found guilty with mitigating circumstances. From a tough court-martial, he got a sentence of six years, one for each year of desertion. He served his term (cut down on review to 18 months because of good attitude and behavior) "standing on his head," as is said about an easy stretch. His rehabilitation was considered to be so effective that the Army, when they finally caught up with Demara while at San Pedro, dropped charges. After a year and a half in jail, Demara was given his discharge—dishonorable.

As prodigal sons go, he got as good a reception in Lawrence, Massachusetts, as he could have expected. To his family he said, "I have paid my debt and now I am clear. But some of the places I was in and some of the things I did would have made you proud of me."

In September, Demara presented himself as a candidate for first-year law courses at the School of Law of Northeastern University as Dr. Cecil Boyce Hamann, a professor whose name and background he had learned about quite accidentally. But although his grades were good, he was driven to despair by boredom.

One day, at the end of the summer of 1950, Demara left Northeastern and headed for Alfred, Maine, where he appeared unannounced at the Brothers of Christian Instruction. Would they be interested in a convert who was a Ph.D. from Purdue and who was a zoologist whose specialty was cancer research?

The brothers were overwhelmed. So overwhelmed, in fact, that Demara also announced that he would be delighted to join their humble order. Immediately he began putting into effect a plan to change the Brothers' junior college into a full-fledged formal college. But before the plan got off the ground, he was informed that the time had come for him to report to the novice house —a farmhouse between St. Leonard and Grand Falls, New Brunswick— some 300 frosty miles north of Portland, Maine.

"It was a fantastic place. They had me, Dr. Hamann, out in the potato patches digging spuds at ten below zero!" Demara recalls.

THE BOREDOM that might have crushed him was made bearable by his contact with young, Canadian-born, Harvard-educated Dr. Joseph Cyr. Winter-locked in the almost snowbound village, the two men became close friends, and Demara mined the young doctor for medical information. Near the end of his novitiate year, Demara was asked by Cyr if he could be of any help in getting Cyr a license to practice in the States.

"You give me your records and credentials, and I can, Doctor," Demara said. "All of them. The more, the quicker."

Dr. Cyr went into the next room and began sorting through piles of papers.

"Put in everything," Demara called out. "Baptism, confirmation, high school grades. Everything."

Cyr soon returned with a packet of papers that weighed nearly a pound. "I did what you told me," he said.

"I don't think you'll have reason to regret it," Demara said.

The dilemmas of Doctor Demara

In the second week of March, 1951, Demara headed for Saint John, New Brunswick, with the aim of presenting himself for a commission as a doctor in the Royal Canadian Navy, using the name and documents of Dr. Cyr.

When Demara, alias Dr. Cyr, reported to the recruiting office, he was placed aboard a special Navy plane and flown to Ottawa and, on the very next afternoon, presented before the medical-officer selection board. He was asked a series of rather general questions which were directed toward finding out if he might just be thinking of using the RCN boys as practice patients to perfect his surgery or as potential proof of any theories. They found that Dr. Cyr had no strong or advanced theories about anything in medicine. He was returned to Saint John, where he was entered into the Royal Canadian Navy and commissioned a surgeon lieutenant. On March 19, Demara was formally assigned to duty in the RCN hospital in the Navy port of Halifax.

Demara's first duty was to take sick call each morning at the base. This can, of course, be a terribly important responsibility if a patient reports in with something like spinal meningitis. Demara did a smart thing. He went to his superior as an enlightened, intellectually curious, eager man with a problem.

"I've been asked by some people to work up a rule-of-thumb guide for the people in lumber camps. Could we get together a little guide that would pretty well cover most serious situations?" he queried.

To the lieutenant's superior, as Demara had hoped, this was a challenge and a pleasure. For two days he went through his books, culling and refining a basic code for the amateur diagnostician, and finally gave it to Demara, who made a copy of the code and followed it faithfully. This, as far as he knows, guided him correctly through most of his Navy career. And then he was sold on antibiotics. Whenever he saw a sore throat, heard a serious-sounding cough or saw someone who looked very ill, he rammed them full of penicillin and, after that, with whatever miracle drugs happened to be current and choice. If the patient persisted in staying sick, Fred would manage to maneuver him to any one of six or seven other doctors, using each one as sparingly as possible.

In May, however, Demara was shifted to duty on HMCS *Magnifi-*

cent, an aircraft carrier anchored in Halifax Bay. There was no other doctor aboard to question, only a rather stiff, stern Command Medical Officer who would come around each evening. The CMO was not impressed with his new junior officer. Lieutenant Cyr, he wrote in a report, "lacked training in medicine and surgery, especially in diagnosis."

When Demara eventually heard of the CMO's uncomplimentary report he devised a marvelous system. Any patient about whom he wasn't certain or who seemed to offer complications, he hid.

Without bothering to tell anyone higher than a bosun's mate, he commandeered several seamen's rooms down in the bowels of the ship. On these he tacked up quarantine signs and into them he put his questionable patients. He worked on the theory that God was on the side of the big battalions and doctors who used quarts of penicillin.

"Swamp the enemy was my motto," he says. "Before I took the job I had done my research and one thing made me feel better; with or without medical care, outside of war and accidents and such things as lung cancer, no one—no strong man—actually dies any more." Demara really seems to believe this.

One warm, surprising day in June, he meticulously dressed in his fresh, new officer whites and took the *Magnificent* launch into Halifax harbor. Sunshine washed the bricks of the harbor houses, and the park, when he passed, was bathed in the goldness of it. The grass was green against the lemon drops of dandelions and banks of unfulfilled daffodils. On the grass, a Navy nurse sat. She was serene and beautiful and Fred Demara fell in love with her at once.

He climbed over the low iron fence and began trotting toward her as if they had had a date of long standing, and only when he stood in front of her did he realize that she wasn't looking back at him and that he had nothing to say. He finally knelt down beside her and picked a dandelion.

"The most underrated flower in the world," he said, and he was delighted and thrilled when she seemed to smile in agreement.

She didn't answer but it didn't frighten him. There was no need to talk or answer and that was the way she handled it. Finally, she said, "Do you know what the name means?"

He thought for a moment and said, "It's from the French. *Dande de lion,* mane of the lion, because the flower looks like the mane of the lion."

"That's really very imaginative of you," she said, smiling. "It's *dent de lion,* tooth of the lion, because of the jagged leaves. But yours is much better."

That afternoon the citizens of Halifax were treated to the unusual sight of two Royal Navy officers dancing down the streets of town, hand-in-hand, singing at the top of their voices something about falling in love being wonderful. And it was.

There was a complication, however. Catherine (that was her name) was due to be discharged from the service and, as women in love are wont to feel, she wanted to be married—soon.

But who was in love with Catherine, anyway? Was it the Navy officer, handsome and clean in his whites, or was it really the dismal failure from the dismal Massachusetts mill town?

For Demara there was, as much as he regretted it, only one solution—one he had used so often before that he turned to it instinctively without planning it. Escape. He went down to Naval headquarters and there he begged to be sent into action in Korea at once.

It was a glorious day in August when Surgeon Lieutenant Joseph Cyr received his orders to report to CANAVHED (Naval Headquarters at Esquimalt, British Columbia) for assignment in Korean waters.

Catherine rode all the way to Winnipeg with him before she had to leave and take a plane back to Halifax, and they were never closer or happier with each other.

At Vancouver, Demara took the ferry across the Strait of Georgia to Esquimalt, where he was told to report to His Majesty's Canadian Ship *Cayuga*—a destroyer—as medical officer. The lives of 211 seamen and eight officers were in his hands.

"May God help us all now," he whispered when the order was put in his hand.

Surgeon Cyr to the operating room

No sooner had Demara stepped aboard the *Cayuga* than he was summoned to the captain's cabin.

"Lieutenant Cyr," the executive officer said, "this is your new captain, Commander Plomer."

Demara started to smile. The sight of the captain made him want to go into a dance. The commander's jaw was swollen to the size of a small melon. He obviously was the victim of several infected teeth.

"Glad haff you 'board," the commander mumbled. "Now pull these damn things. Thass order."

Demara peered into the officer's mouth. "I'll just zip down to my quarters and arrange my gear, sir. Have them out in a minute."

The moment he was in his cabin, he made a leap for his books. There was, amazingly enough to him, not a single word about teeth. The minute stretched out into an interminable quarter of an hour. Still, Demara leafed through pages, by now not really looking but merely doing something to stop from thinking.

He could hear people milling out in the passageway, grumbling and impatient, and he had to experiment and practice squirting Novocain from a syringe while his hands trembled. He loaded his largest hypodermic to the top, seized the biggest pair of forceps he could find, and started for the door.

"Oh Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done!"—before it ever began, Demara recalls thinking.

"What's the matter, anyway?" the exec demanded. "It's only a tooth, isn't it, Doc?"

"It's a lot more than that, I fear," Demara said sadly.

In Plomer's office he went directly to the captain, forced open his jaws and began to operate. *"Whush that?"* Plomer managed to gasp when his eye caught the syringe.

"Look, Commander. You run your ship. I'll run my sick bay. Right?"

"Right," Plomer said.

Demara let loose the contents of the syringe and waited. "Feel anything?" he asked. He tapped around the swollen area and then he tapped all around the officer's head. There was apparently no feeling anywhere. The time was ripe.

He took the forceps, found the obviously bad tooth and, wincing as he went, he pulled. It came so easily that he nearly fell backward into the cabin's wall. The second came as easily.

"Nicest job of tooth pulling I've ever had," Plomer cried the next day. "Glad to have you aboard, Cyr."

"Prouder than ever to be aboard, sir," Fred said.

Dr. Cyr's popularity as a messmate was instant and immense. "The reason for it was simple," he explains. "I wasn't afraid to lie for the men. They appreciated that no end. I am a superior sort of liar. I don't tell any truth at all, so then my story has a unity of parts, a structural integrity and this way sounds more like the truth than truth itself."

In September, the *Cayuga* reached Japan and stopped for refitting before going into Korean waters.

They drifted down along the east coast of Korea, north of the 38th parallel, keeping a check on North Korean shore operations. It was a quiet, almost lazy war in which the worst casualty Demara had been asked to treat was the burned hand of some seaman who forgot and picked up a red-hot shell casing.

But late one afternoon in September, on a rough and choppy day, the *Cayuga* pulled up close alongside a small Korean junk, and the men looked down at a pitiable sight. On the wet, matted floor of the junk, sprawled in filth and blood, lay a cargo of wounded Koreans. Some of them must have been in great agony but none of them showed a trace of it.

"Tell them," he heard Plomer say to the Korean liaison officer, "that the doctor's here. Tell them that they're going to be all right now, the doctor's here. You willing, Joe?" he asked Demara. "It's not required."

Demara climbed over the side and looked down again. The men in the junk—most of them boys—were smiling up at him. Their patience and courage in the face of pain and hopelessness still remain his strongest memory of Korea.

Three of the 19 soldiers were seriously hurt. All of them, unless they received competent surgery within the next day, would certainly die. Demara felt he had no choice.

He cleaned and sutured and worked over the 16, and, as he did, some of his confidence came back. He could make incisions, he could clamp off bleeding, he could handle sutures. What did he fear?

He knew perfectly well what he feared—the internal structure of the human body which he had never seen before; the internal life of man, where one clumsy mistake, one shred of ignorance could cause him, for all purposes, to become a murderer.

For several hours he worked in

the small ship's sick bay, caught up in what he was doing, happy to find he was handling himself swiftly and professionally in front of the eyes of crew members. But never before had he felt, at the same instance, such an impostor and such a complete, lonely, isolated fraud. There was no place to run and no place to dodge and no assurance that he could find inside of himself the courage or whatever ingredient it would take to begin internal surgery on the three Koreans who lay on bunks drugged by heavy doses of morphine.

Demara went back inside the ship and down to the mess, where he opened the rum locker. He dealt himself four ounces of raw Barbados rum and let it burn its way down into his stomach. He didn't know why it helped. He wasn't drunk or even relaxed, but the drinking was something akin to a ritual that gave him some new reason for daring to begin again.

"Commander Plomer," he said, "I'm going to risk it. The sick bay is too small for major surgery. I'm going to have to commandeer your cabin. Have four seamen get everything out that can be gotten out, have them scrub the place from top to bottom and then have them go over everything with rubbing alcohol or disinfectant. I'll be preparing the patients."

Father Ward and Hotchin, his medical assistant, would help but that was scant solace. Neither of them had ever even assisted at an operation before. Demara went back down into sick bay and began preparing for the surgery. Just as long as he kept active, the fluttery feeling in his stomach—which showed in his hands and in the twitching of a muscle over his right eye—did not bother him. Hotchin undressed, shaved and washed down each of the Koreans and kept them well doped with morphine. Demara sterilized his instruments, almost all of which he had never had a chance to use. Some of them he could never recall even holding. He balanced the scalpel in his hand.

"We're ready now, Doctor," a young seaman whispered over his shoulder and the shock of it nearly made him cry out.

"We'll take the worst one now," Demara said. He really didn't want to know which one it was. Let the choice of the victim be up to fate or chance or ignorance.

"This is the worst one," Hotchin said. "Whatever hit him didn't come out. It's in there and it's causing trouble. He's hemorrhaging."

How did the boy know that? Demara wondered. The thought that he did suddenly made Demara feel much relieved.

As he injected the tube which would carry the anesthetic, in this case an infusion of sodium pentathol, into the vein of the Korean, the soldier stirred and mumbled something which was heard by the Korean liaison officer.

"What did he say?" Demara asked.

"Well, he's only a peasant boy, you know."

"What is it?" Demara demanded.

"He said," the interpreter said shyly, " 'May God guide your hand.' "

"You can tell him that I just made the same prayer."

Then Demara lowered his cold scalpel onto the cold skin of the soldier, and began drawing the blade across his chest. He made a straight, horizontal line, following the course of the ribs. Where had he learned to do that? he wondered.

It was strange and marvelous and exhilarating. The knife moved easily, surely, in his hand. It was as if he were now playing out some part which had been predetermined. He knew exactly what he was doing and what he was going to do. "We've hit the bleeders," he mumbled to Ward. "He's going to bleed now. I'll need a sponge." He saw the first blood vessel he would have to tie off.

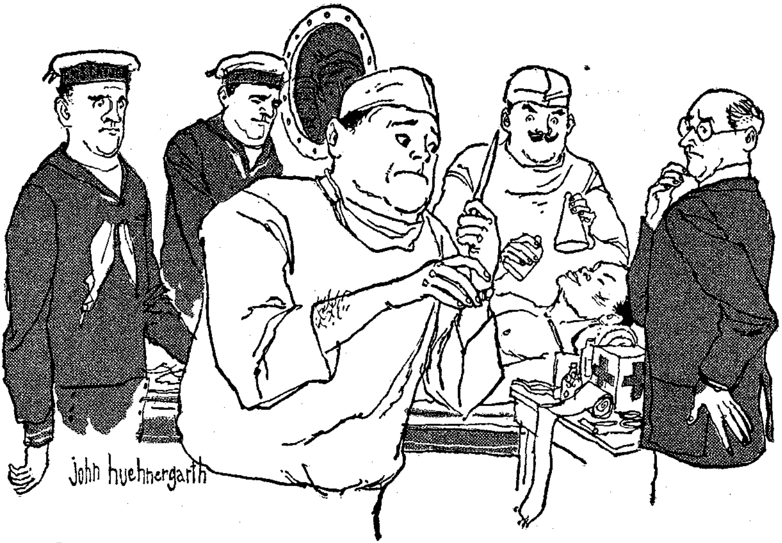
"I'll need a hemostat now. That clamp. That clamp there. Yes. That one, the clamp." He clamped the vessel and then tied it off, clumsily and slowly, but neatly, with catgut.

"Rib spreaders," he said.

Demara had never seen rib spreaders used and had no idea how to use them, but when he found them among the surgical equipment he knew at once how to handle them. He exerted traction on the ribs and they spread and beneath them he could see the pericardial sac and the heart which was pounding furiously.

"Look at it," Demara said. The idea that he had exposed a living, beating heart and the man still lived thrilled him. "Look at it beat." The massive muscle, the pulsating blood pump rose and fell. "It makes one believe again in God," he said.

"God help me. *Blood!*" he suddenly called out. They had been neglecting to give the man blood and



Demara balanced the scalpel. Never had he felt so afraid and such a fraud.

he had been bleeding badly. Hotchin set up a plasma transfusion.

Demara probed the pericardium and then he felt the object. It was metal and, by the shape of it, it was the lead nose of a bullet. At that moment, his objectivity seemed to leave him. He had been lucky and he had been a fake. He now realized suddenly that he didn't have one single idea, or intuition even, whether to leave the bullet where it was and rely upon nature to eventually heal the wound or to extract it and in all probability cause a hemorrhage that must kill the man.

The area near the bullet was still bleeding and that was bad. He took a syringe and put the needle in the blood and drew it out. When he had cleaned the area in this fashion he could see the metal.

He looked at the darkness of the metal and the blood that once more was beginning to flow around it. Quite suddenly, he reached over for a forceps, luckily got a purchase on the metal, and yanked. It resisted at first but then quickly and easily slid out of the pericardium leaving, for a brief moment, a cavity and then more blood.

"Gelfoam," he cried. "Where is the Gelfoam?"

"In your hand, in your hand, in your hand," Father Ward cried. Gelfoam is a coagulant, and Demara flooded the wound with it. Then they waited for the sign of blood.

"If you have ever prayed very hard for anything before, Father, will you begin praying harder that this doesn't hemorrhage?"

"I've been praying, Doctor, like I've never prayed before. It's really been sort of a miracle, hasn't it?"

"You really don't know how much of a miracle it's been," Demara answered.

There was no blood. No hemorrhage. This human would live.

The rest was easy. His main worry was not to leave a clamp or sponge inside the soldier, so filled with Gelfoam was the wound. But Hotchin had had someone counting the instruments and they tallied. The going out was long and tiring because Demara was slow and crude with the sutures and his hands, unaccustomed to the strain, were tired. But two hours after he had begun, his first patient was taken away.

The next two patients were more rudimentary. One of the two had a bad shell-splinter wound in the groin area. The main problem was to clean the wound, to cut away sections of flesh, tie off a suspicious vessel and then sew up the area into reasonable shape and bandage it properly so that when it healed no muscle deformity would develop, causing the man to become a cripple.

What Demara felt to be the worst among the cases was actually the least bad. The wound was cleaner than it appeared, and the patient's chief complaint was that he couldn't puff properly on a cigarette. Demara says that he recognized this as a partial collapsing of the lung, possibly caused by a fragment of rib penetrating the lung wall. To alleviate that he took a long needle, and, using only a local anesthetic so that he could tell by the patient's reaction what effect he was making, he succeeded quite easily in creating a total collapse of the left lung.

During all of this, Demara never once noticed how much time was elapsing and he never once noticed the pitch and toss of the *Cayuga*. At last, they turned out the bank of emergency lights and he was dumfounded to see the faces of crew members pressed against every porthole. He was also amazed to see that it was light outside. He had gone through the night and it was early morning. He knew that it was obvious, but he could not resist making the Churchillian sign of victory, and the men cheered their doctor with a wild, spontaneous cheer.

With this and subsequent exploits, publicity reached the real Dr. Cyr in Canada. A Naval inquiry followed, in which it was discovered that Dr. Cyr was Dr. Hamann who was actually Dr. French who was really Fred W. Demara. While in the Navy as Cyr, however, under his own initiative, Demara managed to get a license to practice medicine in England and all the countries in the British Commonwealth, plus have a license pending in the U.S.

On the 12th of November, Demara appeared in full dress before a Board of Inquiry in Esquimalt. In the words of the Navy: "This inquiry was exceedingly short."

It was possibly the shortest trial in history.

"Do you wish to make a statement about the allegation that you are not the man that you represented yourself to be?"

"Yes. I did enter the RCN under false pretenses under a false name."

"What are your medical qualifications?"

"I'd rather let that go if I may, please. I am perfectly willing to be turned over to the civilian authorities for whatever action they may wish to take. I have hurt the Navy enough. I might add that I am a doctor."

"This being true, you are summarily discharged from the Navy."

In the afternoon mail, a letter arrived from Catherine.

"Oh yes, you know how terribly hurt I was when I first found out about you, dear Joe. But then something strange happened to me. I woke up this morning, my Joe, and knew that nothing had changed. No matter what your name is, I am in love with *you*.

"Don't you see how simple it is? How simple and funny it is? I love you, not a name. I love you. . . ."

Instead of replying, Demara got drunk. Whenever the pain of reality and the memory of Catherine thrust itself on him, he pushed it out again by numbing his ability to remember or think. He was drunk in Seattle and Salt Lake City and in Chicago. He doesn't know how he got back to Lawrence but when he did, he was broke.

Without telling his family, he contacted a magazine and gave their writer a long interview. For this, he received $2,500, of which he gave $2,000 to his father and mother as a present. The resulting article was later to prove quite embarrassing.

Ben Jones, the prisoners' pal

Demara began rambling across the

country, and as is axiomatic when you are rambling—you sooner or later hit Texas.

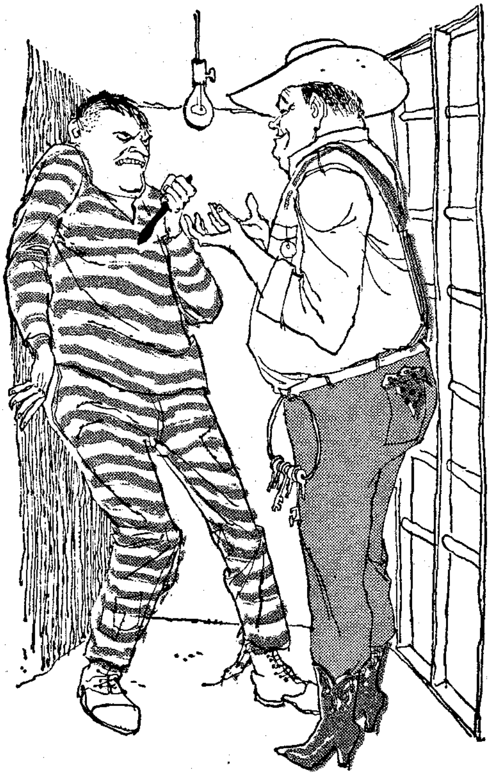
While thumbing through the Houston *Chronicle* one night, he happened upon the news that there were openings for lowly positions in the Department of Corrections, a euphemism for the Texas Prison System.

He applied for a job as a prison guard under the name of Ben W. Jones. For references, Demara supplied the names of a number of his previous aliases and manipulated the addresses so that the questionnaires were eventually forwarded to him in Houston. After filling out his own questionnaires, notarizing them with his own seal, and routing them back to the prison, it was no time at all before Demara was told that he could begin at once as lieutenant of the guard.

After a week, he was transferred from active guard to recreation officer in charge of setting up a recreation program.

Captain Ben Jones organized letter-writing sessions for illiterates. He set up checker and domino tournaments and the winner's prize was a half day off from the fields. He tried unsuccessfully to set up a study period and finally he asked for, and got, a Ping-pong table. A request was in for movies. To the watching director of the Department of Corrections, Mr. O. B. Ellis, it was heartening.

"How would you like to come to the prison at Huntsville and work in maximum security?" Ellis asked. "It's the toughest of the tough."



Alone and unarmed, Demara advanced fearlessly on the grim-faced convict. "Give me that knife," he ordered.

The place was run exactly like a den of lions held at bay by a breathless combination of force, fear and wit. Into it strode Daniel.

"I found," Demara recalls, "that almost all the time men will act about as good as you expect them to act. If you treat them like animals they'll act that way. Or like children. I saw that in the service. If you treat them with respect, then they try to act that way. I wanted to set up the idea that this prison was my house and they were my guests."

Very early the first serious incident happened. A boy who had crossed a guard in some fashion wouldn't come out of his cell. He stood in the rear of his cell and held a little spoon knife in front of him. Demara could see he was scared but that isn't always a solace. A scared man can be unreliable.

"Open the door," Demara ordered.

"Don't come in here, Cap'n. I got nothin' on you but I'll cut you." He looked almost sadly at Demara. "I got to cut you," he explained. The ancient code must be honored.

"No you won't, son. Not if I don't have a weapon," he spelled out. It was true that no one had ever tried that approach.

The boy tossed that one in his mind, still holding the knife ahead of him as if it were something alive that might jump and bite him. Demara bulked through the door.

"Now, before we talk about this, hand me that knife," he said.

"I can't *give* you the knife," the boy said. "That's going too far."

"Then I'll take the knife away. That fair?"

"Yes, sir. That's fair."

Demara suddenly reached out and got the boy's wrist with his powerful grip. He pushed the boy back to the wall and squeezed and knocked the wrist against it until the knife clattered to the floor and he kicked it out into the hall.

"Now we can talk, right?"

"Yes, sir. Now we can talk," the boy said. He was far happier about it than Demara.

Ben W. Jones, with Ellis' permission, began to establish new methods in maximum. Granted that the men were being punished, he argued, they had to have some way to work off their punishment and regain self-respect. He got movies for them and he began having schooling organized. He also established a schedule so the men could feel that the day had a ritual and a movement to it.

B. W. Jones was establishing himself as one of the new liberal penologists who yet seemed to have his feet on the ground.

"I can't deny it and I don't see why I should," O. B. Ellis says. "B.W. or Demara or whatever it is you call him was one of the best prospects ever to serve in this prison system. His future was bright, if not almost unlimited. I can say this—if he could only appear again with some legitimate credentials, and somehow this past was wiped out, I'd be proud to hire the man again."

One afternoon, a young prisoner was lying on his bunk after lunch, leafing through a magazine.

"I'll be a three-horned, mean-eyed, long-lifed bastard," he shouted. "Oh, this is great, man. Great."

There was no question that the man billed in the article as "The Great Impostor" was their own Ben W. Jones.

A meeting was called at the home of Mr. Ellis and the top people in the prison attended it. Demara was sent for, and when he strode in, Ellis held up the pages from the old magazine. "Is this you, Ben? Are you

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really Ferdinand Demara?"

"Why, no," he said, with an incredulous, quizzical look. He then proceeded to give one of the most smashing performances of his career, denying everything and accusing his accusers of taking a prisoner's word against his.

"If there is still any among you who feel I am guilty of this accusation I'd like to ask him to rise and face me now," he concluded. "I will meet him at any time and in any fashion he chooses. My honor dictates that I can do no less. Everyone knows where I can be found."

At the door he slipped on his new five-gallon cattleman's hat which he had gotten that day in Houston. He hoped it gave him the hard, resolute look he admired in a man.

"Good night, Mr. Ellis. Good night, gentlemen, and may God help you."

While the stunned audience debated what to do, back at his home on the prison farm, Demara went quickly to work. In 20 minutes he had loaded his car in a wild, slapdash fashion and headed for the main highway, with his lights off.

"How many times I have died and how many times I've been orphaned," he has said.

Demara went home to Lawrence.

CONTRARY to what Demara had always believed—that he would get some mysterious premonition when there was serious trouble at home and he was needed—he had received not even a faint suggestion that while he was in Texas his father had died. Demara had a feeling that a major phase of his life had closed, and also that with the fiasco out of Texas he had lost his last chance to accomplish anything big or meaningful or even really decent.

"I had no way to repent. Wherever I turned, people forgave me, because they were too understanding or, worse, they just didn't care. Here I was, a martyr to a compulsion that was killing me, and there was no executioner at hand."

Under his own name, he got a job working in a children's home in western Massachusetts but that didn't last long. He was soon known and he left. He then signed on as Frank Kingston in a school for mentally retarded children in Brooklyn, New York.

Although he liked what he was doing, his old enemy, boredom, reappeared. Then, on the radio one afternoon, Demara heard about the predicament of North Haven School, destined to be teacherless out in the cold and cheerless waters off Maine.

By judicious use of New York State Department of Education stationery, which he stole, and Brooklyn College papers, which he borrowed, Demara managed to acquire the completely adequate credentials of Martin Godgart.

The arrest of Demara on North Haven by Troopers Nickerson and Milligan has already been told. A few months after Demara's release, there was a small notice in the Washington *Post & Times-Herald* that a Martin Godgart was wanted by federal authorities for breaking a federal contract and for failure to

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pay an airplane fare from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Los Angeles.

Then, in January, and again in July of this year, newspapers all over the country blossomed with stories about Ferdinand W. Demara, Jr. And last summer he appeared on television as the guest of Jack Paar.

Just a short time before this book was completed, I received a phone call from an unidentified place.

"I'm on the biggest caper of them all. Oh, I wish I could tell you," Demara's voice said on the other end. "I wanted you to know, anyway, that I'm doing *good* things."

"Good for you or for humanity?"

"Why, shame on you. For both of us, of course. Apart from Catherine I've never been more happy or excited."

Even as he said that I sensed I had lost contact with him.

"Apart from Catherine. . . ." I heard him repeat but in that strange, withdrawn, lost way he can assume. There was a very long pause since neither of us knew what to say.

"I'm working on that difficult part of the book," I finally said, and at once wished that I hadn't.

"What part?" he growled. He knew.

"Where you tell me *why*," I said.

In a voice as cold and as dark as the night air outside my window he said, "Because I am a rotten man."

I was silent.

"All right," he said. "Tell them this, then. I have thought it out and I believe it's truth. It's rascality, pure rascality!"

He hung up and I stood there thinking, because it occurred to me that that is perhaps exactly what he is: the champion rascal of his age; one of the last sad playboys of the western world. ♛

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

LINDA, WHO HAD BEEN learning to sing Christmas carols in kindergarten, often sang herself to sleep. And one night, this is what her mother heard her sing: "While shepherds washed their socks by night."

—MRS. JOYCE FIRESTONE

A YOUNG MOTHER was slightly confused one day when her five-year-old son came home from Sunday School to report the lesson had been on washing birds. Asked the title of the text, he quoted: "Children, oh, bathe your parrots." She later learned the lesson was, "Children, obey your parents."

—ANNE SOAPER

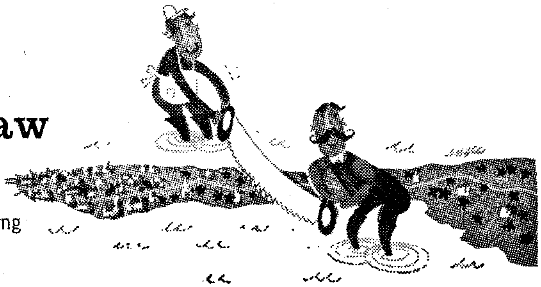
MY SMALL GODSON returned from kindergarten delighted with one of the new songs he had learned.

A while later I was amused to hear him sing, "Oh, beautiful for space ship skies . . ."

—*Dixie Roto Magazine*

The plan to saw Manhattan in two

by Joan Striefling



ONE OF HISTORY'S zaniest hoaxes was played on cosmopolitan Manhattan Island about 135 years ago. It began one dusty afternoon near the old Centre Market, when a retired carpenter, using the name Lozier, fell into conversation with one-time butcher "Uncle John" De Voe. De Voe noted that too many tall and heavy buildings were being built at the Battery end of the Island. The tip was in danger of breaking off and sinking into the bay. To avert such a disaster, he proposed to saw off the Island near its northern end, float it into the bay, turn it around, and then re-attach it so the heavy part could be anchored to firmer ground uptown.

Lozier, a poker-faced prankster, began consultations. Other idle or retired workers ventured opinions. Some feared the bay would be too small to turn the severed part of the the Island around in. Long Island might have to be towed out to sea and anchored while the amputated section of Manhattan was turned.

To skeptics, Lozier could point to the Erie Canal. If man could dig a river through land, what was so impossible about sawing off an island?

For several months, the project was the talk of the town. Lozier hired mechanics to build barracks and signed up workers to make the 24 huge oars, each 250 feet long, to be used to row the Island around after it was sawed off. Blacksmiths vied for the job of making the iron oarlocks. Lozier interviewed hundreds of men asking each if he was "long-winded." He said he needed more "pitmen"—men with breath control to do the underwater sawing.

Finally, Lozier was forced to name the day when work would start. On the appointed morning, a motley group assembled at the fork of Broadway and the Bowery and at the junction of the Bowery and Spring Street. They were met by scores of live, grunting hogs (contracted for by Lozier) who were to be driven along to feed the workers. Wagons full of provisions, tools, and wives to do the cooking also arrived.

But where was Lozier? The crowd grew restless, then angry. Hoping to disown their part in the crazy scheme, some started to mock others. Few admitted they actually had been hired to "saw the Island off."

When Lozier came out of hiding weeks later, he used a disguise. A few of the still seething sawyers threatened that if they ever caught up with him they'd "saw him off." ♛

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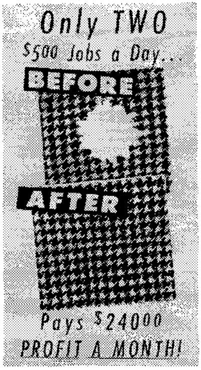

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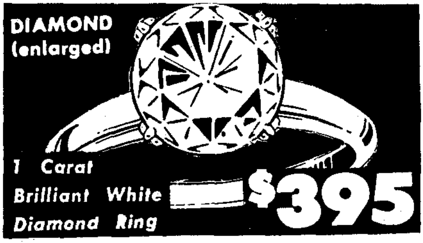
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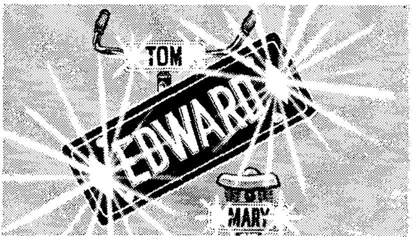

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Silver Linings

MY 12-YEAR-OLD SON Dennis has a gruff, devil-may-care exterior, but from time to time he does things that make me realize it is just on the outside.

One day, a blind man, led by a German shepherd dog, came through our neighborhood selling greeting cards. I was ironing by an open window and heard Dennis say to the man, "Come on in. I know my mother will buy something." I went

(*Continued on page* 196)

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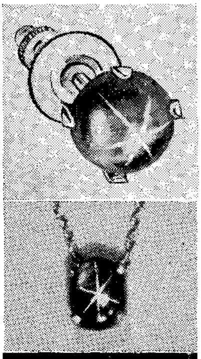

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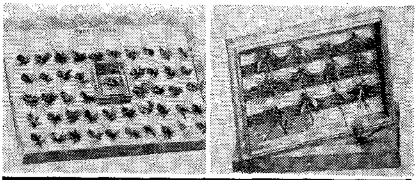

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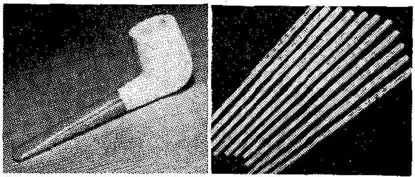

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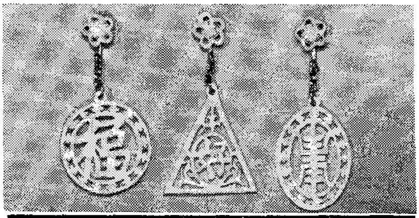

FROM FAR-OFF HONG KONG

GENUINE WHITE IVORY EARRINGS

These delicate hand carved ivory earrings imported from Far-Off Hong Kong will add that elegant touch of white to your outfit. Made of Genuine ivory with a sure-grip screw style back. Ovals, triangles, etc. No 2 sets alike. So inexpensive you can add many extra people to your gift list. Made to sell for $5. per pair. Sent attractively boxed now only $2. pr. or 3 prs. for $5 ppd. Panther International, 21 W. 47th St., N. Y. C.

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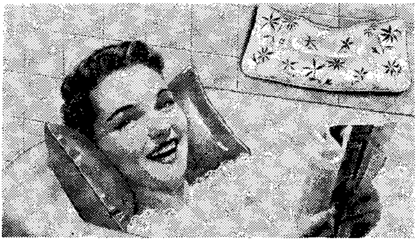


TRANQUILIZING PILLOW

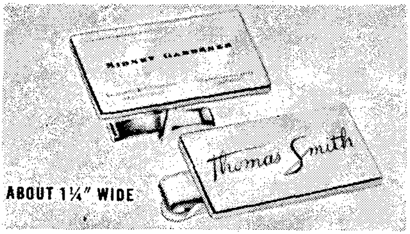
When tense or tired from the cares of the day, cradle your head in this pillow and joyously relax in a warm sudsy bath. Aches disappear, cares wash away—you feel new again. Completely wet-proof, keeps hair dry. Held by suction cups. Gaily hand decorated with colorful flowers. Choice of Gold, Pink or Blue. A gracious gift for lasting comfort. We ship immediately for only $2.25 ppd. Two day Air Mail 40¢ extra, if desired. Money Back guarantee. Better Sleep, Inc., Dept. 388, New Providence, N. J.

WOW! NUDIE ICE CUBES—$1

These cool cuties give a real frosty tang to drinks. Specially designed ice cube tray turns out a bevy of four beautifully proportioned beauties. These lovely lassies guarantee to cause conversation as well as frosty delight. Nudie Ice Cubes are real cute . . . a sensational new party idea! You must be pleased or your money back! Only $1 each or 3 trays for $2.79, postage paid. Order Nudie Cubes Tray from Sunset House, 2868 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

ELECTRIC COFFEE MILL

For the finest coffee flavor, Pulverized coffee beans in the new Cafir electric Coffee Mill. Cafir does not grind or squeeze, but thru its high speed mechanical action pulverizes the bean in such a way as to retain every vestige of its original flavor. For coffee drinkers who fancy themselves taste experts, Cafir is the last word in enjoyable coffee. Made in Italy this Mill will also Mill other grains such as rice, barley, spices etc. Springy suspension insures silent operation. Percolator grind takes about 8 seconds, drip grind about 12 seconds, espresso grind about 15 seconds. Its seamless container is made of aluminum. Only $9.95 postpaid. John Surrey Ltd., 11 West 32 St., Dept. C-11, New York 1, N. Y.

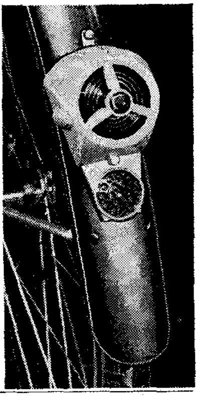


ABOUT 1¼" WIDE

ENGRAVED CALLING CARD JEWELRY

We will engrave an exact reproduction of any signature, calling card, business card, emblem, etc., on lifetime metal cuff links, tie bar or money clip. Perfect gift for any man. Satin silver finish cuff links $7.95 pair; Tie bar $4.95. Gold plated cuff links $8.95 pair; Tie bar $5.50. Prices plus 10% fed. tax. Gift boxed. Guaranteed. 2 week delivery. Send signature or calling card with order. Enclose payment unless rated. W. N. Dresden & Assoc., Dept. C-30, 179 W. Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill.

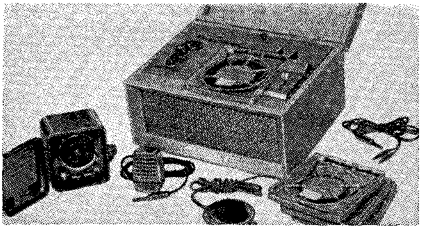
NEW AUTOMATIC BIKE BLINK



Every bike should have Bike Blink, the new snappy looking automatic flashing tail light for night-time riding safety. Anyone who rides a bicycle at night will appreciate the extra safety provided by Bike Blink. Flashes like police signal light; can be seen for ¼ mile. Well built of durable white plastic in a modern design, with a large red lens and reflector. Sturdy mounting bracket made of aluminum, will not rust. A terrific value. Easily attached to rear fender of bike. Self-contained unit comes complete with bulb and mounting bracket. No wires needed. Operates on two flashlight C batteries (not included). Only $1.00 postpaid. Order several. The Electric Game Company, Inc., 110 Lyman Street, Holyoke, Mass.

HAND BEADED VELVET SLIPPERS $1.00

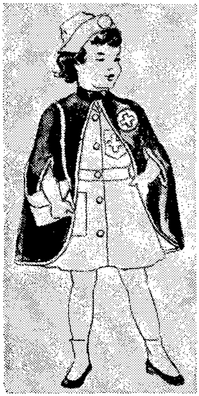
These sparkling hand crafted glamorous velvet slippers are a fashion must with your at home clothes. Genuine beads are hand made into a beautiful butterfly design in a bouquet of lovely color with true artistry. Scuff slippers are marvelously comfortable, have genuine leather soles & softly lined. Smart colors: deep black, royal blue and American beauty with matching lining. A fashion find at $1. plus 25¢ postage. For that special touch, order the Personalized beaded velvet slippers (same as above) with gold plated initials at only $1.50 plus 25¢ postage. Please specify shoe sizes 5 through 10. Send check, M.O. or cash. Sorry no C.O.D.'s. Mercury Products, Inc., Dept. ON, 1265 Broadway, N.Y.C., N.Y.



"SLEEP-TEACHING" MACHINE

Called the "Electronic Educator," this amazing new device is designed to train & teach at both conscious & subconscious levels. A self-contained tape recorder, it uses special endless tape cartridges holding up to 2 hours tape that repeats your material endlessly till memorized. Will record, playback & erase. Has timer & slumber speaker for sleep-study and hypnosis experiments. Full details & unusual 200-items catalog free to experimenters. Write Sleep-Learning Research Ass'n., Box 24-P, Olympia, Washington.

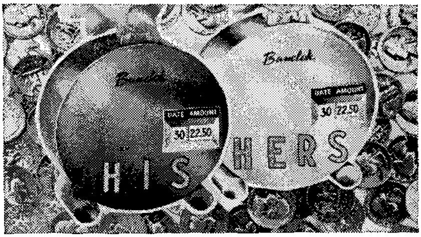
PLAYNURSE OUTFIT . . . 4 PIECES $4.98



Little girls dream of being nurses. This Christmas introduce them to an exciting new group activity with Playnurse, a beautifully designed replica of a professional nurse's outfit. There's a white poplin uniform with real metal caduceus on the collar, 2 large pockets & buttons down the front. The flowing cape is navy poplin trimmed in red and features 2 full size pocket slits. A real highlight is the trim white nurse's cap with insignia and a smart red plastic shoulder bag. Sold on a money-back basis by Bencone, one of America's largest professional uniform companies. Sizes 4-12. Price $4.98. Sorry no C.O.D. Send check or M.O. to—Bencone Uniforms, Inc., Dept. C-2, 47 Martine Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

THE MAILMAN BRINGS HAWAII

If you can't come to Hawaii, Hawaii will come to you. Put this 21" x 22" full color photograph of Hawaii's most famous greeter in your living room, bar or office. For this Polynesian lovely, plus the new 28 page illustrated catalog of all Hawaiian things send $1.00 to Stewarts' Hawaii, Dept. B, 1140 Kona St., Honolulu 14, Hawaii. Send 25¢ for mail order catalog only. Complete listing of Hawaiian fruits, flowers, wearing apparel, slippers, perfumes, novelties, jewelry, etc.



BOTH SEXES SAVE $200.00 A YEAR

Automatically with pair of Perpetual Date-Amount Banks. Forces you to save 25¢ every day, or Calendar won't change date. Also records amount saved. Save for home and car, college and travel, etc., twice as fast. Order "His" and "Hers" in gold or unlettered. Automatic mechanism with key. Use year after year. Pays for itself in 8 days. Reg. $3.50. now only $1.99 each; 2 for $3.95; 6 for $11. Add 10¢ per bank postage. Leecraft, Dept. CRS, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N. Y. Prompt delivery.

YOUR OLD COAT INTO NEW STOLE!

I. R. Fox, fur specialist, restyles your old, worn fur coat regardless of condition, into a glamorous new cape or stole. Special price, $22.95 complete, includes remodeling, new lining, interlining, monogram, cleaning, glazing, lusterizing to beautiful new sheen! The results—a luxurious-looking cape or stole! All work guaranteed . . . we are bonded fur specialists. Send no money! Just wrap up your old fur coat, mail it to us now. Send your dress size and height on postcard. 2-3 week delivery. Pay postman $22.95 plus postage when new cape arrives. Or send for free style book now! 25 new styles to choose from. Write: I. R. Fox, 146 W. 29th Street, Dept. D-114, N. Y. 1.

SILVERPLATED ADD-A-FRAMES

Create your own family gallery with these elegant silverplated Add-A-Frames. Each 2¾" square is engraved with first name of a child. Attach one to another—the perfect way to display all the loved ones. Beautifully polished and lacquered to prevent tarnish, they blend in with any decor. An heirloom gift that will be treasured through the years by a mother, grandmother, or a young couple. Specify name for the top frame with loop. Print clearly. Add-A-Frame as the family grows! Add-A-Frames each $1.50. Price includes postage, 25¢ engraving and tax. Write for free gift catalog. Zenith Gifts, 2107 Post Office Building, Brighton, Massachusetts.

(Continued on next page)

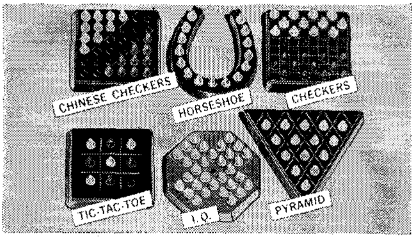
NEW NATURAL HAIRPIECES BY FEDER

This realistic hairpiece developed by Louis Feder is made in many styles, including new Ivy League crew cut. It looks, feels like your own hair. Comb it, sleep in it! Secure in wind, rain or hurricane! Worn by leaders of all ages. Priced as low as $85 for bald spot cover; about $170 average. Write for free illustrated 16 page booklet L, "The only Solution to Baldness." . . . For Ladies, Feder makes a wonderful new hairpiece! Custom fitted, styled to your taste. Completely secure! Set it, comb it as you like. Sleep in it, swim in it! Write now for free style guide C2. It's helpful, illustrated! . . . House of Louis Feder, 545 5th Avenue, New York 17, New York. Murray Hill 7-8325.

THE BIG CHIEF'S CIGARS

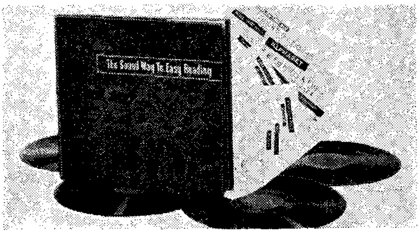
BIG CHIEF'S CIGAR HOLDER—$2

Give your cigar-smoking big wheel this funny figure that holds a handful of cigars and countless smiles. Useful also for pen, pencils and office tools. He's two-tone tobacco brown glazed ceramic. The boss will love that middle-age bulge and smug expression that caricatures your favorite executive. A useful fun gift. Add 25¢ postage. $2 from Greenland Studios, Department CO, 5858, Forbes Street, Pittsburgh 17, Pennsylvania.



SIX MINIATURE GAMES FOR $1

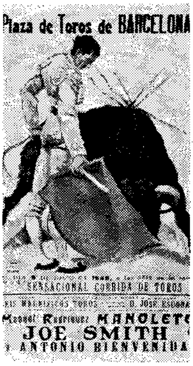
You'll enjoy this set of Action Games . . . ready to play at a moment's notice. And all 6 for only $1. There's checker, tic-tac-toe, horseshoe games, I.Q., Chinese checkers and pyramid game . . . each one is exciting! They're small . . . wonderful for car rides, train or plane travel, at home or school. For hours and hours of fun, you can't beat this value! Set of all 6 for only $1, postage paid. Money back guarantee! Order Action Games Set from Sunset House, 2868 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.



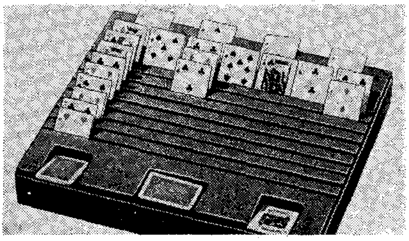
IF YOUR CHILD IS A POOR READER

See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show that children gain up to full year's grade in reading skill in 6 weeks. Write today for your free illustrated folder and low price on the Sound Way to Easy Reading. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Department P-16, Wilmette, Illinois.

YOUR NAME ON THIS POSTER!



Show your friends that you too, have lived dangerously, with a genuine full-color 17"x28" Bullfight Poster featuring your name among those of famous matadors! Authentic. Made from the original art work and printing plates. A dramatic, eye-catching decoration for home or office, bound to impress and puzzle your friends! Also the perfect bull-throwing gift for bull-throwing friends! Mailed in round mailing tube, not folded. Ready to hang as is. Imprinted with your full name or any name you specify, only $2.98 ppd. 2 posters, with 2 different names, only $5.75 ppd. Check or MO. By mail only from Spencer Gifts, Z3 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.



SPECIALLY FOR SOLITAIRE PLAYERS

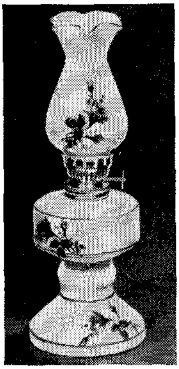
Be you expert or novice, you'll want this marvelous Solo Play Game Board. It's featherweight and fits your lap—12" x 14". Slots hold cards in place; gives complete visibility from sitting or lying position; permits resuming interrupted game. Use it outdoors too! Comes with deck of cards and book "150 Ways to Play Solitaire." Perfect self-entertainment gift for game fans, shut-ins or convalescents! $3.98 plus 25¢ post. Write for free gift 'n gadget catalog. Mastercraft, 275-C Congress, Boston 10, Mass.

FREE!
100
WORLD-WIDE
STAMPS
...just released!
GHANA

EXCITING, VALUABLE STAMP OFFER!

Rush reply for new, hand-picked collection of 29 large-size U.S. Commemoratives, free. All dif- Bi-colors and other beautiful specially selected stamps. Wonderful build-up for your collection. Think of the historic interest. Think of how they grow in value. Plus other offers and Free "Stamp Collectors' Guide"! Rush name, 10¢ postage, handling for this exciting offer today. Garcelon Stamp Co., Dept. CR9V, Calais, Maine.

PATIO, PARTY, OR TV LAMP



Glowing milk-white "Yesteryear" kerosene lamp will start your friends talking. It's "pretty" and useful, too! Practical during emergency or when a fuse blows. About 10 inches high with fluted chimney and elegant floral design. It will brighten and enhance any room in your home, on your mantel, knick-knack shelf, or party room. Only $1.50 postage paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Write today for free catalog containing hundreds of new gift ideas from all over America and the world! Toys, ceramics, collectors' gifts, housewares, men's gift ideas, decorations. Adriane, Inc., 9-945, Finch Building, Saint Paul 1, Minnesota.

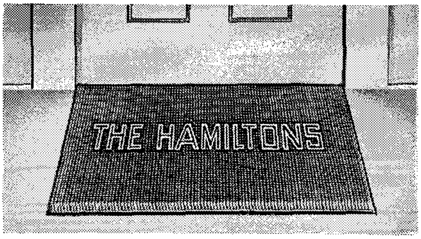
SEND PHOTO GREETINGS

A warm, personal Christmas card made from one of your favorite photos. Choose from 5 designs with lined envelopes. Send negative with check or money order (no C.O.D.'s). Add 50¢ if negative is larger than 2¼" x 3¼" or smaller than 1" x 1½"—or if you are sending print. Imprinting $1.25 per line (20 letters)—free on orders of 100 or more from 1 negative. Prices—25 cards, $1.50 plus 45¢ postage and handling; 50 cards, $3.00 plus 50¢; 75 cards, $4.50 plus 60¢; 100 cards, $6.00 plus 65¢. For sample—send negative and 10¢ or write for folder and price list today. (Offer expires December 1, 1959.) Satisfaction guaranteed. Associated Photo Company, Department F-1, Box 66, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

John Helen
Have a drink with
the Thompsons

PERSONALIZED GAY 90'S TRAY

Surprise guests with your own personal touch of hospitality. Both your and your spouse's first names are handpainted under the silhouettes of the gay nineties couple. Your last name is also inscribed as shown. Colorfast metal tray has a side lip for easy carrying. Specify both first names and last name. Order #D-2539 serving tray . . . $1.98. No C.O.D.'s please. Add 15¢ postage and handling. Bancroft's, 2170 South Canalport, Dept. CM-825, Chicago 8, Illinois.



PERSONALIZED DOOR MAT—$5.95

Smart to give and smart to own! Your own name, or any name of your choice, is permanently molded with ivory letters in a colorful rubber Door Mat. Choice of stylish colors: brick red, garden green, powder blue or black. Large 18 by 28 inches. 7,000 rubber scraper fingers do a thorough and efficient scraping job. Satisfaction guaranteed! Specify color and name desired. Only $5.95, postage paid. Order Personalized Door Mat from Sunset House, 2868 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

FULL COLOR XMAS PHOTO CARDS

Happy Holidays
Happy Holidays

A meaningful greeting in rich color made from one of your favorite color snapshots. Choose from three beautiful card designs, envelopes included. Send color negative or transparency with check or money order (no C.O.D.'s). Add 50¢ if transparency. Imprinting $1.25 per line (20 letters) — free on orders of fifty or more from one negative. Prices—10 cards, $2.50 plus 35¢ postage and handling; 25 cards, $6.00 plus 45¢; 50 cards, $11.50 plus 50¢; 100 cards, $21.00 plus 65¢. For sample—send negative and 25¢ or write for folder and price list. (Offer expires November 15, 1959. Associated Photo Company, Department F-2, Box 66, Cincinnati 1, Ohio.

(Continued on next page)

YOU CAN CONTROL YOUR FATE

Develop your personal, creative power. Awaken the silent, sleeping forces in your own consciousness. Learn to push aside all obstacles with new energy. The Rosicrucians will help you create health, abundance for yourself. Write for free book which tells how you may receive and use these teachings. Let this book guide you to widen your scope of personal power. Do it today! Simply address your request to scribe M.T.D., The Rosicrucians, San Jose, California.

TERRY MOPPER—WHOPPER OF A GIFT!

Mopper is the original "one size fits all" terry afterbath robe—the great big personalized "terry bear" robe that towels you dry instantly, cozily after tub, shower or swim! Thick, thirsty, luxurious, snow-white Cannon terry, with yards of comfortable fullness, raglan sleeves, huge draft-screen collar, two big carry-all pockets, wrap-around belt, tassel tie. Personalized with 3" press-on initial! A whopper of a Mopper, fits men, women perfectly. Order for yourself, for gifts, for guests! Gift-ready in clear plastic bag. $6.95 (king size for 6-footers, $7.95). Add 35¢ postage each Mopper. No COD's. Satisfaction guaranteed! Free catalog. Woodmere Mills, Dept A33, Bennington, Vt.

Takes hair off upper lip
haraway gelee

REMOVE FACIAL HAIR—$1

For a smooth upper lip, use safe Haraway, new cold process of removing facial hair. As easy to use as lipstick. Zip! and superfluous hair is out! Removes unsightly hair (bulb and all) from upper lip, cheek, chin and neck . . . in seconds! Discourages new growth, too. No messy wax, no heating, no smelly creams. Guaranteed to do the job or money back! Only $1.10 postage paid, federal tax included. Order Haraway from Sunset House, 2868 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

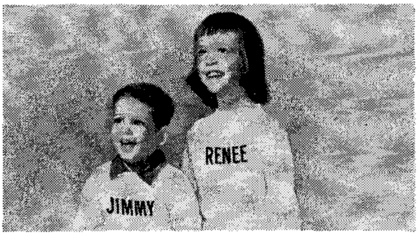
to the door as Dennis started a conversation with the man.

"We have a German shepherd, too," he said, "and boy, is he nice!"

The blind man patted his dog. "Is he as pretty as my dog?" he asked.

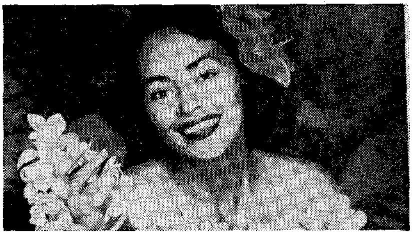
Now to Dennis, there is no other dog as beautiful or as wonderful as our Tel—and he will fight any boy on the block to prove his point. I saw him gulp and a look of distress

(*Continued on page* 198)



'MY OWN NAME' SWEAT SHIRTS—$1.79

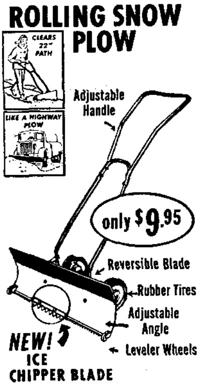
Children love Personalized Sweat Shirts like the professional athletes wear with their own names in big red letters. Heavy quality snow-white shirt is nylon reinforced at points of wear. Shrink resistant, keeps its shape permanently. Has full circular knit cuffs. Long wearing for rough and tumble play. Perfect gift! Satisfaction guar. Specify first names or nicknames. Order small (2-4 yrs.), medium (5-8 yrs.), large (9-11 yrs.). Only $1.79 each ppd. Order from Sunset House, 2868 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.



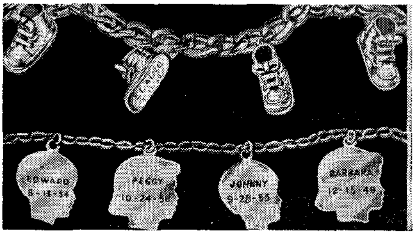
MELE KALIKIMAKA

Say "Merry Christmas" this year, Hawaiian style. Send an Aloha Box of luxury foods direct from Hawaii—your card enclosed. Box illustrated contains: 7½ oz. jars of poha jam, guava jelly, coconut syrup; kona coffee, macadamia nuts, and booklet "Hawaiian Words & Phrases." Postpaid anywhere in USA $5.00. Send 25¢ for complete illustrated mail order catalog of Hawaiian things. 25¢ refund on first purchase. Order from Stewarts' Hawaii, Dept. A, 1140 Kona St., Honolulu 14, Hawaii.

NO LIFTING OR BENDING!



All-steel plow rolls on 6" rubber tires. One trip clears the entire walk. Exclusive ice chipper edge! Carbon steel chipper edge bits thru icy, hard packed snow. Glides thru 8" drifts—clears 22" path. 7 adjustable positions up to 22. Throws snow right or left automatically. No lifting! No shoveling! Just roll snow away. Wheels on blade roll smoothly over cracks, rough pavement. 41" no-stoop handle. Silvery Cadmium and red finish. 22" blade. Order #1135-S $9.95. Deluxe model: larger 26" blade, traction tires, bonderized undercoating. Order #1004-S deluxe . . $12.98. No C.O.D.'s please. Add just 35¢ for postage and handling. Bancroft's, 2170 South Canalport Ave., Dept. CM-826, Chicago 8, Ill.



FOR PROUD MOTHERS & GRANDMOTHERS

She'll wear her heart on her wrist when she encircles it with an heirloom bracelet of our Solid Sterling Silver or 12K Gold-Filled Baby Shoes or Silhouettes. Each ¼" charm engraved with a child's name and birthdate. Up to 11 letters and spaces a line. Adorably crafted, of excellent weight and quality. Add more as the family grows. Baby Shoes $1.95 ea., Bracelet $1.95. Silhouettes $1.10 ea., Bracelet $1.10. Prices incl. postage, 25¢ engraving, & tax. Free catalog. Nancy Norman, 90 P. O. Bldg., Brighton, Mass.

$4,000.00 FOR 1913 LIBERTY HEAD NICKEL

OLD MONEY WANTED
$6500 PAID
For 1794
SILVER DOLLAR

We paid $6,500.00 for 1794 Dollar. Wanted certain others before 1904. 1870-S-$3.00 gold worth $25,000.00. Others fine pay $60.00 to $2,500.00. Certain Lincoln cents 1909-1955—$20.00-$175.00; Indian cents $225.00; Dimes 1894-1942—$25.00-$3,000.00; Quarters 1896-S-1923-S — $20.00-$600.00; Half Dollars 1838-O-1928 — $95.00-$3,000.00. Hundreds of others worth $10.00 to $3,000.00. Canadian coins—1921-5¢ Silver $100.00. 1889-10¢ $100.00. 1921-50¢ $750.00 For complete allcoin information, before sending coins, purchase for $1.00 our large illustrated guarantee buying-selling catalogue. Catalogue Dollar refunded. $20.00 sale. Worthycoin Corporation (K-434-C). Boston 8, Massachusetts

HANA
SOMALIA
ZANZIBAR
REPUBLIC

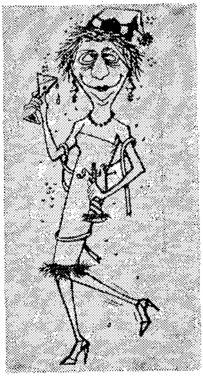
FREE! ABYSSINIA TO ZANZIBAR

This sensational get acquainted offer! From the world's largest stamp firm . . . Big valuable collection of genuine postage stamps from more than 30 different countries in exciting far-off Africa! Fabulous varieties—from Abyssinia to Zanzibar—picturing savage warriors, ancient conquerors, ferocious jungle beasts, man-eating reptiles. Extra! Big bargain catalog; collector's guide; other stamp offers for free consideration. Send 10¢ for mailing. Act now! H. E. Harris & Co., Dept. K, Boston 17, Mass.

SMARTEST THING ON TWO FEET . . .

Textured thermal Beaumates! New Bal-A-Tites, matching Bal-A-Slipon . . . for sports, lounging, figure-flattering warmth! Exclusive thermal knit stretch fabric of soft combed cotton "insulates" against zero winds, keeps you comfortably sleek indoors. Guaranteed runproof, retains skin-smooth fit and shape. Full-fashion cut, shadow-line seams, wide elastic waist band. Personalize with 2 press-on initials at ankle! Bal-A-Slipon has scoop neck, cap sleeves, velvet heart monogram. Specify sizes: petite (under 5'3"), average (5'4"-5'7"), tall (over 5'8"). Colors: black, royal blue, fire red. Only $4.75 each, $9 set, ppd. No COD's. Woodmere Mills Inc. Dept. B6, Bennington, Vt. Write for free catalog.

HANGOVER PIN-UP BEAUTIES—$1

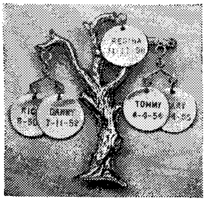


Are you tired of gorgeous gal calendars? Are you weary of dolls with classic dimensions and come-hither allure? You can relax now. Here are a dozen downhill dames who shun tape measures and form-fitting dresses. They give your female a cuddly superiority complex! Order our Hangover Pin-Up Beauties. Makes wonderful, different gifts for your discriminating friends, too. This is the Unbewitching 1960 calendar that features big week-ends and absolutely no Mondays in the whole year. Sent in plain wrapper (like our models) for just $1 postpaid. Order Hangover Pin-Up Beauties today from Greenland Studios, Department CO, 5858 Forbes Avenue, Pittsburgh 17, Pennsylvania.

(Continued on next page)

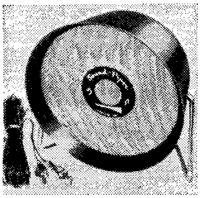
MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS

Diamonds cost at least $1000 for 1-carat, yet comparable selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only $27, tax incl. — 1/30 of diamond cost! Brilliantly beau. hand-cut & polished, amaz. Capra Gems acclaimed miracle of modern science. Priced within reach of all. Write for bklt. of easy-pay details. Send no money. Capra Gem Co., Dept. CT-119, P. O. 5145, Phila. 41.



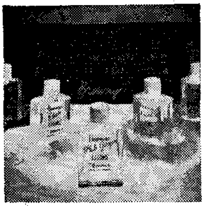
FOR PROUD MOTHERS & GRANDMOTHERS

Family Tree Brooch proudly proclaims the beloved children or grandchildren. Each disc engraved with a child's name and birthdate. Up to 9 letters and spaces per line. Sculptured 2¼" Tree holds 1 to 12 Sterling Silver Discs. Add more as family branches out! Tree $2.00. Discs $1.00 each, includes pstge. 25¢ engraving tax. Zenith Gifts, 830 P. O. Bldg., Brighton, Mass.



NEW PORTABLE HI-FI SPEAKER

For your listening pleasure wherever you are—(waterproof). A quality electronic product—finest reproduction—for Hi-fi, stereo, radio or tv. Diameter 6" Black or turquoise. Brass plated stand and speaker face. 20' extension cord. Money-back guar. $6.95 ppd. Modern American Products, P. O. Box 3302, Merchandise Mart Station, Chicago 54, Ill.



ALOHA FROM HAWAII

Five exotic essences from Hawaii, in the "Aloha Set." Exquisite whispering fragrances of the pikake, white ginger, orchid, plumeria, and heavenly lani. Smartly wrapped! $4.95 prepaid surface mail, or $5.90 airmail ppd. Write today for other exciting and authentic products of Hawaii and the South seas. Address: Gifts Of Hawaii, P. O. Box 8084, Waikiki, Hawaii.

Sporty
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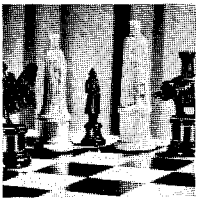
Silver Linings *continued*

darkened his face. Then he crossed his fingers quickly, held them up for me to see and said, "Oh, he's a nice dog, but not nearly as beautiful as yours." The man gave a proud smile, but he could not have been half as proud as I was of my son.

—MRS. MARY C. MAVRIDIS

SHORTLY AFTER the beginning of classes one morning, a mother telephoned the junior high school where I am an administrator and asked if she might speak with her seventh-grade son. Upon being told that it was unusual for a student to be called to the telephone except in cases of emergency, she explained that this had been one of those mornings when everything had gone wrong. The family had gotten up late, the baby had been fretful, the toast had burned, the boy couldn't find his books, and when, finally, he was ready to leave for school, she had hurried him out of the house without even a good-by.

She went on to explain that when she had had time to calm down she realized she had been unduly irritable and that the boy would not only worry and be unhappy all day, but



FAMOUS FLORENTINE CHESSMEN!

Authentic replica of 11th Century chessmen owned by Cosimo de Medici, now on display in Florence. Weighted and felted. King over 4". 32 pc. set Bl & Wh or Red & Wh $7.95 plus 75¢ post. & hand. No C.O.D. Chessbds. Bl & Buff masonite $4; Walnut inlaid $12; Mahogany formica inlaid $14; Bl & Wh marbleized formica $16. Savah Box 27125 Co L.A. 27, Calif.

he wouldn't be able to keep his mind on his work. She just wanted to tell him that she still loved him and was sorry she had been so cross.

We called the boy to the telephone and watched his expression change from gloom to happiness.

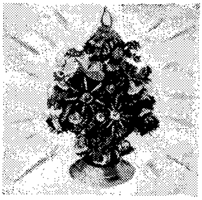
—KATHLEEN TENNEY

ONE CHRISTMAS several years ago, I gave my father a small memo pad he had been wanting for his desk. He never used it, however, for shortly after the holiday he suffered a fatal stroke. For sentimental reasons, I tucked the pad into a drawer with other keepsakes of Dad's.

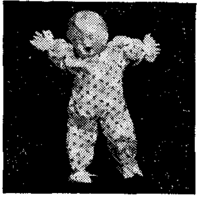
This past Christmas, I took stock of what had befallen me since my father's death: sadly, I realized that nearly all my loved ones had passed away. This holiday, I felt, would be one of the loneliest I had ever known. On Christmas morning, alone and downhearted, something drew me to Dad's old den. Idly, I opened the drawer with the objects and memories so dear to me. At once my eyes fell upon the little memo pad. I took it out and lifted the cover. There on the first sheet, in my father's own handwriting, was a

BLINKING CHRISTMAS TREES—2 FOR $1

Just 6½" tall—the most adorable little tree you've ever seen! Tiny winking lights blink on and off—bright and colorful. Sparkle with miniature glass candle ornaments. Set it on mantel, party table, window sill or TV set—it works on regular flashlight battery (not included). A delightful gift. Only $1 for 2 ppd. Guar. Damar's, 56-L DamarBldg.,Elizabeth,N.J.



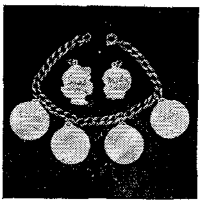
ANIMATED MUSICAL BABY DOLL



The sleeping doll is a mechanical marvel. When you wind her up, the music box plays a lullaby while she moves her head in her sleep, stretches and turns just like a real baby. Dressed in pajamas, 11" long, head, hands and feet of unbreakable vinyl. $5.50 prepaid. Dept. C, Gina & Selma, Inc., 1048 Lexington Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

BRACELET FOR MOM & GRANDMA

This bracelet in beautiful St/Silver bears record on each disc or silhouette. Script engraved with name, day, month & year of birth of child or grandchild. St. Silver Bracelet $1.50 Ea. Disc & Silhouette $1 12K G/Fill Bracelet $2.75 Ea. 12K G/Fill Disc $1.75 Plus 10% FET. No COD's. Edward H. Ziff, Importer, Box 3072, Mdse Mart Plaza Dpt. CO-119, Chicago 54, Ill.

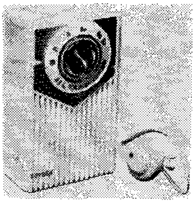


TOT'S 'TICK-TOCK' WATCH—59¢

Realistic toy Watch ticks just like mommy's and daddy's. Keeps its lucky owner fascinated! Ticking never stops—Watch is self-winding. Has stem, working hands and sturdy band. Shock-proofed to take lots of knocking about. This proven gift becomes a child's proudest possession! 59¢ ppd. 4 for $1.98. Sunset House, 2869 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

LISTEN TO RADIO . . . WHEREVER YOU GO

For only $10.95 enjoy big radio performance with this Futura all transistor pocket size beauty. Hi-Fi earphone, lets you listen at home, away or on go. Excellent local station reception, not recommended for remote rural areas. Volume control. No ground nec. Money back guar. Ppd. $10.95 with 500 hr. battery. King Distributors, 814 Calhoun, Ft. Wayne, Ind.



GIANT CHRISTMAS STOCKING

. . . for the "person who wants everything." You'll have a barrel of fun when friends see this tremendous Xmas stocking. Hang it on mantel, front door or tree; makes terrific gag gift for friends or may be mailed as novel greeting . . . 36" long, 12" wide, made of white percale, red felt trimming. Only $1 ppd. Dept. C-2, Leister Game Co., 9 N. St. Clair St., Toledo, O.

FOR THE PERSON WHO WANTS Everything

(Continued on next page)

COLORFUL PHOTO GREETING FOLDERS

Personalize your holiday greetings with your favorite snapshot! "Photo" Christmas folders, with gay designs, holiday sentiment inside, double as picture frames. 25 photos from your negative, folders, matching envelopes, only $1.69. Free sample. Choice of styles, sentiments. Quantity discounts. Film-Craft, Box 2E, Madison Sq. Sta., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

YOU CAN BE ALMOST 2 INCHES TALLER

It's true! You put on these amazing "Elevators" shoes and instantly you "grow" almost 2 inches taller! No one will know how it's done because "Elevators" look like any other smart shoes. They add not only to your height but to your poise and confidence. For free booklet showing over 30 styles, write Stone-Tarlow, Dept. 2-119 Brocton 68, Mass.

WIN IN A THROW—$1

Throw-A-Word dice game is a sure party stopper! Each player rolls 12 dice from shaker to form words from letters that turn up. More fun than a spelling bee. Grand gift idea for kids and adults. Guaranteed or money back! Only $1, postage paid. Order Throw-A-Word from Sunset House, 2869 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!

Learn world's most fascinating business. We teach you to repair, make, sell all kinds of dolls and accessories. Study at home. Earn while you learn. Start your own business part or full time. We show you how. Free informative booklet without obligation. The Doll Hospital School, 11826 San Vicente, Studio CS-119, Los Angeles 49, California.

DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE

You can cause infection by pulling hair from nose. Ordinary scissors are dangerous. No better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with Hollis Klipette. So simple! Just turn end. Surplus hair comes out easily, gently. Made from fine surgical steel. Money back guarantee. $1.00 post paid. Hollis Co., 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y., Dept. F-1.

Silver Linings *continued*

simple message: "Have a Merry Christmas, dear, Your loving dad."

—IRENE M. CLEMON

MY HUSBAND AND I recently retired from Chicago to a little town in the hills of California, and have been impressed with the kindliness of all the townspeople. But one act beyond the call of duty we will never forget.

We were good customers of the local laundromat for our first few months in town. After that we no longer had to use the laundromat. Months later, however, our machine broke down. Remembering that Ralph, the laundromat man, had the same make of machines, I phoned him to ask who serviced them. "Oh, I usually manage to keep them going myself," he replied, "but I'll be glad to come over and see what's wrong with yours." So the one man

"DOG" CUFF LINKS & TIE CLASP

Own a pair of these handsome cuff links & matching tie clasp. Your favorite dog's head sculptured true to life! Heavy 24K gold plated. Specify "breed"... Boxer, German Shepherd, Setter, Collie, Great Dane, Terrier, Spaniel, Scotty, Poodle & many others. Links $7.50 pr. Clasp $5, tax included, ppd. Hano, 1598-C Third Ave., N. Y. 28, N. Y.

GROW LONG NAILS IN MINUTES!

Brush on Magic Liquid easily. Change ugly short, split, bitten nails into hard, long, glamorous nails in minutes. Stronger than your own! Can be trimmed filed, and beautifully polished. Stops nail biting & splitting! Stays on until own nails grow. Used by millions! Large $5 kit only $1.98 ppd. CODs accepted. Charles of 5th Ave., 550 5th Ave., Dept. C-4, NY 36

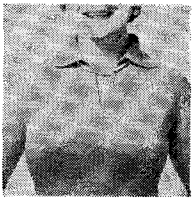
BEFORE

AFTER

who could have profited by having our machine remain broken sprawled on our cold, dirty basement floor for half an hour, found and fixed the trouble—and then would accept no pay for his services. We are no longer customers of his—just staunch, admiring friends. —MRS. ASHTON CASLER

WHILE SPENDING a week end in Philadelphia last summer, I attended the Russian-American track meet at Franklin Field. The morning after the event, I was walking down one of Philadelphia's tree-lined streets. It was a beautiful day, bright and warm. Somehow, a nameless tune had invaded my mind, and I whistled it cheerfully as I strode along.

Then, out of nowhere, a hand reached out and tapped me on the shoulder. I wheeled around to confront a chunky stranger with salt-and-pepper gray hair. He was neatly dressed, but in the European style—with a double-breasted suit.

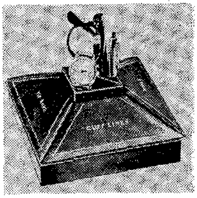


AFTER BREAST SURGERY

Look and feel normal again . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.

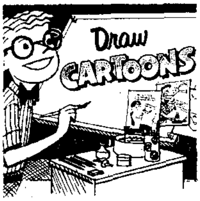
$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-EX, Lynn, Massachusetts.



MAN'S DRESSER-ORGANIZER—$3.98

Holds watch, cuff links, tie pins, change, rings, glasses & wallet—each in separate compartment. He knows where everything is! Spins around to make him feel extra efficient. Handsomely gold-tooled leatherette, moire-lined. Practical gift! Money back guar. Dresser Valet, only $3.98 postage pd. Sunset House, 2869 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, California.



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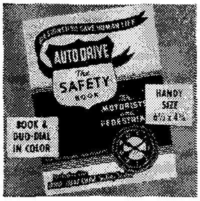
Earnings are excellent for successful Cartoonists. You don't need previous training or art ability with the "Famous System of Manual Training." Learn Cartooning rapidly, easily! 1000's of successful grads. Continental supplies all incl. 15-pc. professional kit. Write for free catalog. Dept. CT-11, Continental Schools, Inc., 4201 S. Broadway, Los Angeles 37, Calif.



IS YOUR FAMILY'S LIFE WORTH $1?

Priceless in life-saving values, Auto Drive is America's No. 1 traffic safety book for motorists and pedestrians. Includes Duo-Dial question selector & habit-attitude chart. 100 illustrations. Easy to read & remember. You get two complete sets—one for family and one for car. Send $1.00 ppd. Money back guar. Auto Drive Safety, 298 B'way, N. Y. 7, N. Y.

FOLLOW APOLLO TO APOLLO BEACH

Most completely developed Waterfront property on Florida's Gulf Coast. On Tampa Bay and US 41, 10 miles So. of Tampa. Paved streets, water, sewers, storm drainage. Shopping center, 5 mile beach, golf course, 80 miles of sea-walled canals, community house and pool. Lots $50 down, $50 mo. Sea-walled waterfront—$90 down. Box 334, Apollo Beach, Fla.

INSURANCE FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

Let us tell you how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family. You can handle the entire transaction by mail. No one will call on you. Simply mail postcard, giving year of birth, to Old American Insurance Company, Dept. L1125M, 4900 Oak., Kansas City, Missouri.

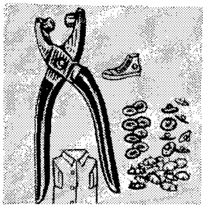
(Continued on next page)

EXERCISE RETARDS AGING!

Famous heart specialist and two noted physiologists tell how normal men and women can keep fit, trim, active and youthful, particularly after 35, by simple exercises that stimulate the circulation. Mailed free by Exercise For Health, Box 2520, New York 17, N. Y. Ask for pamphlets A-79, A-80 and A-81.

Can Simple Exercise Help You?

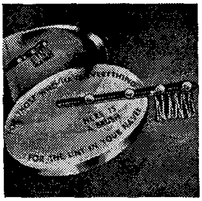
SNAP FASTENER PLIER—$1.98



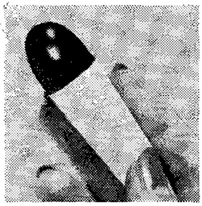
Does away with button sewing forever. Includes 8 sets of brass & 8 sets of nickel sure-grip fasteners. Guaranteed rust-proof & laundry-proof. Ideal for diapers, dresses, blouses, underwear, etc. $1.98 plus 25¢ pp. & hdlg. Additional 30 sets of brass or nickel fasteners (specify)—$1.00 ppd. Scott Mitchell House, Inc., Dept. SS-11, 415 S. Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.

BELLY BUTTON BRUSH—79¢

Just what he needs! Give favorite gal or guy the gag present of the year—a Belly Button Brush. Deluxe rhinestone studded handle & elegant plastic gift box. Guar. to create gift excitement. You'll be complimented for something so unusual. Belly Button Brush, only 79¢ each, 4 for $2.98, pstg. paid. Sunset House, 2687 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Cal.



TEEN-AGERS: DAB AWAY BLEMISHES!



Dab Antiseptic Camphor in the new roll-on dispenser helps blemishes disappear like magic! Send for Dab Antiseptic Camphor today. Skin eruptions should be treated as they appear & until they disappear. New Dab's roll-on dispenser makes constant treatment possible. Fits pocket or purse. $1.00 ppd. Guyer Laboratories, 1823 University, St. Paul, Minn.

EASY TO LEARN—FUN TO USE

Learn to add, subtract, multiply, divide, do square and cube root on this oldest calculating machine. Genuine imported 13-column brass bound Chinese abacus, $3.50. Completely illus. instruction book, Abacus Arithmetic, shows how to perform all operations, $1.50. Money back guar. Department C, Pacific Books, Box 558, Palo Alto, California.

ABACUS ARITHMETIC

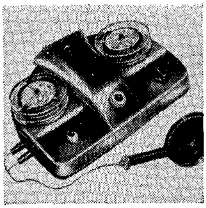
Silver Linings continued

"Pardon me," he said with a thick accent, "but that tune you are whistling—I do not like it. I am Hungarian and I have heard it too often." He spoke quietly, without rancor, but I could feel the intensity behind his words.

Suddenly, what he was saying sank in. I felt the blood rush to my face as I realized just what tune I had been whistling. It was the Soviet national anthem, which I had heard played at the track meet the day before. "I'm terribly sorry . . ." I began lamely.

Sensing my embarrassment, the Hungarian quickly put his hands on my shoulders and laughed almost apologetically. "No, my friend, it is *I* who should be sorry," he said. "I have lived in this country since the uprising in 1956. By now I should

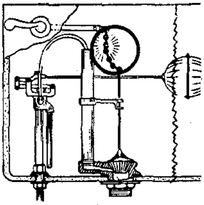
PORTABLE TAPE RECORDER—$29.95



Precision, portable, battery operated, transistor tape recorder. Hi-quality reproduction. Weighs 2 lbs. From W.Germany. Records voice & music, plays back, erases —variable speed controls. Home, students, business. Records radio & TV shows. Recorder, combination microphone & private listening device, tape, only $29.95 + $1.25 pp. Filnor, Dept. M-77, 101 W. 31st St.,NY1.

49¢ STOPS THAT RUNNING TOILET

At last! A simple, logical, inexpensive way to finally and positively stop that running toilet. Never-Fail Swivel Adaptor instantly stops flow of water after each flushing. Keeps toilet silent when not in use. Cuts water and plumbing bills. Fits all toilets—easy to install. 49¢ ea. ppd. Never-Fail Mfg. Company, P. O. Box 986, Portland 7, Oregon.



know that only in America can a man walk down the street whistling the anthem of his worst enemy—and never worry about what will happen!"

—DICK KAPLAN

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

LILLIPUTIAN LOGIC

THE FIRST-GRADE teacher was reading to her class when she came across the word, "unaware." She paused in her reading to ask if anyone knew the meaning of the word.

One tiny girl raised her hand timidly and gave her definition: "Unaware is what you put on first and take off last."

—MRS. ALICE REDMONT

HOSIERY DISCOUNT CLUB 1 PAIR FREE

"Stretch Nylons" revolutionize the wearing of ladies hose. No seam, no wrinkle. Stays neat & snug. Order 3 pr. at a time towards your dozen. 13th pr. free. Guar. 1st qual. Money-making plan "Gift Catalog" & record card sent. Intro. offer 1 pr. $1.15, 3 pr. $3.30, color, tan or beige. No COD's. State size. N. Y. Consumers Service, 210 5th Ave., NY 10, NY.

YOU CAN BE MAGNETICALLY ATTRACTIVE

You can become a charming woman, an adored sweetheart, a good mother, a desirable wife. Exciting course answers personal problems on grooming, conversation, diet, exercise, skin & hair care. Deluxe $10 edition, now only $3.98 ppd. Money-back guar. (Including $6.98 Healtholizer, $8.98). Ann Blake, Studio H-11, 331 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

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CALCULATOR
ADD
SUBTRACT
MULTIPLY
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ADDING MACHINE $2.95 (2 FOR $4.95)

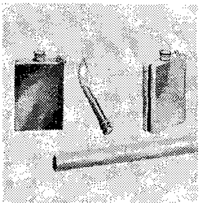
Only machine of its size & price that counts to 999,999,999. Adds, subtracts, mult., div. Ideal for business, home students, tax work. Send name, address, $2.95 plus pstg. COD, if ck. of M.O., we pay pstg. ($3.04 in Pa. incl. 3% tax). Leatherette case. 10-day money bk. guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. N-95, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

IF YOU ARE UNDER 80 . . .

. . . and over 50 years, a $500.00 life insurance policy can help pay last expenses without burdening family or friends. Low rates . . . money-back guarantee . . . non-assessable . . . handled entirely by mail. Men or women in good health send name, address and age to Security Life Insurance Co. of America, 137-L East Grant St., Minneapolis 3, Minn.

SEE SAMPLE PHOTO-YULECARD

Send neg. with 10¢ (after Dec. 1, 15¢). Returned with Deluxe embossed Yulecard, descriptive folder. Black & white, 20 for $1 + 35¢ shipping (if no neg. send photo & 50¢). Color photo: send neg. or slide and 20¢ + 5¢ post. With envs. & folders: 10-$1.95 + 35¢ shipping; 25-$4.95 + 45¢; 50-$9.95 + 50¢. Satis. Guar. Yulecards, Dept. 33, Quincy 69, Mass.



PERMANENT MATCH NEVER FAILS—69¢

New "everlight" Match can't miss. Pull the permanent metal Match out of its thin case, strike it on the side—it's lit! Put Match back in case to extinguish. Lasts for years. Petite and thin—only 1¾" high. Has small ring to slip on keychain. Guar. Permanent Match, only 69¢, ppd. Two for $1.25. Sunset House, 2869 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

IT'S FUN TO REDUCE THAT BULGE

& lose that flabby appearance with Healtholizer exerciser. It is designed for busy men & women with little time for slenderizing & streamlining their bodies. Start improving your figure with just 10 minutes a day. Prescribed by Doctors, used in Hospitals. $6.98. (Including $3.98 Ann Blake Course, $8.98). Healtholizer, Dept. H-11, 331 Madison Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

(Continued on next page)

PUT PERSONALITY INTO YOUR VOICE!

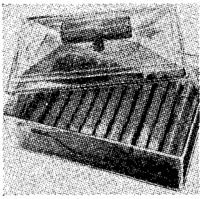
Improve the power of your speaking and singing voice in the privacy of your own room. Self-training program, mostly silent. No music required. Tested method praised by TV star Bob Cummings and thousands of grateful men, women—since 1916. Free booklet in plain wrapper. State age. Prefect Voice Institute, 210 S. Clinton St., LR-58, Chicago 6, Ill.

SHIRTS FOR TALL MEN ONLY!

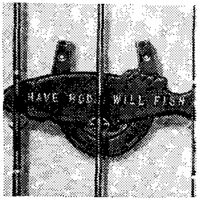
Now! Perfect fit for tall or big men, in specially designed shirts! Sleeve lengths 35 to 38. Bodies cut 4 inches longer than ordinary shirts! Dress and sport shirts in wide variety of styles, fabrics, colors. Also dress, sport, work and athletic shoes in sizes 10AAA to 16EEE! Not sold *in stores by mail only!* Get free catalog. King-Size, 495 Brockton, Mass.

KEEP YOUR CIGARS IN PERFECT CONDITION

The amazing Dunhill Sta-Fresh Humidor is ideal for home, office or car. *Revives dry cigars, keeps them* in peak condition. Patented reservoir in lid releases moisture as needed, requires refilling only once a month. Attractive simulated tortoise shell, weight 1 lb. Only $5.00. Order by mail from Alfred Dunhill of London, Dept. C, 534 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Ill.



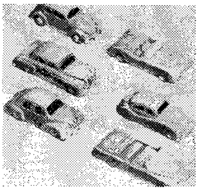
NEW LUCKY FISHING ROD HOLDER $1.98



For the fisherman of the family . . . a handy holder for his prized rods. Lucky fishing rod holder in cast aluminum keeps rods safe, prevents warping. Holds 3 rods. Aluminum raised lettering on black finish. Hooks will not damage guides. Completely assembled. Send $1.98 plus 25¢ postage and handling. Harrison Products, PO Box 39, Dept. 115D, Bethpage, NY

40 MODEL CARS FOR ONLY $1.

Perfectly scaled models of foreign & American cars, brilliantly colored & detailed. A world of pleasure *for any child or adult.* No assembling nec. Unbreakable. Each car marked clearly with its own name; Jaguar, MG., Cadillac. All the cars kids dream about. Gift packaged. Just $1, plus 25¢ post. & handling. Sports Cars, Dept. K-89, 11 E. 47 St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.



MY GRANDDAUGHTER, Carol, and her best friend, Laurie, were playing in our living room when suddenly a dispute arose concerning a certain doll.

"You leave my house right now, and never come back!" pouted Carol. Laurie dutifully picked up her sweater and started for the door.

"Where're you going?" Carol wanted to know.

"Home," was the short response.

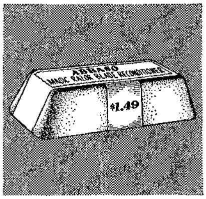
"Wait a minute, I'll go with you," wound up the episode.

—BYRON KAUFMANN

I ATTENDED our local fireworks dis-

MAGIC RAZOR BLADE RECONDITIONER

Men! Here's a brand new item—Abraso Magic Razor Blade Reconditioner—that will give you 100 or more clean, easy, painless shaves per blade. Abraso is guaranteed to do all we claim for it or your money back. Simple to use. Full instructions included. Lasts a lifetime. $1.49 ppd. Order today. Raysol Products, Dept. C, 103 So. Broadway, Poplar Bluff, Mo.



WHY DRESS OLD-FASHIONED?

For only $10—we can change your double-breasted suits and overcoats into up-to-date narrow lapel, single-breasted styles. Also wide lapel, single-breasted suits made narrow lapel. No fitting necessary. Bring in or mail your coat with $5 deposit. Goodwin Master Tailors, 3248 3rd Avenue (at 163rd St.), Bronx 56, New York. WY1-4350. Open 9 AM to 7 PM.

FRENCH IMPORTED 4 SPOUT DECANTER

This beautiful 4-in-one decanter is the practical conversation piece for you or someone special. Hand blown of Semi-Crystal it is unusually decorative when filled with four different liquids & makes an attractive bar or table piece. 32 ozs. capacity. Only $5.95 ppd. Write for free catalogue. The Gourmet's Choice Inc., 537 Third Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

play last Fourth of July with a friend's five-year-old daughter who viewed the panorama with unconcealed awe.

At a pause in the "Oh's," and "Ah's" of the crowd, she turned to me and said with genuine concern, "Gosh, I sure hope God doesn't get hurt!" —MRS. KENNETH R. NIVENS

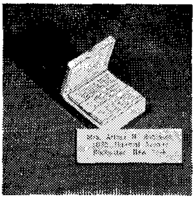
MARITAL MAZE

A WIDOWER was invited to attend a seance, but he declined. "Don't you believe in the spirit world?" his friend asked.

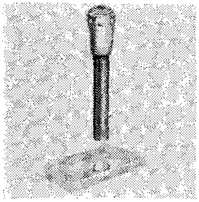
"Oh, yes," said the widower, "but I can't afford it very often."

1000 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS $1

Any 3 different orders $2 ppd. Your name & address handsomely printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Padded. Packed with Free, Plastic Gift Box. Use them on stationery, books, cards, etc. Special—Save Money. Any 3 different orders $2. Satisfaction guaranteed. Handy Labels, 1187 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City, California.



KIT REPAIRS HOLES IN CLOTHES



Reweaving too expensive? Do-it-yourself with Weave-Matcher in a matter of min. 3 simple steps. Hole repaired lasts life of garment & defies detection! Suitable any cloth, especially fine men & women's suits. Kit lasts indefinitely! Think of savings! Kit (⅜" & less hole) $2.49 pp Weave-Matcher Co., 2710 Richmond Ave., Houston 6, Texas.

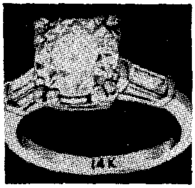
COMBINETTE SAFETY PILL-BANK

At last! New dual purpose 'Combination Lock Bank!' Ideal for safeguarding children from dangerous modern pills. Complete with Owens-Illinois Plastic Pill Vial. Each "Combinette" has different combination. When used as 'Money Bank' will hold up to $25.00 in coins. Precision made. Only $2.00 ppd. Combinette Container Co., 10 Seventh St., San Francisco 3, Calif.

FREE CATALOG—LADIES WIDE SHOES

See many fashionable styles for dress or work—all heel heights, season's newest colors. In widths C to EEE, all sizes 4 to 11. Shown here, new "Norma" pointed-toe pump with beaded bow, 2⅛" slim heels. In black suede; black, brown or red kid. $9.95 ppd., money back guar. Order or get free catalog. Syd Kushner, Dept. C-11, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

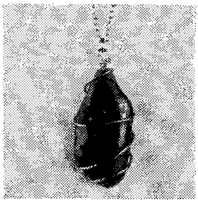
MORE BRILLIANT THAN DIAMONDS



Jarra Gems surpass all other gems in fiery brilliance. Hard to distinguish this man-made stone from a diamond, handcut & polished by expert craftsmen. Send for free booklet! Tells amaz. story of Jarra Gems. Shows variety of Ladies' & Men's rings. Unset Jarra Gems (1-5 carats) $25. a carat, tax incl. Dept. CR11, Jarra Gem Corp., 489 Fifth Ave. NYC.

GENUINE JADE NECKLACE, $1.95

Genuine Jade Nugget, the traditional good-luck stone, makes a striking pendant. Lovely polished green jade is encircled by a gold-plated band and is suspended from a golden chain. Only $1.95 plus 25¢ handling. Earrings or bracelet to match. $1.95 each, plus handling. Order today from Empire, 4 North 3rd Avenue, Mount Vernon, New York.



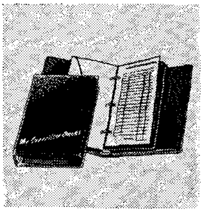
BIG REMINDER CALENDAR—79¢

CALENDAR PAL
1960 JANUARY 1960

Extra large Calendar won't let you forget! Shows 6 weeks at a glance! Each day has a larger square to jot in appointments, birthdays and anniversaries. Complete through December, 1960 with extra sheet for important dates used yearly. Giant 22"x16" Calendar, $1. Big 17"x11" Jr. Calendar, 79¢, pstg. paid. Sunset House, 2869 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Cal.

DELUXE CANCELED CHECK FILE $2.95

A complete 2 years filing system for your personal checks. Each envelope holds your monthly checks & bank statement. The checks may be recorded on the front of each envelope for easy reference. Contains 24 4⅛"x8½" envelopes. Ring binder, beautifully bound in red, brown or green. $2.95 ea., 3 for $8 ppd. Edes & Co., 114 N. 13th St., Phila. 7, Pa.



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DOG IDENTIFICATION TAG

Pitiful to see a lost dog in frantic search of his home. *Provoking to the* finder who is unable to locate the owner. ID tag *gives dog's and owner's* name, address and phone number. In lifetime stain-*less steel or deluxe gold* plate. Please print full information. $1.50 ppd. Elron Inc., 352 W. Ontario, Dept. 501, Chicago 10, Illinois.

CHIEF
RETURN ME TO
WM. BROWNE
1218 BROAD ST.
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FLORIDA

DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE

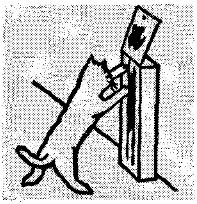
Draw any person, still life, *map, photo, landscape* without talent! Anything is automatically seen on *paper thru Magic Art Re*producer. Reduces, Enlarges. Follow lines of *"picture-image" with pen*cil for artistic drawing. $1.98 postpaid with order, or *C.O.D. plus postage.* Money back guar. after trial. Norton, Dept. 296, 296 Broadway, N. Y. 7.

EXOTIC HAREM LOUNGING BOOTS—$2.98

Fantastically comfortable! Lustrous quilted rayon satin in jet black or vivid red. Lavishly hand embroidered with golden lotus blossoms—white pearl centers! Softly lined. Leather soles. Only $2.98 ppd. Specify small (4-5½), medium (6-7½), large (8-9½). Guar. Order black or red Harem Boots, Sunset House, 2869 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

SCRATCHIN' POST FOR KITTY

Permits cat to flex its claws without damage to drapes, furniture. May be used on floor or on wall. Treated with catnip to attract kitty . . . ideal gift for friends who own cats . . . If not available at local pet counters, order direct at $1.50 postpaid. Get free folder on Lowe cat products—Lowe's, Inc., C-4, Cassopolis, Michigan.



NEW 5-FT. LONG BALLOONS

Delight Kiddies-Grown-Ups, too! Made of live latex, almost 5-Ft. long inflated. Balloons this size usually sell up to 25c ea. Send only $1 now, plus 25c pstg. and hdlg. for 200 in variety of gay colors! Supply limited at this low price, so order several sets Now. Money Back Guar. Balloons Unlimited, Dept. B.U.-94-A, P.O. Box 264 Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y.

Twist into a Thousand Shapes

200 for $1.00

Giraffes — Dachshunds

Pets of All Kinds

His friend looked puzzled. "But it isn't very expensive. And the medium may be able to put you in touch with your wife."

"Oh, she has, she has," said the widower. "She summoned up Henrietta's spirit to say a few words, and it was just like old times. When Henrietta had finished talking, I had missed two meals and three appointments, and owed the medium for six hours overtime." —KEN KRAFT *(Quote)*

I WAS comfortably seated in the barber's chair when a customer entered the shop with his young son in tow. He was obviously a newcomer be-

TONE & TIGHTEN VITAL MUSCLES . . .

Kay Fuller Facelift System softens skin lines, firms muscles along neck & throat to keep a youthful look. Made of flesh-colored scientific material, washable & easy to wear. Stops snoring. Used by head & plastic surgeons, hospitals. Free system of Salon Treatment for home use $4.95 Postage 10¢. Send check or money order. Fuller, Dept. C-1, 135 E. 50 St. N.Y. 22

KAY FULLER
FACELIFT MASK

LEARN FLORAL ARRANGEMENT

For pleasure . . . please *friends, family with pro*fessional corsages, arrangements, floral designs. *For Profit . . . prepare for* moneymaking opportunities in Floral Field full/part time. Start own profitable business. Study, earn certificates at home. Free book. Write National Floral Institute, 11826 San Vincente, Studio CS-119, Los Angeles 49, California.

Your Opportunities in

1,000,000 SATISFIED USERS

One of the easiest, least expensive ways to recondition your car's engine is to drop a few of these Motaloy tabs in your fuel tank. You'll get increased compression and a ring and valve job as Motaloy replates worn engine parts. *Increases mileage, cuts oil*burning. $6 ppd., Motaloy Company, Dept. C. *1003 Military Dr., N. E.,* San Antonio, Texas.

MOTALOY
$6
GUARANTEED

cause he received no personal greeting from the barber.

After selecting two magazines and finding seats for himself and the boy, the man read quietly; but the youngster repeatedly pestered his dad for answers to this or that question.

The barber's conversation with me was running a bit thin as his glance kept wandering over to the talkative child. Finally he said to the harassed father: "Say mister, that boy of yours sure talks a lot, doesn't he?"

The father continued looking at his magazine as he replied, "Yep. He *looks* like her, too." —JAMES L. WOLF

HER FACE WILL NEVER GROW HAIR AGAIN

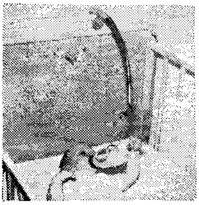
ONLY
$9.95
COMPLETE

Remove ugly, unwanted hair forever in seconds, from lips, chin or any part of body. Roots destroyed instantly, leaving skin unmarred by ugly hair for life. Gentle, safe. Complete guarantee if Permagon doesn't do for $9.95 what beauticians charge hundreds of $$ for $9.95 ppd. COD $1 deposit. Brian-Lloyd Co., Dept. M-16, 11 E. 47 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

100 LITTLE DOLLS—1 PENNY EACH

100 Dolls made of Styrene & Synthetic Rubber—only $1. Baby Dolls, Nurse Dolls, Dancing Dolls, Costume Dolls, Cowboy Dolls, Bride Dolls, & many more, in exquisite detail up to 4", not made of paper or rags but of Styrene & Synthetic Rubber. Money Back Guar. Send $1. & 25¢ for pstg. & hdlg. for each set to: 100 Doll Co., Dept. K-239, 11 E. 47th St., NY 17.

SAVE YOUR BABY

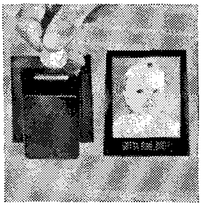


Keep baby safe and content with Baby Bottle Butler. Bottle stays in front of baby, just like mother's arms. Completely safe—eliminates smothering. Fastens to crib in seconds, holds fast. Made of durable metal, lifetime construction with sanitary white rubber clamps. Guaranteed. $4.95, postpaid. Baby Bottle Butler, Box 1154, Omaha, Nebraska.

STRETCH-TO-HEALTH

Perfected in Hollywood and used by men and women who know value of keeping trim. Ingenious rubber device is combination rowing machine and exerciser. Comes with chart and instructions for pulling in tummy, reducing excess weight, firming flabby leg muscles. Guar. Only $3.98 ppd. Cash, check, or m.o. Evelyn Hull, 1923 Berkley Ave., Dallas 24, Texas.

SAVE YOUR MONEY IN A PHOTO-BANK

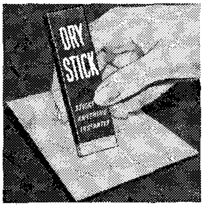


Actually a handsome photo-frame with built-in bank. Insert favorite family pictures in front—drop coins through slot in back into large money compartment. Soon you have enough for gifts, other expenses. Sturdy shatterproof constr. —catchy phrase is gold-embossed on front. 2 for only $1 ppd. Guar.! Damar's, 56-L Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

MONOGRAMMED BOOK MARKS

Elegantly made of Solid Sterling Silver, they will be treasured by all your book-loving friends. 2¼" high, they slip onto page easily. Give Cross design to nuns, clergy, bible-readers. Specify initials and Cross, Round or Crest design. Only $1.00 each, incl. postage, 25¢ engraving, tax. Nancy Norman, 357 P.O. Building, Brighton, Massachusetts.

DRY ADHESIVE GLUES FAST! 59¢



Rub on dry . . . makes paper stick to anything! Replaces tapes, glue, tacks, pins, staples, paper clips. Keeps forever . . . no more dried-out glue bottles. For all pasting, scrapbooks, recipes, shelf-paper, torn wallpaper, photos, albums. 1000's of uses. Money back guarantee! Dry Stick, only 59¢ ppd. 2 for $1. Sunset House, 2869 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

WANTED: MOTEL RESORT MANAGERS

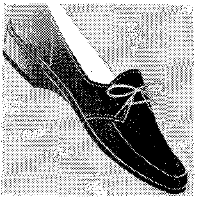
Men-women! Qualify for hundreds fascinating well-paid executive positions now open with luxurious Motel-Resorts Coast-to-coast. Pick location, climate! Employment assistance. Experience unnecessary. Learn at home, spare time. Free booklet, write Motel Managers School, Dept. C-119, 612 S. Serrano, Los Angeles 5, California.

(Continued on next page)

START TO PLAY IN 15 MINUTES

This proven successful short cut method teaches you to play songs with both hands in 15 minutes. No scales, exercises, or practice. Secret is the patented Automatic Chord Selector. Sample lesson, chord selector, note selector and 5 simple "play-at-once" songs for the price of the postage—10¢. Dean Ross, 45 W. 45, Dept. S-2159, New York 36.

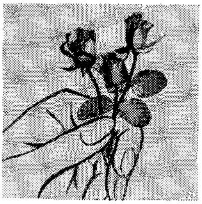
SIZE-FAMOUS 1 to 13, AAAAAA to EEEEE



Girls, buy our Good shoes by mail! Our vast range of styles 'n sizes insures perfect fit! Smart casual shown in black, red, grey, maple-tan, desert sand or white softest baby calf. All in AAAA to C widths for sizes 3 to 10, $13.95 and for 10½ to 12, $14.95. Add 35¢ per pair postage. Write for free catalog today to Solby Bayes, 45T Winter St., Boston 8, Mass.

GROW TINY ROSES INDOORS! $1.49

Perfectly shaped Miniature Rose Bushes bloom indoors all winter. Grow no more than 8" to 12" tall, burst with a glorious array of thimble-size blooms! Hardy as regular Roses. Grow indoors in winter, transplant outdoors to bloom all summer & autumn. Guar.! Miniature Rose Bush $1.49, ppd. 3 for $4. Sunset House, 2869 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.



FINE U. S. STAMPS ONLY $1.00

The elusive $2.00 Harding and $5.00 Coolidge stamps of the 1938 Presidential series, both for only $1.00. Offer limited to one set to a customer. A fine selection of United States stamps for your inspection included with each order. Write for your set today. Willett Company, Post Office Box 338, Department 24, Yorktown Heights, New York.

100% WOOL U.S. NAVY TOQUE DICKEY

Now only $1 Ppd. Real $3.50 value. Guaranteed new never used. A real comfort in cold & damp weather. Fits everyone—men, women & children. Keeps ears, neck & chest warm. Soft, durable, flexible, comfortable. Converts any jacket to a parka. Send $1 today (sorry no COD) special 6 for $5 ppd. A. L. Robbins, 36 Bowery, Dept. C, N. Y. 13, N. Y.

THE NIGHT before my husband and I were to leave on vacation I discovered I had cleaned out the refrigerator so thoroughly that there would be no eggs for breakfast. I wrote a note for our milkman asking him to leave us two eggs, and to be sure there would be no mistake I added, "not two dozen, just *two*."

Next morning, when I opened the dairy box I found them—inscribed in bold black letters, on the eggs were: "His" and "Hers." —RUTH BENDER

PIQUANT PICASSO

PABLO PICASSO knows that Americans treasure every scrap that comes

FREE! 10 DAYS—YOURS TO ENJOY!

Here's the "Magic Key" to motivating others, getting more done, having lots of energy & true financial security. 15 min. record (33⅓ rpm) guar. to help get more out of life. Learn the science of setting & reaching goals. Send no money. Use it for 10 days free! Remit only $4.95 or return & owe nothing. "The Magic Key," 5150 Wilshire Blvd., L. A. 36, Cal.

the MAGIC KEY
FREE

SHE'S MY VERY OWN "PHOTO DOLL"

Lovable 9" stand-up cardboard doll has your child's own face, beautifully hand-colored. Comes with 10-pc. cut-out wardrobe, paint or crayon coloring set (state which). Order early—get bonus bridal party outfit! Send photo or snap (returned), state color of hair, eyes. Allow 2 weeks for delivery. Only $2.50 (ppd.). Dollpack, Dept. C, 60 Jane St., N. Y. 14, N. Y.

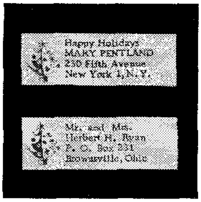
FOR YOUR CAT-OWNING FRIENDS

The perfect gift is Cats Magazine. Each month it's filled with helpful articles, pictures, poems, fiction, features, and news—all about all kinds of cats. Send $3.50 for first subscription, only $2.50 for each additional one. We send special cat-design gift cards to arrive just before Christmas. Cats, 579 House Bldg., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

from him. He was once walking in Paris with a lady to whom he handed a nail he'd found in the street. "Give it to one of your American friends," he said. The lady told him: "But it's just an ordinary nail." . . . Picasso replied: "They won't think so when they hear it comes from Picasso."

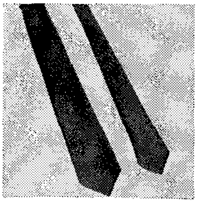
—LEONARD LYONS

PICASSO RARELY ATTENDS the opening of exhibitions of his works. He made a surprise visit, however, to a Paris gallery which was displaying his pictures. A guest pointed to one of his three-nose paintings and



RED & GREEN CHRISTMAS LABELS

For your holiday mail . . . clever red and green name-and-address labels. Saves writing return address. Any message up to 4 lines (18 characters per line) printed in red with green tree on white gummed paper, 1½ in. long. 500 packed in clear plastic box for $2 ppd. ($2.14 via air). Guar. Prompt delivery. Bruce Bolind, 114 Boland Bldg., Montrose 5, Calif.



NEW TIES FROM OLD!

Exclusive hand cleaning process restores original beauty of your favorite ties. Perfect finish. Only $1.00 (6 for $5) incl. postage, insurance. Wide ties slenderized to new narrow widths, $1.25 (6 for $7). Cleaned & slenderized—$2.25 (6 for $12). Specify service desired. Guar. CHK or M.O. to Tie-Arts Method, Dept. A, 9107 W. Olympic Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.

Aloha oe
e Malia

RARE & LOVELY MUSIC FROM HAWAII

Featuring St. Catherine's Choir of the Island of Kauai. Ernie Ford: "Fill your home with this great music and be inspired as I have been". Aloha Oe E Malia 12" LP, Young Hawaii Sings, Reg. $4.50, Stereo $5.50; Hawaiian Christmas 45 EP $1.50 Hawaii State song & Wedding Song 45 sgl. $1.50. Ppd., Checks, M.O. Dept. C-3, P.O. Box 78 Kapaa, Kauai, Hawaii.

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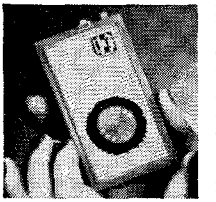
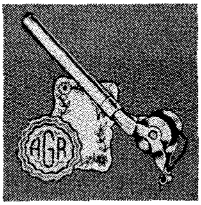
Now mark freezer packages, tools, sports equipment, toys. Make signs, identify cartons with Speedy Magic Marker. Writes on anything—wood, glass, metal, paper, any surface or material. Guar. Just lift cap, write. Can't spill or leak. Waterproof. Permanent. 11 instant-dry colors. For free booklet, write: Magic Marker, Dept. CO-2, Queens 18, N. Y.



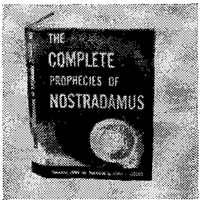
POCKET RADIO $5.95

Mighty Midget. Tiny, yet thrilling performance. Listen at game, home, school, office. With speaker-phone for private listening. Ivory plastic case, gold metal grille. Covers broadcast band. Wt. 3 oz. 4x1x2¼". Uses penlite cells (included). Guaranteed. Ready for immediate playing. Johnson Smith Co., Department 832, Detroit 7, Michigan.



HAND EMBROIDERY IN MINUTES—$2.98

Automatic Threadwriter actually writes with thread! Does, in minutes, what used to take hours. Easy to use on your first try. Sew intricate designs on special pattern paper. Make place mats, pictures, Christmas cards, doilies. Complete with 4 bobbins of different colored thread. Guar.! $2.98, ppd. Sunset House, 2869 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.



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Simply mail a postcard today for your free coupon worth 50¢ for Developing and Printing Color or Black and White Films. Sorry, only one coupon to a customer. This offer is limited and expires October 30th, 1959. Save money—send your name and address today to Pam Color Laboratories, Dept. 24, Box 131, Brooklyn 19, New York, for your free coupon.

(Continued on next page)

SAVE COSTLY PLUMBING BILLS

Free Booklet offered on How to clean clogged-up Sinks, House-to-Street Sewers, Toilets, Urinals up to 200 ft. Easy to trigger, new Plumbers Flush Gun uses Water Impact to melt away Roots, Grease, Rags. Amazingly effective. Write now, or Phone Kildare 5-1702, Free Details, Miller Sewer Tools, Dept. CR-O, 4642 N. Central Ave., Chicago 30, Illinois.

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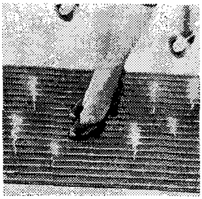
No more cold feet, keeps your feet and ankles comfortably warm. Portable, lightweight (5 lbs.) all-rubber mat. Operates on any 110-volt AC or DC outlet, consumes less than 100 watts, 14" x 21". Can be used by anyone in office, store, factory, or home. 12-mo. guar. $7.95 ppd. Interstate Rubber Products Corp., 908 Avila Street, Los Angeles 12, Calif.



NEW! PUSH-BUTTON TOOTHBRUSH

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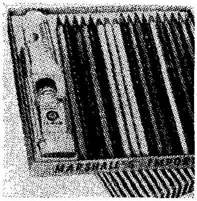

asked: "Just what does that represent?" . . . Picasso replied: "I'm not sure I remember—about $10,000, I should say." —LEONARD LYONS

PICASSO ONCE DID a portrait of Gertrude Stein. There was, however, no resemblance between Picasso's work and the authoress.

"Pablo, it's beautiful," said a friend. "But Gertrude Stein doesn't look a bit like the picture."

"It's of no matter," Picasso answered with characteristic self-confidence, "she will." —MAX MORRISON

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Never before offered by mail on genuine linen canvas, unframed from Italy, Belgium, Holland. Painted by accomplished European artists in warm rich colors. Choose Landscapes, Seascapes, Floral or Fruit stills. 12x16", framing instructions incl. $5 ea. ppd. Limited 4 to a customer. Sorry no catalogs available. European Art imports, 50 Delancey St., Z11, N.Y. 22.

THE HOME & GARDEN CALENDAR 1960

HOME
and
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CALENDAR
1960

Gives table settings, holiday decorations, flower arrangements & graphic selection of best arrangements featured in International Flower Show. Plant materials, colors & techniques fully explained. 75% more writing space than any other desk calendars. Cover in full color, 62 photos inside. $1 ppd. Dorothy Biddle Service, Hawthorne 17, N. Y.

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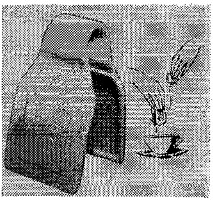
For the perfect hostess, a tea bag squeezer with many uses; as a Napkin Holder, Lemon Squeezer, etc. Of durable pastel plastic, which will withstand distortion even from boiling water. Available in Pink, Yellow, Tangerine, or Turquoise. Packed 6 to a box. Send $1 (per box) ppd. Cash, check, or M.O. to Delta Products Co., Inc., P. O. Box 308, Salem, Mass.



NO WONDER!

A WOMAN went into the office of a cemetery manager and complained: "I can't find my husband's grave. I know he's buried here."

"What is the name?" the manager asked.

"Thomas Jackson."

Referring to his card file, the manager said, "Madam, we have no Thomas Jackson. We just have an Elizabeth Jackson."

"That's him," she said. "Everything's in my name." —MARIE BREWER

MAGIC-BOARD-BLACK-BOARD

Serves as movie-titler, bulletin board, a must for the kids' room, playroom, den or in the kitchen. Size 17¼" x 13⅛". Includes everything you need: chalk, eraser, sheet magic letters and numerals. $3.98 value. Only $2.00 delivered. Send check or money order (no c.o.d.). Black-Board Department "C" Suite 15, 145 Kennedy St., N. W. Washington 11, D. C.

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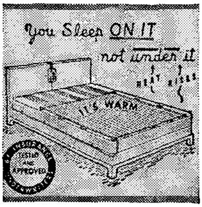

The Electro-Warmth fastens to mattress, radiates soft warmth, soothes nerves, induces deep, restful sleep, guards against colds, cramps, improves circulation, and helps relieve arthritic pains, smooth as a sheet, will cause no heat depression. 5 yr. warranty. Double or single bed $24.95 ppd. Order direct from E-W Co., 4115 Aspen St., Dept. 9, Wash. 15, D.C.

GLASSES REPAIR KIT $1.00 PPD.

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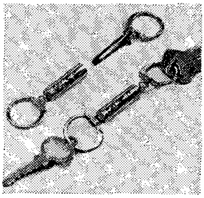

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No burned foods when you place pots on this steel air cushion. Flame-Master spreads heat evenly, insuring slow, steady simmering—the secret of all good cooking. Reheat foods without cracking china or pyrex. Holds any size pot! 6" diam., ¾" high, with 8 vent openings. Rustproof. $1 ppd.—Guar. Damar's, 56-L Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N.J.

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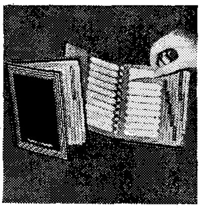
Keep your address file from becoming obsolete. Name tabs slip out for quick changes. Beautiful leather-like binding, gold decoration. A 12-page address file, pages for birthdays, anniversaries. Plus 4 pages for Christmas card list. 30 pages in all! 50 extra tabs for changes. Guar.! $1, ppd. Sunset House, 2869 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.



A GIFT FOR EVERYONE WHO BOWLS

For a "strike" at a price all can "spare." Bowling charm & bracelet $3.70. Charms $1.95 ea. 3 or more $1.75 ea. Bracelet $1.75 ea. Matching earrings $4.95. Neck chains $1.75 ea. Key chains $1.50 ea. Tax Incl. & ppd. All are finest Sterling silver. Order now for Christmas. Send Check or M.O. to Art Sterling Co., Box 7118, Waverly Sta., Baltimore 18, Md.

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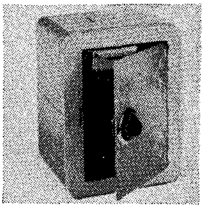
Saving is fun with this new Brumberger king-size 6"x7"x9" high, heavy-gauge steel safe, with piano-type hinged door and a real, 2-number combination lock. Battery-operated alarm has secret shutoff. Comes with 2 drawstring money bags for storing coins and bills #496—$4.95. #495 (without alarm) $3.95. Brumberger, Dept. C., 34 34th St., B'klyn 32, N. Y.



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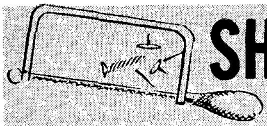
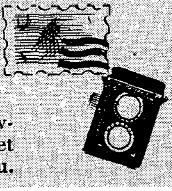


SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

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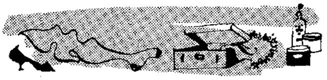
FREE catalog of Mexican Imports. Purses, shoes, jewelry, gifts, alligator products, etc. Save—buy direct from importer. Write: Northern Import Co., Reed City 100, Michigan.



DOSETTE nylons—First quality full-fashioned stretch-top hosiery worn by thousands. Lengths 27" to 37", sizes 8 to 11½—80¢ pr. Write Doster Hosiery Mills, Dept. C, Hollywood, Fla., for order blank and color charts.

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$2.00 HOURLY possible, sewing our ready cut aprons at home. Spare or full time. Experience Unnecessary. Free details. Write: A & B Company, Caldwell 1, Arkansas.

FOR THE WOMEN

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DRESSES 25¢; shoes 39¢; men's suits $4.45; trousers $1.25; fur coats $9.95; raincoats 89¢; sweaters 59¢. *Tremendous savings used & new clothing.* Job lots, close outs. Free cat. Allied, 164-W Christopher Ave., B'klyn 12, N. Y.

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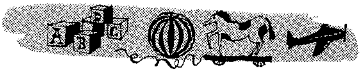

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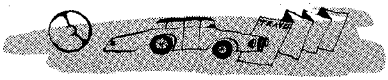

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(Continued on next page)

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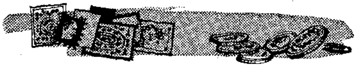

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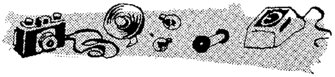

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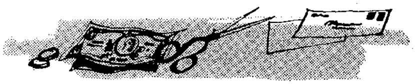

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"I'll be suing you"

by Will Bernard

WITH LAWSUITS increasing rapidly, we may soon change that parting phrase from "I'll be seeing you" to "I'll be suing you." Consider the variety of claims that have found their way into the courtroom:

IN CALIFORNIA, a man who bought a gun sued the store for a refund and damages because the gun failed to go off when he tried to commit suicide.

IN FLORIDA, a man sued a hotel on the grounds that his mattress was so hard he broke his leg when he turned over in bed.

IN AUSTRALIA, a politician sued his party for compensation, saying his right hand had been deformed by an excess of handshaking.

IN CALIFORNIA, a movie-goer sued a theater for $20,000, saying he got so angry at a certain movie that he developed heart trouble.

IN NEW YORK, a man demanded damages of $1,500 from his barber for shaving off his beloved mustache while he was dozing in the chair.

IN INDIANA, a man sued his sister for $5,000 for spiking his coffee with a chemical that spoiled his taste for whisky.

IN CALIFORNIA, a woman sought damages from a man whose dog sneezed on her stockings.

IN ILLINOIS, a woman sued her estranged husband for the value of the milk she breast-fed to their babies.

IN COLOMBIA, South America, a farmer filed suit against local church officials on the grounds that, after he had squandered all his money on the basis of their prediction, the world failed to come to an end.

IN FLORIDA, a vacationer sued civic authorities for damages after he was beaned by a falling coconut.

IN KANSAS, a motorist arrested for intoxication sued police for not giving back his blood after they finished testing it for alcohol.

IN NEW YORK, a man whose wife's cousin died put in a claim against the dead man's estate for services rendered: attending the funeral.

IN CALIFORNIA, two students sued a used-car dealer, demanding a $1,200 car in return for their collection of 48 paper napkins bearing the inscription: "This napkin is good for $25 toward the purchase of any car —a whale of a deal."

IN PENNSYLVANIA, a tenant in an apartment house sued another tenant because the latter's parrot shouted that the rent ought to be raised.

IN CONNECTICUT, a man sued police for injuries suffered when he fell from a fourth-floor window while fleeing from a raided crap game.

IN OHIO, a woman sued for damages because a slot machine tipped over and fell on her when she bent down to collect a jack pot.